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Collier's

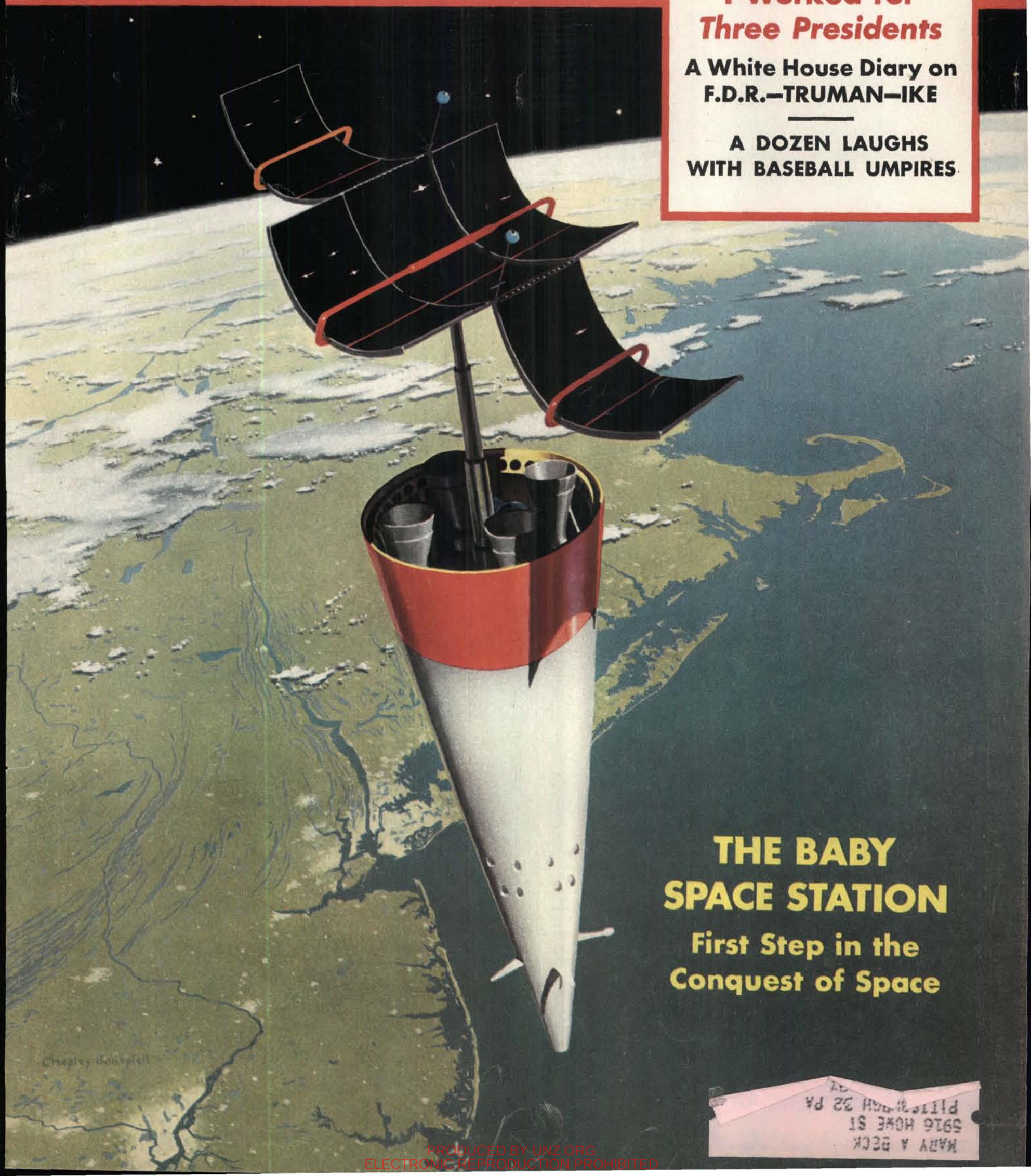
JUNE 27, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Are You Afraid of LAWYERS?

I Worked for Three Presidents

A White House Diary on F.D.R.—TRUMAN—IKE

A DOZEN LAUGHS WITH BASEBALL UMPIRES



THE BABY SPACE STATION

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STYLE

CORONET V-EIGHT CLUB COUPE

Every flowing line, every graceful contour of the new Dodge represents "beauty with a purpose." It stems from a design that does away with waste space and meaningless metal *outside* . . . gives you more living space and comfort than ever *inside*. The result is a style that is beautifully natural . . . naturally beautiful . . . with a lithe and eager look that suggests the flashing V-8 power at your command.

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DEPENDABLE

DODGE

V-EIGHT OR SIX

The Action Car for Active Americans

The continental flair is captured in the proud sweep of the rear deck, where vastly increased luggage capacity is housed in high style.

More pleasing and comfortable interiors are achieved through Modern Design. More room to lounge, every inch "travel-planned."

Every fitting and appointment reflects the beauty of natural line. In each styling detail, you find a rich and satisfying simplicity.

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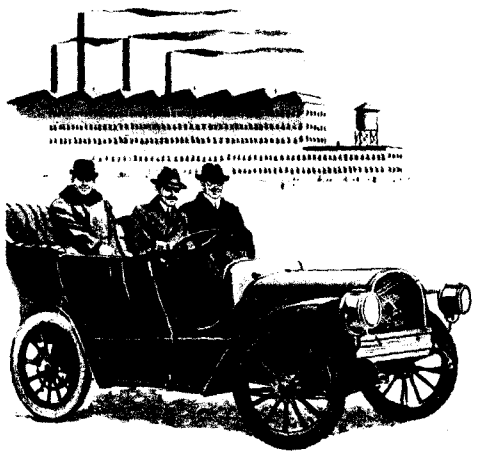
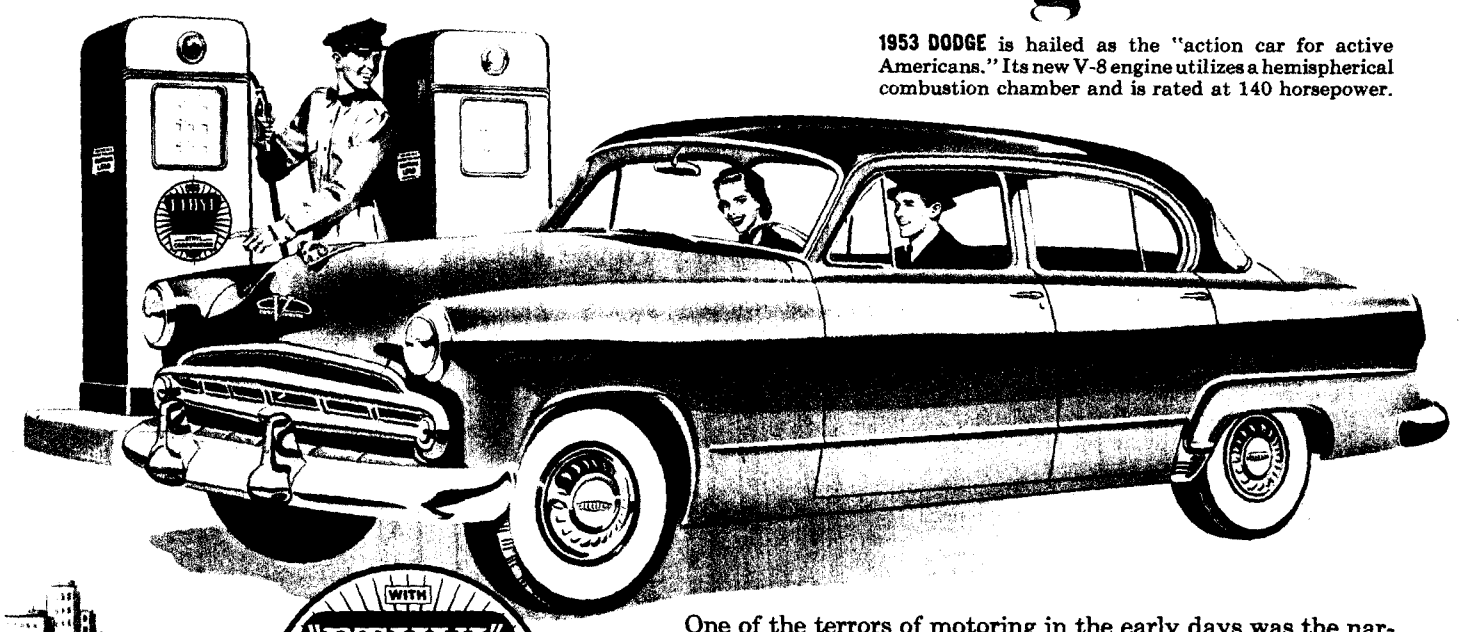
1912 POPE-HARTFORD was a well-known and highly respected car, especially in New England. The model above cost $4,000. With a six-cylinder, sixty-horsepower engine, it gave performance that was about twenty years ahead of its time.

Today as Yesterday

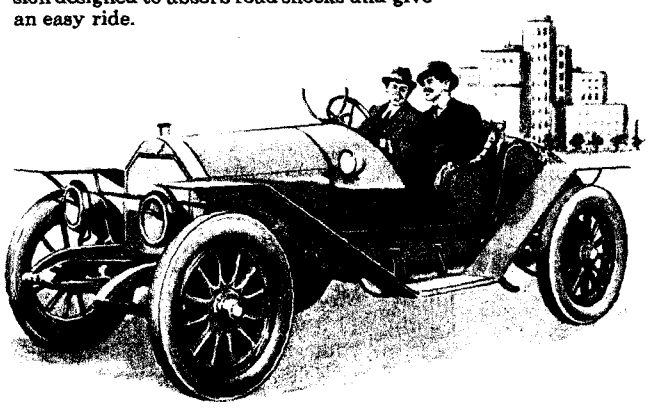
cars run their best on the best gasoline



1902 MARMON was a very advanced car. It boasted a pressure oiling system, the first side-entrance tonneau and a unique suspension designed to absorb road shocks and give an easy ride.



1953 DODGE is hailed as the "action car for active Americans." Its new V-8 engine utilizes a hemispherical combustion chamber and is rated at 140 horsepower.



1913 SIMPLEX was almost entirely built by hand from the finest materials. Though expensive—$4,500 for the chassis alone—demand for it put production a year behind orders.

WITH "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND

ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION

New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

One of the terrors of motoring in the early days was the narrowness and steepness of many mountain roads. You were likely to meet another vehicle at a tight spot. Then the accepted thing to do was to have all your passengers pile out, hold your breath and carefully squeeze by.

This danger, plus the fact that many of the old cars had difficulty climbing steep hills, made mountain driving a sport for the daring. But with today's wider, safer roads, modern high compression engines and "Ethyl" gasoline, you cross the highest mountain ridges as a matter of course.

"Ethyl" gasoline helps modern engines operate at top efficiency by preventing harmful knock that causes loss of power. Whether you are driving cross-country or in town, fill up at the pump with the familiar "Ethyl" emblem. Enjoy the powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Esther Williams, that million dollar mermaid, is merrily in the swim again with her new melody-splashed M-G-M musical romance that shimmers with Technicolor and is provocatively titled "Dangerous When Wet".

And this time Esther is not the only mermaid! She's the No. 1 member of a Channel-swimming family and together they transform a contest into a fun-fest. And, of course, since their destination is France—Esther also plunges into love's whirlpool.

Fernando Lamas, whose romantic voice is as persuasive as his strong masculine arms and handsome appearance, is the Frenchman who finds Esther fascinating—and "Dangerous When Wet".

There's a splashy star-parade, too, including curvaceous Denise Darcel, who fits her role and swim suit perfectly. Jack Carson as the hearty and hilarious promoter of the Channel swim yields Esther to Fernando but Denise's caresses help him forget.

Enlivened with melody, "Dangerous When Wet" has such hit tunes as "I Got Out Of Bed On The Right Side", "I Like Men", "In My Wildest Dreams" and "Ain't Nature Grand". Famed composer Arthur Schwartz and lyricist Johnny Mercer wrote the songs that put you in the mood for love.

Long-missed, long-legged Charlotte Greenwood, as Esther's mother, dances away with new laurels. William Demarest, as daddy of the brood, adds his droll touch to the proceedings. And pert moppet Donna Corcoran is seen as one of the water-disporting daughters.

Gay as summer sunshine, "Dangerous When Wet" offers the perfect seasonal blend of merriment...the breezy wooing and Paris rendezvous-ing...the love duets and dance specialties . . . the enchantment of Esther Williams' dream-swim with those cartoon captivators, Tom and Jerry, who appear for the first time in a feature-length film in a wonderful rhythmic water-revel with the star!

From the first splash to the last midnight kiss, "Dangerous When Wet" is rollicking and refreshing every eye-filling minute of the way!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "DANGEROUS WHEN WET" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, FERNANDO LAMAS, JACK CARSON, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD and DENISE DARCEL with William Demarest and Donna Corcoran. Color by Technicolor. Written by Dorothy Kingsley. Music by Arthur Schwartz. Lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Directed by Charles Walters. Produced by George Wells.

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June 27, 1953

ARTICLES

Do Umpires Have a Sense of Humor? ..... JAMES M. KAHN 12
Gentlemen Prefer Monroe ..... COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 16
A New Religion Rising in Asia ..... PETER KALISCHER 22
Baby Space Station ..... DR. WERNHER VON BRAUN WITH CORNELIUS RYAN 33
How to Make a Pass at a Bass ..... ALFRED M. LANSING 50
What F.D.R. Told MacArthur ..... (Beginning I WORKED FOR THREE PRESIDENTS) CMDR. WILLIAM McK. RIGDON, USN 58
Now It's Eddieeeee! 64
Are You Afraid of Lawyers? ..... PHOEBE RADCLIFFE 66

FICTION

The Deadly Mermaid ..... JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS 9
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
My Lady Wouldn't Wait ..... WILLARD H. TEMPLE 18
One Summer Day ..... LUCY GODOLPHIN 24
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
The Adventure of Foulkes Rath ..... ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE 26
(ANOTHER NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY)
Six Greedy Loafers ..... FRANK O'ROURKE 42

48 States of Mind ..... WALTER DAVENPORT 49
Editorials 70
Cover ..... CHESLEY BONESTELL

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, Vol. 131, No. 26. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.. Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. *Executive and Editorial Offices*, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Shepard Spink, Vice-Presidents: Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Its curved mirrors reflecting the starlit blackness of space, man's first artificial satellite sweeps over the East Coast of the United States—Boston, New York and Philadelphia are all visible—busily sending scientific reports to the experts waiting below. Altitude: 200 miles; speed: 17,200 mph; duration of flight: 60 days. Those are the bare statistics; the exciting story starts on page 33.

Week's Mail

Courtesy

EDITOR: Several letters in Week's Mail of May 16th, defending sport cars and their drivers, lead me to add a word.

The week end of the recent sport-car races at Pebble Beach, I was in a parking lot in Monterey, trying to get into the line of traffic. An endless stream of cars swept past me.

Then a Jaguar noticed, signaled, and slowed the traffic until my Chevrolet could glide safely in. It was a graceful, gracious act, for which I was sincerely grateful.

I record it now as a further bit of evidence that, to quote one of your letter writers, "as a whole, the persons owning sport cars are a levelheaded, upright bunch of citizens."

ANNE CURRIE, Chico, Cal.

Side Line

EDITOR: Since when did Governor Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina, our former Secretary of State, start operating a filling station? (See your cover, May 9th.)

W. E. PENDERGAST, Roberts, Ill.

School Patrol

EDITOR: I assure you that I was more than pleased to read the story of The Oldest School Safety Patrol Boy (May 16th), and to note the generous space allotted to it.

I feel sure that the thousands of men and women of the schools, civic groups, and especially the police will be just as grateful as I am for the recognition given to the work of the patrol, and will find it a stimulus to greater effort. The half-million members of the patrol themselves will be even more encouraged to do a bigger and better job in their lifesaving work.

CHAS. M. HAYES, President,
Chicago Motor Club, Chicago, Ill.

Southern Comfort

EDITOR: Architects, builders and health authorities may very well have been highly instrumental in putting the hex on the old-fashioned porch as pointed out in your editorial of May 16th (Good-by, Old Friend). We bought our home despite the lack of a porch,

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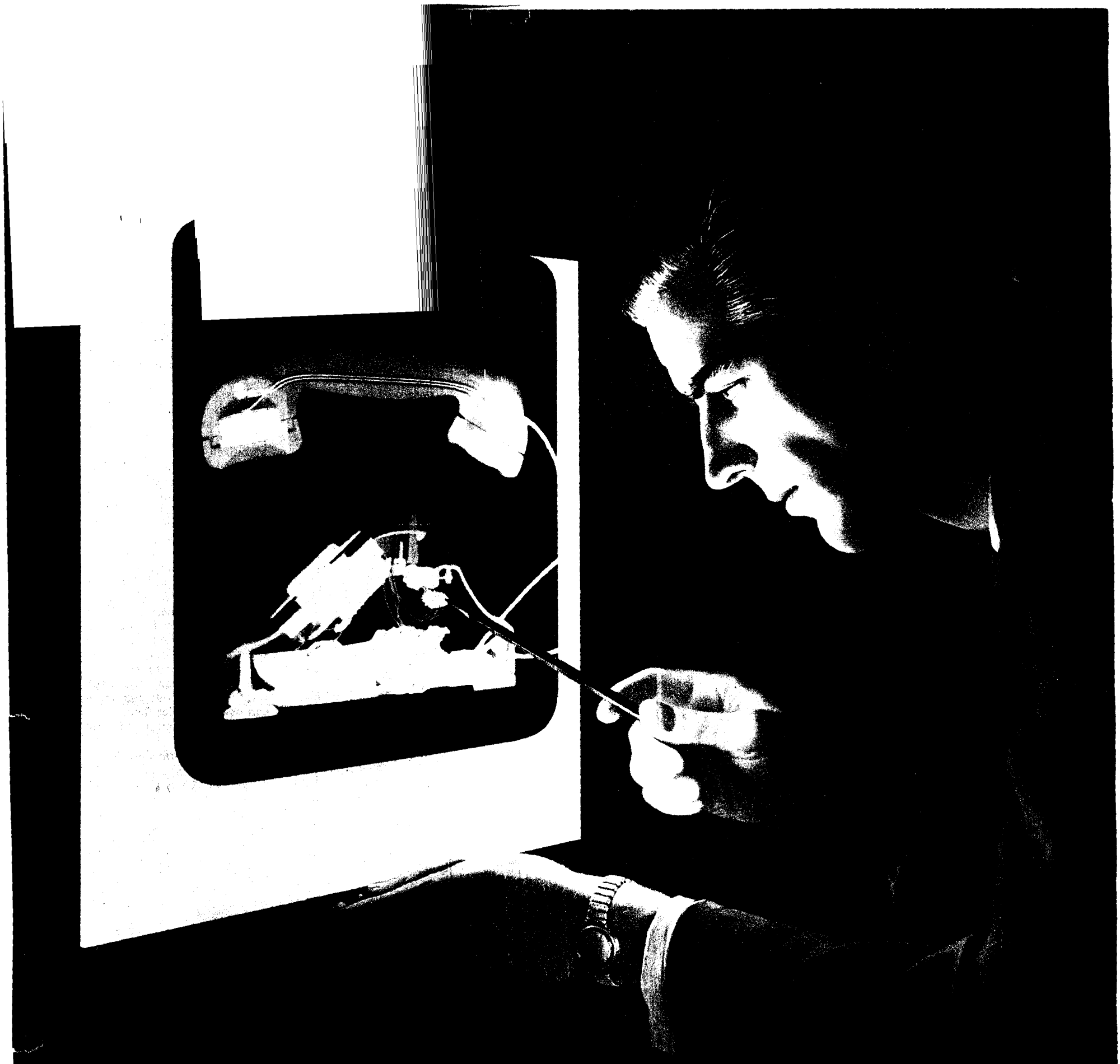

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You take your Bell telephone pretty much for granted—and we're glad you do! For that shows that we at Western Electric must have done our job well.

You see, as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we make the telephones, switchboards, cables and other things that serve you. Because they work so dependably, you seldom give a thought to the *equipment* behind your telephone *service.*

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THE ORIGINAL "THROW-A-WAY" BAG—1920. (The Only such blessing in existence for 32 years!)
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THE ORIGINAL REVOLVING INTAKE—1940. (Sometimes called the "swivel top", this feature allows you to clean a whole room without moving the power unit.)
THE ORIGINAL ALL-MATCHING ATTACHMENT ENSEMBLE—1940. (Sanitizor was first to combine beauty with utility.)
THE ORIGINAL PERFORATED METAL LINER—1940. (For constant, live, dynamic, suction power)—
EXTRA POWER TO CLEAN!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
NO OTHER VACUUM CLEANER CAN SAY AS MUCH!
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Insist on the Original.. the Air-Way Sanitizor!
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Week's Mail CONTINUED

but inspiration, $40 and a few hours' work gave us rural living within city limits.

Converting a single-car garage to a spacious summer house is a simple and rewarding job. It is wired for lighting and appliances. Whether the event be company for charcoal dinner or a cool spot out of the weather for family fun or children's play, we are glad to say, "Hello, Old Friend." (Incidentally, one neighbor has embarked on the same adventure, and a cross-town friend plans to shortly. Next project, car-port.)

WILLIAM G. SWOISH, Atlanta, Ga.

POWs

EDITOR: I certainly enjoyed "It's Easy to Bluff Americans!" (May 16th). I'm sure all your subscribers would enjoy a similar article on the POW Harry Girth, who surrendered after his girl friend's mother recognized him in your magazine.

I believe that Reinhold Pabel has proved that he is worthy of becoming a fine product for American citizenship. It would be a pity to send him and his family back to Europe.

ARLENE MCFERON, San Diego, Cal.

. . . I read your article "It's Easy to Bluff Americans!", with a double interest. I happen to be a German-born American citizen presently on a tour of duty with the United States Army.

I realize it is every POW's duty to attempt escape, but that does not console me to the fact that Herr Pabel may be allowed to remain in the U.S.

Too many better people perished at the hands of Nazi brutality to allow Herr Pabel to stay. There are far worthier people on whom to grant the privilege of American citizenship.

HENRY SPIER, Fort McClellan, Ala.

. . . Thank you for presenting the story of Reinhold Pabel. I know that there are others who feel, as I do, that what Mr. Pabel did is no more than an American POW would do under the same circumstances.

I hope the powers-that-be will find clemency in their hearts for Mr. Pabel, who has led a useful, typically American life here, even if under false pretenses. I cannot help but compare him to the Korean POWs who wish to remain free of the Communist domination, or those in Europe seeking political asylum so that they might live their lives as free men.

MRS. R. B. BRIDGERS, JR.,
Richmond, Va.

. . . Apropos of Paul Brick's account of his escape from POW camp and his eight years of evading arrest, I have been wondering what I would do if I were serving on a jury trying him. I fear my reaction is not the one most of us would experience. I am quite sure the jury would report: "No verdict; cannot agree," for I fear I should hold out for acquittal.

He says he has been a good citizen of the United States, paying income tax, but registering under an alias. He evidently obeyed all the laws during the eight years for nothing was chalked up against him. Naturally, he would have been doubly afraid to break the law, because of the usual penalty, plus the greater fear of being identified as an escaped POW.

This Paul found freedom from the old Axis of Hitler, and the new Red occupation of Germany, when he escaped from the POW camp and became a citizen—not legally perhaps—but nonetheless in fact. He married, went into business, and started an American family. Is he any different from my ancestors, the Pilgrim fathers, or maybe your forefathers?

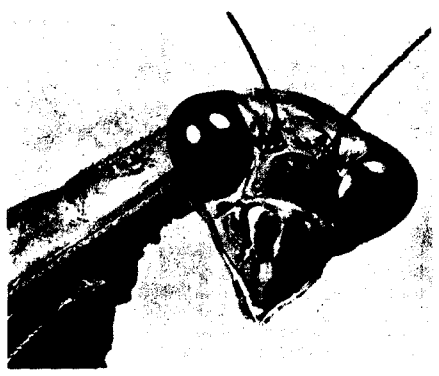
R. R. BRANNING, San Antonio, Texas

. . . I cannot agree with you on the title "It's Easy to Bluff Americans!". It isn't a matter of bluffing or not, but simply that Americans are willing to take people for what they say they are.

I noticed in the five pictures of those still free—only four now, thanks to you—that all of them escaped after the war with Germany was over. If they want to stay in our country that bad I can only say, "Let them."

ALAN EMANUEL, Missoula, Mont.

Little Bertha



EDITOR: So that's what those queer little creatures were! Now I know.

One day my small son presented to me a branch with a brownish glob on it. He was sure it was something wonderful, so to humor him I swore I wouldn't part with it for the world. I stuck it into a vase that held some peacock feathers and forgot all about it until one morning when, horror of horrors, the vase, the peacock feathers and the desk on which they stood were all crawling with queer little somethings.

In great agitation I grabbed the flybomb and I guess I must have exterminated a hundred or more praying mantes.

Anyway they just looked like those little things in the pictures accompanying Robert Carlyle Hermes' article My Friend Bertha, the Praying Mantis (May 16th).

If they are as nice as the author says, it's too bad, but any lady who makes a meal of her husband doesn't appeal to me.

No wonder he prays!

EDNA DAUGHERTY, Kirkwood, Pa.

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A Standout Show . . .
Fifth Anniversary, June 14th

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For—even the luggage compartment beneath that "Just Married" sign gives the bride's trousseau in its shiny new luggage the protection of a scientifically tested compartment lid to make it as theftproof as possible.

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Body by Fisher

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Collier's, June 27, 1953

THE DEADLY MERMAID

Harry Donner was used to tough assignments, and this one, in Haiti, was one of his toughest. His information was vague, his time limited, and his job dangerous—to stop a revolution

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

I

THE taxicab came wheeling in from the rainy Washington street and stopped at the Statler door. The passenger got out of the back seat, paid his fare and walked into the lobby. He was a slender man in his middle thirties, and the collar of his trench coat was up around his chin.

The lobby was crowded and noisy. The babble of foreign language was especially noticeable around the desk, where many people were waiting to claim their reservations. The man in the trench coat walked past them and into the bar. It was dimly lighted and festooned with smoke. He sat down at a table and ordered an old-fashioned.

While he was waiting, looking around at the happy people around him, he took off the trench coat. There was a faint flaw, a hitch, in the way he took off the coat, as if he might have something fragile in his pocket and didn't want to disturb it by removing the damp coat too suddenly.

When the topcoat was off, he hung it over his right arm and smiled briefly at a tipsy lady swathed in furs who had bumped him in passing. The bump may or may not have been accidental, but the lady's answering smile was real. When she had gone by, on absurdly high heels, he shrugged at the waiter and reached for his glass.

He sipped the drink, staring into the mirrors behind the bar. His face was

When the lights came on, Harry nearly squeezed a shot off. A woman sat on the sofa beside the window, smiling at him; there was a spear gun in her hand

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The cab driver was voluble, and he could furnish anything

tanned, slightly froggish in repose, and his blond hair was beginning to thin at the temples. He was an average, prosperous-looking man. Except for the faint scar nicking his upper lip, near the right corner of his mouth, he looked like an affluent lawyer, or a rising executive. Or he might have been a polo player getting ready to retire. It was hard to tell.

When the drink was gone, he checked his coat and walked out into the lobby again. The elevator he entered was filled with ladies going upstairs to one of the banquet rooms. They had evidently had several cocktails apiece ahead, and they were shrill. The man stood among them like a hawk among chickens. His eyes were focused, politely, on nothing.

When the ladies had got off, still chattering gaily, the man rode up several more floors. He went down the hall to Suite 12AA and opened the door without knocking. The foyer and elaborate drawing room were empty, but someone was sitting beyond the partly opened door to the far bedroom. The man with the scarred lip went to the couch, sat down and lighted a cigarette. He was sitting a few feet from the door to the bedroom, but not facing it.

"Sorry we had to pull you off your vacation," said the man concealed behind the door. There was a patient urgency in his tone, as though he had many more people to talk to when he had finished this conversation.

"All right," the man on the couch said. He leaned over and pulled an ash tray toward him. The whole suite was immaculately clean, with no sign that anyone was living in it, even temporarily.

"Where are you from?" asked the man behind the door.

"Dayton. One new suit, two old ones, all bought there. Everything laundry-marked. I'm a vice-president of Fibra-Form Industries, subcontracting machined and plastic parts. I have a new passport."

"Good enough to Trinidad," the man in the bedroom said. He paused, and a match scraped. "After that, you're Harry Donner, exporter from Caracas. There is a Harry Donner; you'll pass him on the way. The man we're interested in lives in Haiti. Calls himself Pellone. Takes tourists out spear-fishing."

"What treatment does he get?" asked the man on the couch.

"We don't know. Pellone wants to work for us. He has been reporting for six weeks, and ordinarily it would be a simple cutoff. We would check his background and his intentions. But last Friday he threw up his best curve ball, and it had a mean break on it. You have to play the thing by ear."

"What's my in?" asked the man in the drawing room.

"You might back a spear-fishing documentary Pellone wants to make. He's already got a young Texas sportsman-drunk set to put up half the money. If impressed, you might finance the other half, for twenty-five per cent interest."

"Do I swim with them?"

"You could drown with them," said the man in the bedroom. He seemed to find the idea amusing. "They plan to work Caracol Reef, off Cap-Haitien, out in the open Atlantic."

"Very funny," said the man with the scarred lip. "You ought to hire some college boys." He sighed and leaned back against the couch.

The amusement was out of the older voice now; it came past the door without emotion. "Now about Pellone—" it said, "we can't locate him in the record under any name. We don't think he's an Italian, as he claims to be, but he might be an Austrian. He's had plastic surgery in the last few years, so his pictures are no help. Rome reports that he might be a Lieutenant Cellini who was with Borghese's underwater demolition team at Alexandria. The only other possibility we can find is a combat photographer who was with the Goering Division at Messina."

The man in the drawing room repeated the speech word for word, with his eyes closed.

When he was finished, the older voice began again: "Vittorio Pellone has nearly half a million dollars on deposit in a Rio bank. Yet he showed up in Haiti in nineteen forty-six, lost the cash he was carrying on the roulette wheels in the Port-au-

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voodoo ceremony, cockfights, fishing trips, anything—a handy man on a job like this

Prince casino and lived like a gutter bum for six months. Never drew against the Rio account. Then he started the tourist business."

The man on the couch repeated the information dutifully.

"That brings us nearly to date. Last Friday, Pellone reported that a revolution in the Dominican Republic was scheduled for June sixth. He had chapter and verse, but none of our other people in the Caribbean can find a thing on it. All we have is a Warsaw report two years old. It said that there would be a burning of the cane crop in Dominican Antigua this year, and that a ranking agent would set up a Dominican revolution in June. The Antigua cane was burned."

The man in the drawing room repeated the information, and sat up straight for a moment. He sat frowning at his hands. "It's not logical," he said bluntly, "even if they wanted to make it a big splash in the international scene, to fit in with the revolts in Africa and Iraq. Why spot somebody as obvious as Pellone, a white man?"

"That's what bothers us," said the man in the bedroom.

"Okay. Suppose I slip and scare him. Suppose he turns out to be the man and rushes his date. A Red-backed revolution in the Caribbean, in our own back yard, would be nasty."

"We thought you'd see that," answered the man behind the door.

When he did not amplify, the man on the couch lighted another cigarette with a jerky, angry motion of his wrist. "So suppose it happens that way—" he said, "that he moves up his date?"

"Officially," said the man in the bedroom, "we'd have to let it happen."

"I know that action!" the man in the drawing room said, standing up suddenly. "Sort of *sub rosa,* I'm supposed to cut him down, if I see it developing."

"You always have a right to that interpretation," said the patient voice from the other room. "Your plane leaves National Airport in . . . two hours. Flight four seven one. Don't leave the suite until five ten."

"My coat's in the bar."

"I'll have it sent up." The door to the bedroom closed and clicked, and the man who was dressed in clothes from Dayton, Ohio, listened to another door open and close. Then he walked to the window. The streets of Washington were murky. Rain was still falling, and the light from the neon sign across the street angled up through the half-drawn blinds and made scarlet bars on his somber face.

While he was beside the window, the telephone in the far bedroom began to ring. He did not move to answer it. In quick succession, the telephones in the other bedroom and the drawing room rang, but he did not answer them, either. . . .

Late the next afternoon, the man who would be called Harry Donner after he reached Trinidad sat in an aisle seat and ate dinner at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet. The tiny pin point of light over his head flared to a circle of radiance on the tray. His weathered hands tilted the little bottle of *vin rosé,* and he savored the last of the wine. All around him, under their own individual pools of light, the other passengers ate and chatted as the airliner went droning south, high over the Caribbean Sea, toward Trinidad.

When the trim stewardess had picked up his tray, the solitary traveler loosened the table from the arm rests and stowed it away in the seat ahead. Leaning back he felt the vibration of the plane and thought about the assignment. He didn't like the smell of it. That business about leaving it all up to him was real sucker bait. If he slipped and loused it up, he might stay in jail for a long time, or get shot by an enthusiastic Haitian firing squad. Ever since the Marines had left, they had wanted a gringo target.

He remembered what he had been told several years ago, when he was starting on the job. The briefing officer had informed him that on the rare "no-instruction" assignments, he had a right to use his own judgment; but that if he did, and something went wrong or he was caught, it was his own personal affair.

He had been in the *(Continued on page 54)*

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DO UMPIRES HAVE

Ballplayers may not think so, yet the men in blue

Cubs catcher Gabby Hartnett protested bitterly the day ump Charley Moran sold a hunting dog to Giants batter Hughie Critz. Critz paid for the dog—but he took first for free

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A SENSE OF HUMOR?

are at the heart of some of the game's funniest yarns. Here are a dozen of the best

By JAMES M. KAHN

TO MOST *baseball players, there's nothing funny about an umpire. Most umpires would agree. But there are many people who consider the stern-faced arbiters of the national sport basically comical—penguinlike fellows, striving desperately to maintain judicial dignity under the overwhelming handicap of their ridiculous attire: short-billed Eton cap, bloated chest protector and banker's business suit, its pockets bulging with baseballs.*

In their efforts to appear stately, umpires start out with two strikes against them. Maybe that's why—whatever the players and the umps themselves say—umpires have been involved in some of the game's funniest moments. Here are a few choice examples, culled from the author's forthcoming book, The Umpire Story, to be published June 27th by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* * *

What do umpires and players talk about during a game? As catcher Gabby Hartnett learned to his sorrow one afternoon, the conversations don't necessarily center on baseball.

Gabby was catching for the Cubs, and the late "Uncle Charley" Moran, of Horse Cave, Kentucky, who bred hunting dogs as a side line, was calling them from behind the plate during a Chicago-New York game in the early thirties. Up to bat for the Giants came second baseman Hughie Critz, a little Mississippian who was a brilliant fielder, but a light hitter. Critz squared off against the pitcher, then opened a discussion with Moran, speaking over his shoulder (and over Hartnett's head).

"How your dawgs comin', Charley?" Critz inquired. "Got any good ones for sale?"

"Yup," answered the umpire. "Selling 'em for a hundred and fifty dollars. *Ball one.*"

"That's a powerful lot of money," said Critz.

"Not for one of the best hound-dawgs in the country it ain't," said Uncle Charley. *"Strike one."*

"Are they fast?"

"Run right past the rabbits," Umpire Moran said. *"Ball two."*

"Can't be too good-looking."

"A liver-and-white one I got is the prettiest I ever saw. Never saw such a handsome animal. *Strike two."*

"Can they retrieve?"

"Through brimstone and flood. *Ball three."*

"Okay. I'll take one."

"Now you're talkin'. *Ball four."*

As Critz happily threw down his bat and trotted off to first base, catcher Hartnett whipped off his mask and thrust his face menacingly at umpire Moran. "If it's all the same to you," he growled bitterly, "don't sell any more hound-dogs up here to .200 hitters."

* * *

One of the wittiest of umpires was Tim Hurst, who called them around the turn of the century. It was his habit to travel light; his professional equipment consisted of a blue cap which he carried in a pocket of his blue suit. At the park, he'd doff his street hat, don his umpire's cap and command, "Play ball!" Naturally, he couldn't be bothered lugging around chest protectors, masks and the like. He'd just borrow them from whichever catcher didn't happen to be using them at the moment, switching his armor as the teams changed sides.

One winter, Hurst was invited to a reunion of the old Baltimore Orioles, who wore a special blue cap with an orange B for the occasion. Tim, an economical man whose custom of squashing his headgear into his pocket was causing painful haberdashery bills, gathered up a few of the Oriole caps for future use. The next spring, he broke out the gorgeous new headgear, complete with initial.

The players were mystified. For weeks, Hurst's new caps were the talk of the league. Finally, one man could bear it no longer. "What's the B stand for?" he asked the umpire warily one day.

Hurst, who had waited a long time for the question, beamed.

"Mr. Ban Johnson (the league president) insists that I wear it on my cap," he recited, "so you boys will appreciate where I stand with him.

"The B," Hurst added gently, "stands for *'best.'* "

* * *

Hurst was once the victim of the most incredible double cross in the annals of baseball. It happened in the ninth inning of a game between New York and Washington. With New York ahead, 3 to 2, the Washingtonians tried to stage an uprising.

The bases were loaded with two out when second baseman Jim Delahanty, a renowned foe of umpires, stepped to the plate. Jack Chesbro, New York's ace pitcher, worked the count to two and two, then broke over a deceptive spitter that looked like the game-ending strike.

But not to Timothy Carroll Hurst. "Ball three!" he roared.

Irate New York players swarmed from field and bench and gathered noisily around Hurst. The umpire turned coolly to batter Delahanty for support. "Jimmy, my boy," he said, "how about that last pitch?"

For Delahanty, the temptation to cross up an umpire was too great to resist. "Why, you blind bum," he snarled, "it was a perfect strike, over the plate waist-high!"

There was a long silence, while Hurst's neck reddened. "Play ball," he snapped.

The New York catcher raced to the mound. "Make this one a waste ball," he muttered to the startled Chesbro. "Do as I say. I know Tim Hurst."

Chesbro poured one in a foot high and two feet wide. The delighted Delahanty started for first to force in the winning run, then stopped slack-jawed as Hurst called the pitch: *"Strike three!"* The umpire turned to Delahanty. "Now you're officially out," he said politely. "Sorry for the delay, but no harm done."

And Tim Hurst stuffed his hat in his pocket and strolled off the field.

* * *

Hurst demonstrated in that game that the umpire always has the last word. It was once believed,

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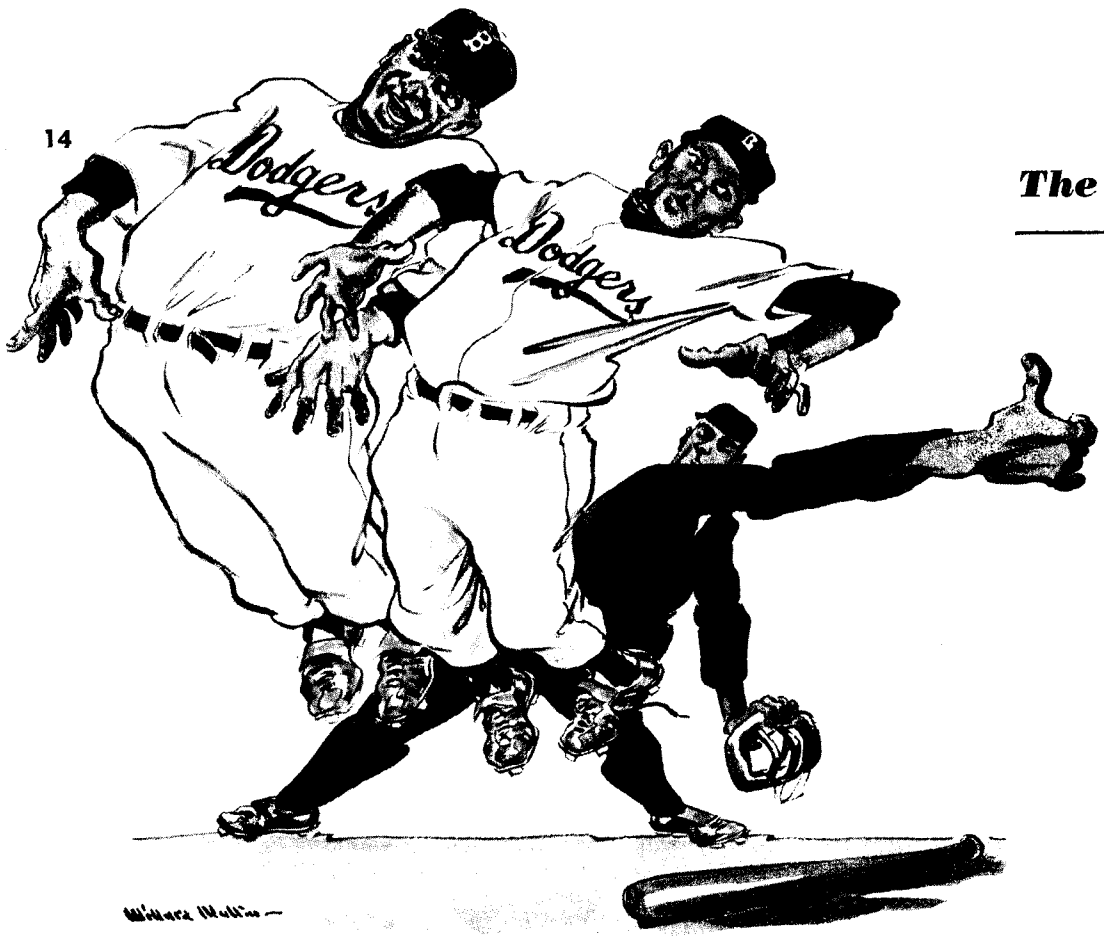

Leo Durocher is probably the only man ever bounced for softening another player's blast at an ump. Leo (l.) was a Dodger then. The other man? Stanky, of course

The poor umpire never knows what wil

however, that he might not get it unless he were big enough to back up his words with brawn. Little Tommy Connolly disproved that theory. When Tommy joined the American League, as one of its original five umpires, he stood five feet six inches tall and weighed 130 pounds, and there was some doubt that he'd last. Today, at eighty-two, he's the league's supervising umpire in chief. He lasted, all right, and he did it by refusing to take any lip from anyone.

During a game in Detroit, one of the home-town batters slashed the ball hard down the left-field line. "Foul!" cried umpire Connolly without hesitation.

"It was fair, Tom," yelled Bobby Veach, who was coaching at third for the Tigers. "You can see the mark on the foul line."

Connolly went on brushing the plate.

"Not from here," he said, calmly. "You bring in the foul line and show me the mark, and I'll change my call. . . . Play ball!"

* * *

No umpire ever cut a greater swath on the playing field than big George Magerkurth, cherubic in appearance, explosive in disposition. A 240-pound onetime professional football player and prize fighter, he had a riotous 18-year career in the National League, punctuated by quarrels, harsh words and fist fights. His method of settling player disputes was to blast the offender into the clubhouse with a roar that shook the distant bleachers.

Ironically, considering his fistic prowess, the altercation for which George Magerkurth is best remembered is one in which he was ingloriously vanquished.

Naturally, it happened in Brooklyn: a fan reacting to a close game which the Dodgers lost selected Magerkurth as the culprit, and was swarming all over him when the police intervened.

Magerkurth was dreadfully embarrassed by the incident, especially when newspapers printed a picture of the fan, who was about half his size, sitting astride the big umpire, pummeling him fiercely.

In court, Magerkurth chose to be generous; it was the only way he could get the last word. The fan had turned out to be an ex-convict on parole, a man who considered himself a very tough customer indeed. George eyed him gently and informed the judge he was withdrawing the complaint. Then, gesturing grandly toward the blue-bearded prisoner, he explained with crushing effect:

"I'm the father of a boy myself! . . ."

* * *

The battles between National League umpires and the St. Louis "Gas House Gang" of the mid-thirties are legendary. Players like Dizzy Dean, Pepper Martin and Joe Medwick scrapped every inch of the way. And in Frankie Frisch, they had a manager molded in the fighting tradition of John McGraw.

A favorite Frisch target was the colorful umpire, Beans Reardon. One day Beans and Frankie enlivened the game with a bristling running exchange—Frisch yelling derisively from the bench whenever Beans had to call a close play, and Reardon hollering back suitable rebuttal. One insult Beans missed. He trotted over to the dugout.

"What did you say?" he demanded of Frisch.

"You've been guessing all day," the old Fordham Flash answered, cheerfully. "Now guess what I said."

"I can't guess," said Beans Reardon, "but I can imagine. Yer out!"

* * *

Judging from the record, old Connie Mack probably averaged fewer spiffs with umpires than anyone else in the game: he enjoyed a spell of no less than 54 years of apparently peaceful relations with the men in blue—from 1895 to 1950, when he retired as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. (As a stripling of thirty-two, catcher-manager Mack of the Pittsburgh Pirates was bounced by umpire Hank O'Day for protesting an infield decision. That was in 1895, and it never happened again.)

Actually, Connie's latter-day record was as much due to strategy as it was to his virtuous manner. "There were a couple of times when he almost provoked me enough to put him out," recalls Bill Summers, a veteran of the American League staff. "But as the years went on, Connie became smarter. He'd send out his son Earle, who was coaching for the A's, and let him beef.

"I tell you, it was frustrating. I couldn't throw Connie out: he wasn't saying a word. And I couldn't bounce Earle: he'd preface every protest by saying, 'Dad says . . .' You can't punish a man for quoting his father—can you?"

* * *

Managers Leo Durocher of the New York Giants and Eddie Stanky of the St. Louis Cardinals reign undisputed as the most formidable umpire baiters in the National League. For years, while they were together on the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants, they carried on a vendetta against the men in blue that might have wrecked a brotherhood of men less stouthearted than the umpires. The umpires stood firm, and Durocher and Stanky were bounced out of one game after another, often in tandem.

One day while Leo was coaching at third for Brooklyn, he saw Stanky take a third strike, hurl his bat to the ground and get thumbed off the field by umpire Tom Dunn, all in an instant. Outraged, Durocher charged toward home plate, crying to Dunn: "What could he possibly do to make you throw him out so fast?"

"He called me a blind naughty-word dirty name," protested the umpire.

"Well," roared Leo, "if you leave off the naughty word, how wrong was he?"

Leo Durocher and Eddie Stanky showered together that afternoon.

* * *

Despite the unremitting warfare between ballplayers and umpires, it's a testimonial to the umps that so many players don a blue suit when their active days are over—men like Babe Pinelli, Lon Warneke, Frank Secory and many others. Umpire Jocko Conlan of the National League is another former player, but he became an arbiter less from choice than from necessity.

The White Sox were playing the Browns in 1935 on a day so torrid that Emmett Ormsby, who was umpiring with Harry Geisel, was overcome and had to be carried off the field. Someone proposed drafting Conlan, who was out of the Chicago lineup with a broken finger, as an emergency official. Both managers agreed and Jocko, wearing his White Sox uniform, took a position on the bases while Geisel went behind the bat.

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...appen next. Take the time Tim Hurst called a pitch a ball—and the batter griped!

Umps Bill McGowan and Roy Van Graflan used to try out their gestures and intonations in their hotel room—until squelched by a man in the next room

Players on both benches promptly started riding Conlan—he wore a player's suit, but he was an umpire, wasn't he? Conlan held his peace. Then, in a late inning, Luke Appling, the White Sox shortstop, lashed a long hit into left center. Since he represented the potential tying run of the game, Luke was determined to get a triple out of the wallop. As he chugged around the infield, Conlan, a fast runner, not only kept ahead of him, but put his time to good use by taking vengeance on Luke for his bench-jockeying. "C'mon, Luke," he kept urging, "what's holding you back?"

Appling, the ball and Conlan arrived at third base almost simultaneously, and Jocko wasted no time announcing his decision. "You're out!" he shouted.

Sprawled on the ground, Appling gazed up reproachfully at his teammate. "Jocko," he mourned, "how could you?"

"Easy," said Conlan, "you were out."

The next year, league president William Harridge got Conlan a job as an umpire.

* * *

No umpire was more firmly in command on the diamond than the late Bill Klem, the great Old Arbitrator of the National League. Klem's word was law; he never lost an argument.

One sure way to get ejected from a Klem-umpired game was to call him "Catfish"—a name he was given in his youth by an American Association manager named Bill Clymer, who professed to see a resemblance. Klem came to detest the very word.

One day, he and Paul Waner, the hard-hitting Pittsburgh outfielder, went on a fishing trip. Up in the bow of the boat, Waner got a strike, hauled it in and gulped. Klem, fishing off the stern, called over his shoulder, "What did you get, Paul?"

Waner hesitated, coughed and finally muttered, "Uh . . . a pike, Bill."

They ate catfish for supper that night. Bill Klem didn't say a word.

* * *

Almost all umpires have distinctive gestures and mannerisms which help set them apart. One of the most colorful is Bill McGowan, the present dean of American League officials. McGowan decided early in his career that he wasn't going to be unnoticed. And shortly after he came into the league, he often was teamed with another young umpire, Roy Van Graflan, who had a similar ambition. In the evenings, after they had worked a game together, the two would practice their gestures in front of a hotel-room mirror in an effort to become more distinctive.

"Out!" one would howl, jerking a thumb over his shoulder, then freezing to see how the pose looked in the glass.

"OW-i-i-t-t!" the other would bellow, trying a motion of his own. Then they'd criticize each other's intonations and posturings and make suggestions for improvement. The advice evaluated, they would resume. "OUT!" they'd cry, hour after hour. *"Ou-ou-out!"*

One evening the phone rang. McGowan picked up the receiver and heard an anguished voice say, "Excuse me, I'm the fellow in the next room. Honest, I don't mind the noise, but tell me: Don't you guys ever call anybody *safe?*"

* * *

Tough-talking Bill Guthrie, an umpire for 40 years, was equally renowned for the justice of his decisions and the high quality of his wit, uttered in what Ring Lardner once called "perfect broken English."

Guthrie, who died in 1950, was responsible for many of the bons mots often credited incorrectly to others. One of the most famous, for example, was the crack he uttered in an American Association game when the rising slugger Hack Wilson demonstrated his dissatisfaction with a decision by hurling his bat high into the air. Umpire Guthrie regarded Wilson kindly as the bat sailed upward, end over end.

"Listen, kid," he said. "If dat bat comes down, you're outta da game."

On another day, Jimmie Dykes, the current manager of the Philadelphia Athletics and one of baseball's great umpire baiters, heatedly disputed a called strike when he was at bat.

"Pipe down, kid," Guthrie advised, "and nobody but me and you and da catcher will know you can't see any more."

One afternoon in Boston, Bill cleared the whole Red Sox bench, which had been riding him unmercifully. Returning to his position behind the plate, he spied coach Charles (Heinie) Wagner at his third-base post.

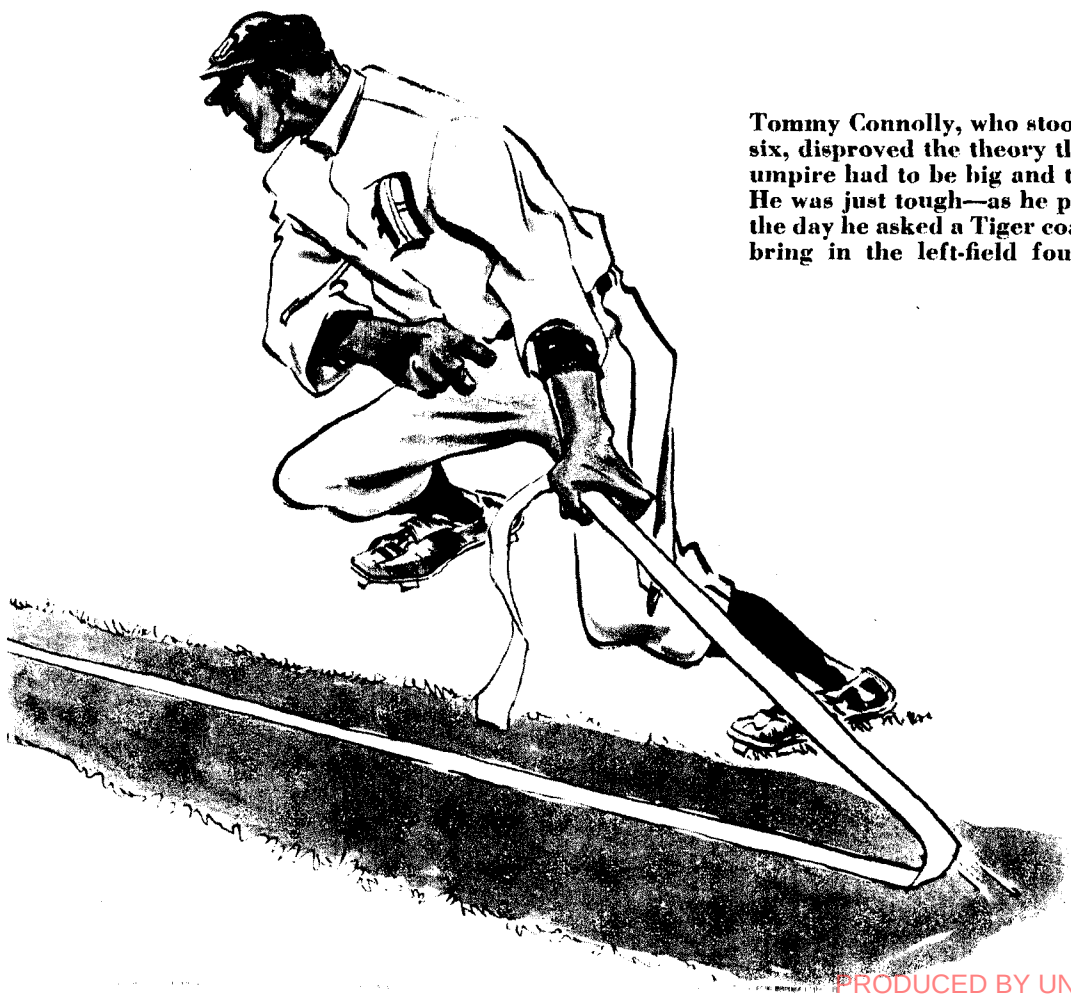
"And you're outta da game, too," he shouted to Heinie.

"Me?" Wagner yelled. "I didn't say anything."

"No, you didn't," Guthrie agreed. "But you were thinkin'!"

"How do you know I was thinking?" Wagner asked, outraged.

"I'll give you credit for it, anyway," was Bill's answer. "Git out." ▲▲▲



Tommy Connolly, who stood five six, disproved the theory that an umpire had to be big and tough. He was just tough—as he proved the day he asked a Tiger coach to bring in the left-field foul line

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

"I simply adore summer foliage. It's so bright and fresh and money-colored"

"A lady prefers to be accompanied by a man with a good figure—especially in his bankbook"

"Gee, a girl like I almost never meets really interesting men. Sometimes my brain gets real starved"

"When a gentleman is interested in a female person, she should know something about his background"

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Analyzing Lorelei Lee's character, Marilyn Monroe, who plays the classic gold digger on the screen, says: "Her first, last and only love is diamonds. Her philosophy of life is summed up in one simple statement —'Everyone should have a hobby.'"

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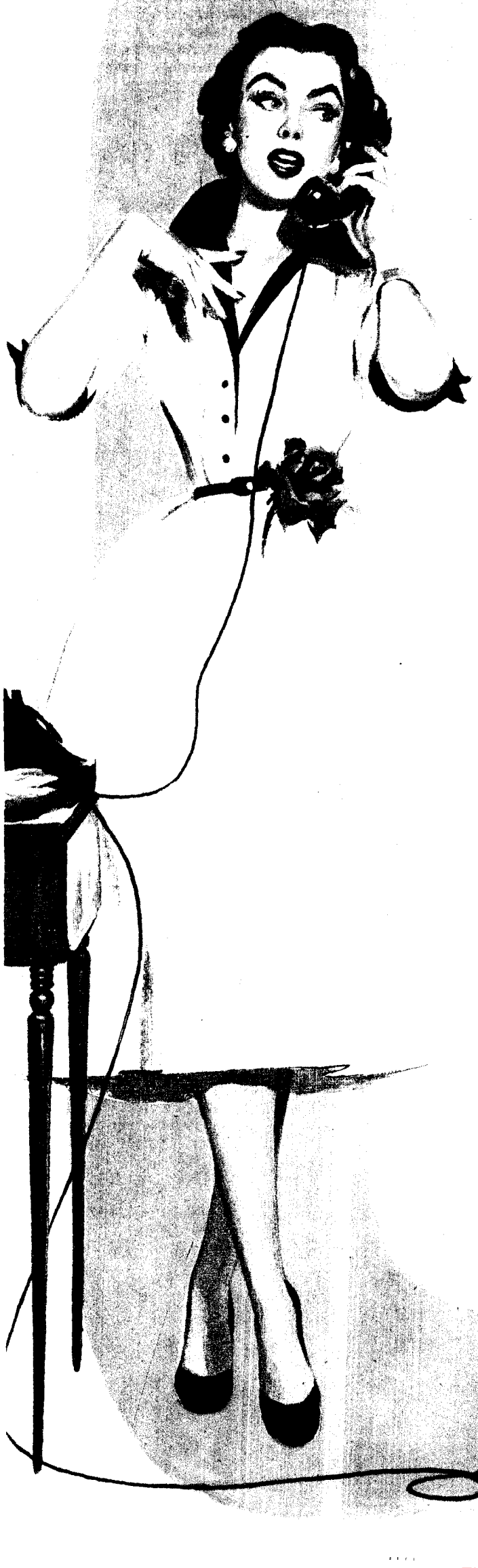
My Lady Wouldn't Wait

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE



I was all set to get this job, and then I figured I'd be all set to get married to Betty—by about nineteen sixty, say

LET me straighten your tie," Betty said, as we stood on the steps of the Administration Building. It was a conservative, executive-type tie; Betty had picked it out. She kissed me, then rubbed off the lipstick. "Fire when ready," she said. "I'll wait here and pray."

"Thanks," I said huskily, and went inside for my appointment with destiny, in the person of Mr. Purvis of the Hoxley Manufacturing Company.

I had corresponded with Mr. Purvis. He was a personnel man looking for young talent for his firm. This was the big interview for me. Two days before college graduation I walked in, trying to look like an executive.

Mr. Purvis was about thirty: blue suit, button-down shirt and a pair of gimlet eyes that X-rayed me as I walked in. "Sit down," he said. He began asking me questions, and then he painted a vivid word picture of the opportunities for red-blooded, hard-hitting young men with the Hoxley Manufacturing Company. As I sat before him, I saw myself rising mercurially in the organization—from salesman to district sales manager, from district sales manager to regional sales chief, from regional sales chief to vice-president in charge of sales, from vice-president in charge of sales to executive vice-president, from executive vice-president to—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Purvis," I said suddenly; for he was staring at me in an odd manner.

"I'll repeat the question," Mr. Purvis said. "I asked you if you are married or have any romantic entanglements."

I thought of Betty on the front steps. "Well, Mr. Purvis," I said, "I go out with girls, if that's what you mean."

"I don't mean that," Mr. Purvis said. "In this particular job you'd be doing a great deal of traveling. It's not the best life for a man with family ties. We've just lost a man, after expending considerable time and money training him. His wife objected to staying alone, and he resigned."

I had to make a snap executive decision. Betty had been my girl ever since I had beaten off stiff competition late in our sophomore year. Sitting there talking to Mr. Purvis at this critical point in my life, I saw clearly that first things must come first. My career was now all-important. "You may depend on me, Mr. Purvis," I said.

He stood up to signify that the interview was over. "I'll be around until graduation," he said. "I'll let you know."

He smiled and shook hands, and I walked out, seeing the future in glowing colors. From executive vice-president to president, from president to chairman of the board, from chairman of the board

Betty answered when I called her sorority house. "Please don't hang up," I said. "I'm in trouble." "All right, what's your little problem?" she said

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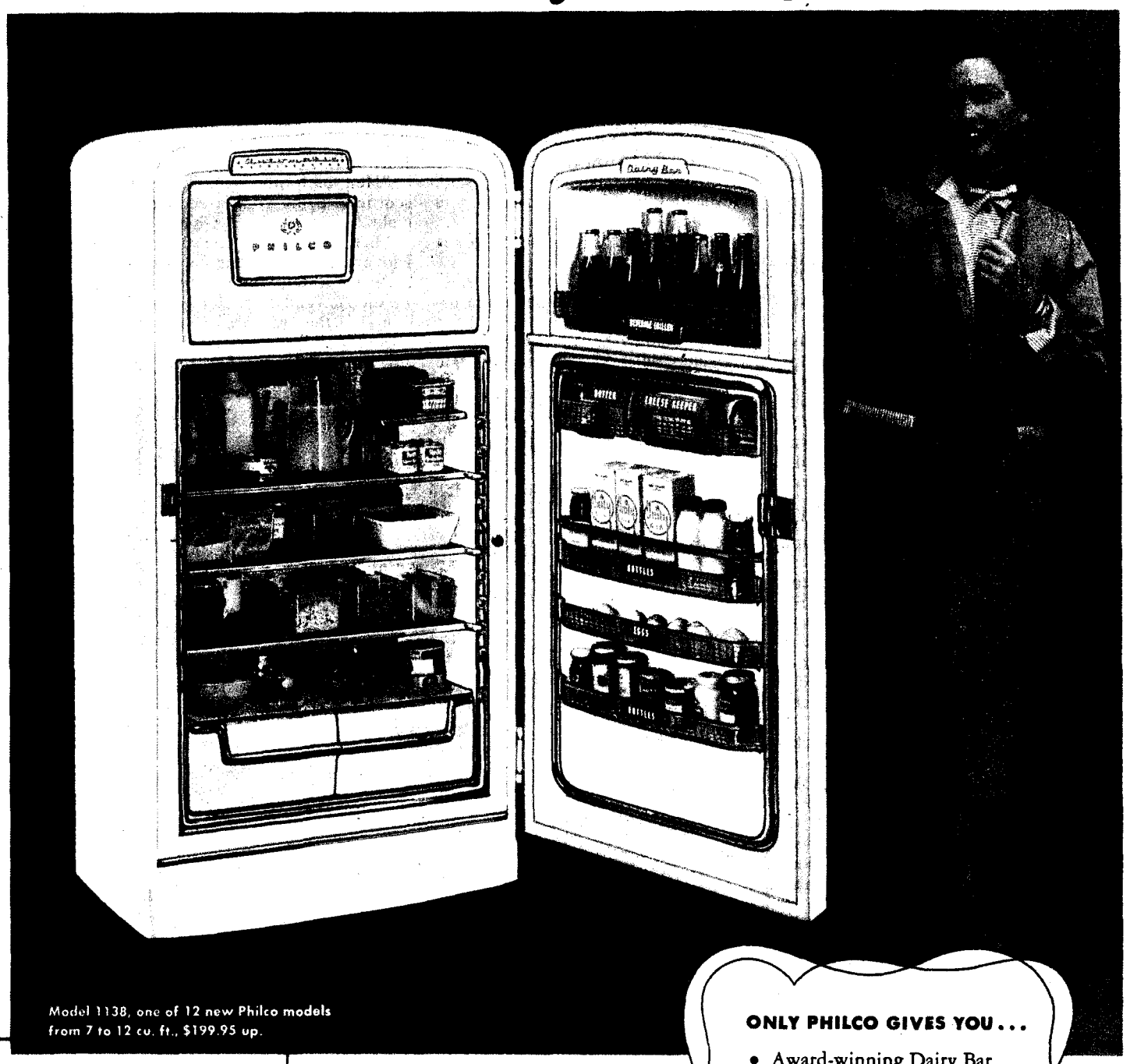

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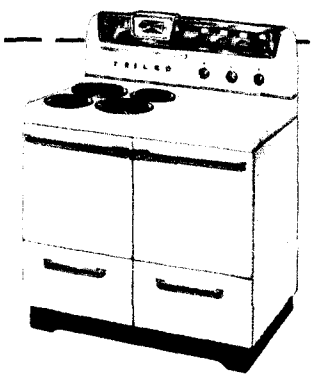

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to a Cabinet post in Washington, heeding the call of duty—

"Tom, you got the job!" Betty said, and she flung herself into my arms as I walked out the outside door.

"Nothing definite; he'll let me know," I said, backing off hastily and hoping Mr. Purvis wasn't looking out the window.

"What's he like, what did he ask you, what did you say?" Betty said, hanging on my arm. "Why are you looking so pompous?"

"I'm not looking pompous," I said, staring at Betty, trying to visualize her as the wife of the Secretary of State. "Some very important things came up during the interview. Let's get a Coke."

WE WALKED across campus, and I decided I'd be ready for matrimony about the time I became district, or possibly regional, sales manager. I could see myself, the successful young executive, arriving in Parkersburg to marry my college sweetheart. Betty would wait for me; and everything fell neatly into place; my life course was methodically plotted through the years. Sitting beside her in a booth, I said, "Betty, we've never really discussed marriage—"

"Except that you've stated repeatedly that you couldn't possibly live without me," Betty said dreamily. "I assumed marriage was implied, or have you been deceiving my innocent, girlish heart?"

"By no means, Betty," I said, "it's just a question of when."

"That's usually the girl's prerogative," Betty said. "However, I'm broad-minded. At least I'll give you a chance to state your views."

I made a hasty calculation and took the cold plunge. "Well," I said, "I was planning about nineteen sixty." I took a quick look at Betty's profile. "Make it fifty-nine—"

Betty withdrew her arm from mine. "My first instinct was right," she said. "A woman should always trust it. This is a brush-off."

"Betty," I said, "absolutely not. I expect you to wait for me."

"Until nineteen sixty?" Betty said. "Until I'm old and haggard, so you'll take one look at me and discard me like a withered flower for some girl in the bloom of youth?"

"For Heaven's sake, Betty," I said, "be reasonable. You're only twenty-one now. In nineteen sixty—"

"By nineteen sixty," Betty said, "I intend to have three children and be active in the P.T.A."

"Betty," I said, "you don't understand. I am not a member of the idle rich. I have to work for a living. I have to accumulate money to support a wife and family."

"Nobly spoken," Betty said. "That's precisely why I took that course in Family Finances—so I could lend a helping hand."

"Your family has always sheltered and protected you," I said. "I want to shelter and protect you, too. I can't do it immediately. It's going to take me a few years to be able to do that. As soon as possible I'll come to Parkersburg for you."

"Do that," Betty said. "Call up ahead of time, and we'll ask you out for dinner. I'll have the children call you Uncle Tom."

It was my turn to get angry. "So that's how deep and enduring your love for me is?" I said. "Women are supposed to wait."

"Get out of the nineteenth century," Betty said. "I have to fulfill my function. My function is to get married and have a family. I picked you as the future father of my children. If you decline, I'll look elsewhere."

"If you'll listen a minute, honey—"

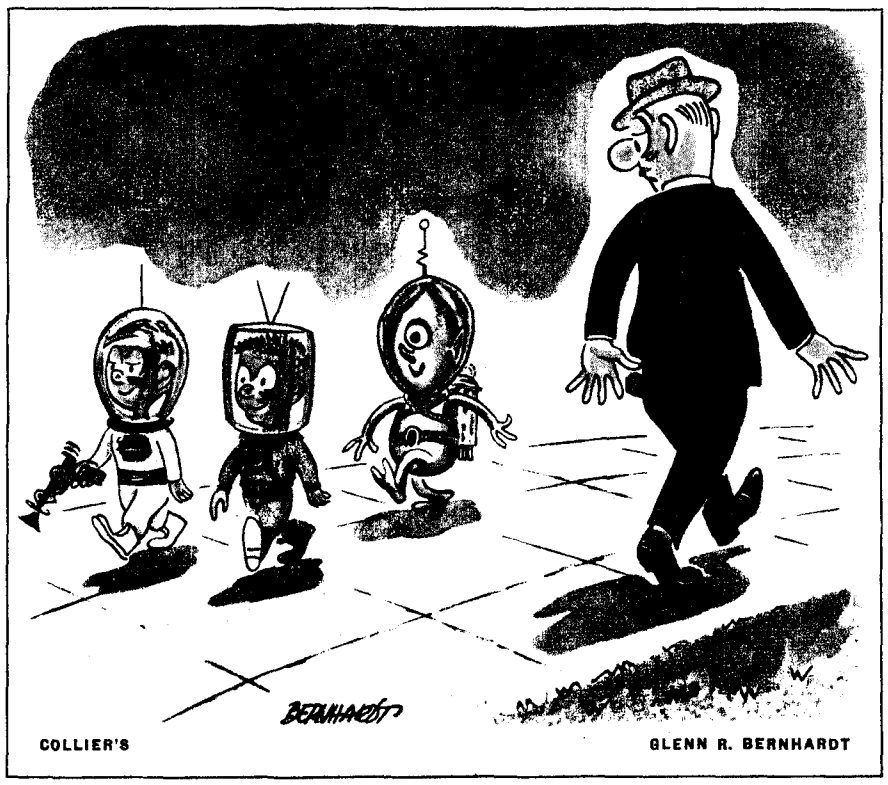
"Don't honey me," she said. "Look what you've done to me. Did you know that when I was a sophomore I was planning to be a career woman? Do you remember that I was studying interior decorating, that I was planning to go to New York after graduation and become a bachelor girl, with my own income and my own apartment, sought after by New York's most famous men about town?"

"You used to talk about it," I said. "I never took it seriously. After all, you gave it up."

"And *why* did I give it up?" she shouted.

"Please calm down, Betty," I said. "People in all the other booths are listening in."

"Why should I have any pride left," Betty said, "when you've discarded me like a broken toy? Let me out of here."



She fumbled at her dress and dropped my fraternity pin on the table. "Stop by the sorority sometime," she said. "I'll leave any knickknacks and mementos you've given me over the years on the hall table."

I started to follow her out the door, and the waiter caught me with the check. When I'd paid him and gone outside she was out of sight.

BROODING, I wandered over to the Union. I was knocking balls around a pool table when I saw Mr. Purvis in the lounge, and he walked over to me as I racked my cue. "Too nice a day just to sit around," he said.

"You like to go to a movie tonight, Mr. Purvis?" I said.

"I saw the show last night," Mr. Purvis said. He looked out the window at a couple of coeds strolling down the walk. "What about a double date?" he said. "Think you could find a couple of girls?"

It looked to me like it might be a chance to get in solid with Mr. Purvis. If Betty could find a nice girl for him, and with Purvis and me being together socially for the evening, I might be able to convince Betty and get the job at the same time. "I'll try," I said, and I went into the telephone booth.

Betty answered when I called her sorority. "It's me," I said. "Please don't hang up. I'm in trouble."

There was a silence. "What's your little problem?" she said.

"This man I hope to go to work for," I said, "wants a date for tonight. Could you fix it? I know most of the girls have left."

"Well, I could try," she said. "Lucille's still around."

"Please," I said. "I'm trying to win him over, not infuriate him. You wouldn't double-cross me, would you, Betty? You couldn't send him out with Lucille."

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Bring your executive over at eight tonight. I'll see what I can do."

"Betty," I said, "you're wonderful. I love you. Don't hang up. I didn't get a chance to tell you about this job. I'll be on the road a lot if I get it. That's one of the reasons I thought we should wait."

"You mean you'd like a girl in every town?" Betty said. "You want a free hand? You've got one."

She hung up, and I stepped out of the booth. "It's all set," I told Purvis. "Eight o'clock tonight. I'll pick you up here and take you over to the sorority where we call for the girls."

"Blonde or brunette?" he said, grinning at me. "Never mind; as long as she's cute, I don't care."

But I kept my fingers crossed. It wouldn't be Lucille, I hoped and prayed. Over the years, I had got a couple of dates for Lucille at Betty's request, and the victims still had it in for me. She was a political science major with odd ideas, and she wore mannish clothes.

At eight o'clock that night Mr. Purvis and I walked up the sorority steps. I crossed my fingers and rang the bell. Betty opened the door, and I like to died right inside the hall. Oh, no, I thought to myself, it can't be! But it was: Lucille was sitting in the living room. She'd probably give Purvis a lecture on the evils of capitalism, and he'd fire me before I was hired.

I tried to show Betty wordlessly how I felt about her treachery. I gave her a mortally wounded look, and muttered introductions.

"Call me Stan," Purvis said. "I'm delighted! This is wonderful! He latched onto Betty's hand like he was appropriating her for the Hoxley Manufacturing Company. Wait until he saw Lucille. I closed my eyes.

"Come in the living room, Stan," I heard Betty say, "and meet Tom's date."

"My date?" I croaked. I stumbled after them into Lucille's presence. Purvis looked hard at Lucille, and then harder at me.

"I'm sorry there aren't any dances tonight," Betty said. "It's pretty quiet this late in the year."

"You have a beautiful campus here," Purvis said. "Maybe you wouldn't mind strolling around and giving me a tour."

Lucille and I trailed them outside and down the walk.

"I hear you and Betty have split up," Lucille said. "It's probably just as well. I've told Betty over and over it's infantile, the way you have paired off for two years. I believe in complete freedom for both sexes."

"Goody for you, Lucille," I said glumly, watching them up front. We wandered around the campus and finally ended up in the stadium. Betty and Purvis moved down the line from us and sat down on a bench.

"This is great," I heard Purvis say; "you know, I played a game here once with my college about ten years ago."

A COLD chill went up my back suddenly, and it wasn't the night air, it wasn't Lucille. Betty, I realized suddenly, now had herself a ready-made executive. Just ten feet away from me she was now in close contact with a man who had no need to wait years in order to be the father of her children: an executive, an ex-football player, a man just enough older to have glamor, I peered at them in the dark, trying to see if Purvis had his arm around Betty's waist; but I couldn't tell. I felt even worse not knowing.

I sat there stricken. The breeze wafted a wisp of Lucille's hair against my ear; and I was trying to pretend she was Betty, which was impossible, even in the dark, when Betty spoke up behind me. "Stan and I are going downtown for something to eat," she said. "Do you lovebirds want to join us, or would you rather be alone?"

"Oh, no, you don't," I said, jumping up. "I mean we'd be glad to go with you; wouldn't we, Lucille?"

It was no better in a booth downtown, where Purvis and Betty chatted like old pals, and Lucille gave me a lecture on economics.

We went back to the sorority, finally, in a cab. Lucille and Betty and Purvis sat in the back seat. I sat up front with the driver and made a vow to kill Purvis if he kissed Betty good night.

We went up the walk and talked a minute on the steps. I was watching Purvis like a hawk. He bent over her suddenly; I lunged toward him, and just then Betty opened the door. "Night, Stan; night, Tom," she said, "it was fun. Come on, Lucille."

The door closed, and Purvis and I were alone. He took a deep breath and punched me on the shoulder. If I worked for him very long I'd be black-and-blue. "Boy, what a night!" he said. "What a great girl! That Betty! Wow! Thanks a lot, Cooper. I had a wonderful time."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I mumbled, under my breath.

He didn't hear me, but he gave me an odd look as we started back. "You see a lot of Lucille, do you?"

"Oh, I see her around now and then," I said nervously, caught in a terrible quandary. Suppose I told him Betty was my girl, that I wanted to marry

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her—no job for me. But he couldn't possibly think Lucille was my girl.

I tried to change the subject. "Mr. Purvis," I said, "have you made any decision yet about that position?"

He scowled, and apparently it was the wrong thing to say. "Not yet," he said. "I interviewed eight candidates today—some of them well qualified."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Naturally I'm a little anxious."

Under the street light Purvis paused and stared at me. "You didn't think that I was going to give you the job because you got me a nice date, did you?" He gave me a wicked grin. "You didn't think I'd make a business decision on that basis, did you, Cooper?"

"Absolutely not, Mr. Purvis," I said.

"No point in your walking back to the Union with me," he said. "Thanks again for a pleasant evening."

"Yes, sir," I said. He started across the street, and I was turning left for my fraternity house when he called to me suddenly. "Hey, Cooper," he said. "You're sure Lucille's not your girl?"

"I'm positive, Mr. Purvis," I said, and I turned and plodded back to the fraternity and went up to bed. I lay there thinking that just a few hours before, I had had everything: a wonderful girl and the hope of a fine job. Now I got another picture of my future. Even if I got the job, I probably wouldn't get Betty. I saw myself, an old man, a never-promoted salesman, no wife, no children, playing solitaire in a different fleabag each night, with ulcers from eating the blue-plate special in a million greasy spoons.

But I probably wouldn't be selling for Hoxley. Purvis was probably going to turn me down because of Lucille, who meant less than nothing to me. Betty had loused up everything. I went to sleep finally, and spent a fitful night dreaming that Lucille and I were married, and that every morning I left home to sell apples on the corner.

IN THE morning after breakfast, I went to my room to pack. The graduation ceremonies were the next day. I was too nervous to stay in my room, and finally I wandered down to the Union. People were beginning to check in for graduation, but I didn't see Purvis, and finally I went over to the desk. "You know a guy named Purvis?" I said. "He's staying here."

"Talked to him a while ago," the clerk said. "He wanted to know where he could rent a car."

"A car?" I said. "What for?"

"Don't ask me," the clerk said. "I saw him drive by a little later in a fancy convertible with the top down. Now why would he want a convertible in this town? Maybe he's taking his elderly aunt to prayer meeting. Ha, ha."

"You're a very witty fellow," I said to the clerk, and I went over to the telephone booth and called Betty's sorority. Betty wasn't there. I didn't know where she was, but I had a good idea of how she got wherever she was.

Some businessman Purvis was, I thought. The Hoxley Manufacturing Company sent him out on business, and he ditched the business to steal a college boy's girl. Some executive—probably put that damn' car on his expense account to boot.

It was time for lunch, but I didn't want any. I couldn't afford to hire a car and try to track them down. I had just enough money in my wallet to buy my train fare home and leave me with three dollars and forty-two cents.

I sat around the Union torturing myself, and when I couldn't stand the inactivity any longer I made up my mind and went over to Betty's sorority.

The best thing I could do, I decided, was to make a clean breast of everything to Purvis. First I had to convince him Lucille wasn't my girl. Then I'd tell him about Betty, that I hoped to convince her to wait a couple of years.

It was my only chance. I rang the bell, and Lucille let me in. "Betty isn't here," she said, "she's out with—"

"I know," I said. "I want to wait for her. They'll be back soon, I hope."

I went out into the sunroom and started pacing the floor.

Lucille sat down on the davenport and opened a book. "Stop acting like a child," she said.

THIS was where Betty and I had first met; this room was full of memories for me. I paced the floor, and then thought how disastrous it would be if Betty and Purvis walked in and found us there together. He'd be sure Lucille was my girl; nothing I could say would convince him otherwise. I had to get rid of her. "You all packed, Lucille?" I said, trying to ease her out gracefully.

"I'm coming back next fall for graduate work," she said.

"Still and all," I said, "you'll have to take a lot of things home for the summer. There isn't much time left."

"Are you trying to get rid of me?" Lucille said. "You have a crust. This is my sorority."

"No, no, you misunderstand me, Lucille," I said, although she really didn't. I sat down on the davenport and tried to figure a more tactful approach. I was hoping to be a salesman for Hoxley; I should try some supersalesmanship on Lucille.

"Well, we'll be putting on the old cap and gown tomorrow, Lucille," I said. "Big deal."

"A ridiculous and pointless ritual," Lucille said.

That tack wasn't leading anywhere. I gave up, and sat as far away from her as I could. Looking at Lucille immersed in her book, I suddenly got a crazy notion. I got to wondering if Lucille had ever been kissed in her four years at college, and what a terrible thing it was if her college education had been so incomplete that she had never been kissed.

I couldn't sit still; I got up and paced the floor—back and forth in front of Lucille, back and forth. I thought of Betty and our love for each other, and I wondered if Lucille had ever known a love like ours. It was pitiful in a way. I didn't like her, but I could have been nicer to her over the years. I could have danced with her occasionally, at the sorority tea dances for instance. I could have been big about it.

Suddenly she jumped up from the davenport. "Stop that pacing," she said. "How can anyone concentrate?"

She was standing right in front of me, her eyes flashing. I was in a highly charged emotional state, and again I got that cockeyed notion that probably in four long college years Lucille had never been kissed. "Lucille," I said, putting my hands on her shoulders, "if our paths never cross again in this world, good luck to you."

I couldn't help myself. She had this surprised look on her face, and her lips were about a foot away. It was like somebody behind me was pushing the levers. I pulled her toward me and kissed her.

Her book fell to the floor. "Get away from me," she said in this shocked, angry voice. "The very idea," she said, looking at me furiously.

She snatched up her book and ran out of the room. Well, I thought to myself, at least I got rid of her; and I smiled to myself in fatuous satisfaction, but not for long, because when I looked up I saw Betty and Mr. Purvis standing transfixed in the living room. Betty's eyes were like saucers. "Why, you stinker," Betty said.

"I can explain it all to you, Mr. Purvis," I blurted.

"To him!" Betty shrieked.

"To you, too, Betty," I said feverishly. "Mr. Purvis, I have a confession to make. I didn't tell you the strict truth yesterday."

"That was apparent to me when we walked in here," he said coldly.

"Mr. Purvis," I said, "even if you should offer me the job with Hoxley, I cannot accept. Betty and I are going to be married. As soon as Betty will set the date."

"See me about nineteen sixty," Betty said. "By then I might possibly have forgiven you. But don't bet on it."

"Betty," I said, praying for the eloquence of a supersalesman, "I've been waiting here in the sunroom all afternoon to ask you to marry me. Lucille just happened to be here."

"Any port in a storm, you mean?" Betty said icily.

"Betty," I said, "we were freshmen on blind dates when we met in this very room. That was the beginning of everything for me. Right here on this davenport I first told you I loved you."

Her expression was one of disapproval, but I took hope when I thought I detected a misty look in her eyes. "Sitting here waiting for you," I said, "I began thinking how much Lucille had missed. I was so much in love with you and worried about losing you, and I thought how empty my life would be if it weren't for you, and that that was the kind of life Lucille had had. It was crazy, but I couldn't help wondering if she had ever been kissed. Can you try to understand, Betty? You know I've never even looked at another girl. I'll get another job. I swear I will. Somewhere, somehow."

I WAITED tensely. Then Mr. Purvis said, "What's wrong with Hoxley? You mean you're going to turn me down, after I've decided on you?"

"H-Hoxley?" I stammered. "I'd love to work for Hoxley. But after what you said—"

"I've just spent the afternoon with Betty," Mr. Purvis said. "She spent the entire time telling me that she isn't the kind of girl to stand in the way of her husband's career; that I'd be making a great mistake if I turned you down just because you want to get married. Only don't wait too long. We'd like you to report for work no later than July fifteenth. Thanks for a swell time, Betty. Drop by the Union when you get a chance, Tom."

He punched me on the shoulder and walked out. I went over to Betty and took her in my arms. "You convinced him," I said. "You knew what you were doing every minute. The perfect executive's wife."

I kissed her and then, suddenly alarmed, I said, "Betty, it may be rugged for you for a while being alone in an apartment for days at a time. You're sure you won't mind too much?"

"Sure, I'll mind," she said. "But I won't be alone too long, I hope. Not if I plan to be active in the P.T.A. by nineteen sixty. You will be home some of the time, won't you?"

I kissed her again. "Try and keep me away," I said. ▲▲▲

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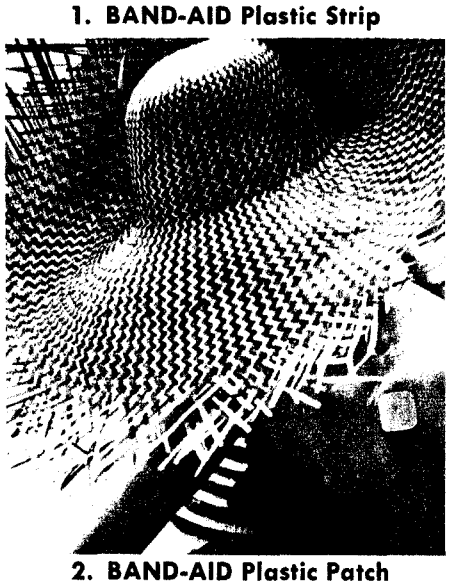

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A New Religion Rising

Caodaism has a pope, 12 mediums, 1,500,000 faithful—and an army that is battlin

Tay-Ninh, Indochina

By PETER KALISCHER

CAODAISM, the world's newest religion, "has everything—everything good from all the great religions," according to its pope. But French government officials will tell you that Caodaism has even more. Its 1,500,000 faithful followers comprise one of the few native groups that have both the will and the strength to battle the Communist Viet Minh in Indochina.

Indeed, a Caodaist army 18,000 strong has turned nearly 2,000 square miles of southern Indochina into an anti-Communist oasis, freeing badly needed French Union forces to fight elsewhere.

As Pope Pham-Cong-Tac indicated, Caodaism borrows freely and openly from Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and Christianity, and equally venerates the founders of those faiths. But the heart of the new religion is spiritualism. Séances are held regularly and Caodaist leaders say they receive communications from the souls of John the Baptist, former Chinese President Sun Yat-sen, novelist Victor Hugo, philosopher René Descartes, Joan of Arc and an increasing number of other historic personages.

It all began in 1919 in Cochin China, southernmost and richest of the former five states of French Indochina. According to the sect's official history, Ngo-Van-Chieu, a member of the Cochin China criminal investigation department, received a series of spirit messages during that year from someone calling himself Cao Dai (Great Palace). From the wisdom of the messages, Ngo became convinced that Cao Dai was God Himself.

Chieu kept the messages to himself for six years. Then Cao Dai revealed himself again, this time in Saigon at a Ouija board séance attended by a group of Viet-Namese civil-service officials. On that occasion, according to the sect's own account, Cao Dai's identity as the Master of the Universe was confirmed by the spirit of Li Tai-po, an eighth-century Chinese poet who often communicated with the group. Li urged those at the séance to get in touch with Ngo and organize a new religion based on the teachings of Cao Dai. The instructions were carried out and Caodaism was founded in 1926.

Caodaism's growth was rapid. A gentle, basically Buddhist faith, it preaches belief in universal human brotherhood, reincarnation, kindness to animals and plants, service to one's neighbor and a life of graduated self-denial.

The older a Caodaist gets, the more of life's fleshly pleasures are taboo for him—but, then, the less he is likely to miss them.

Guidance from Great Minds of Past

The sect has the added attraction of getting dogma and organizational bylaws not from ancient writings, but straight from the great minds of the past speaking in French or Viet-Namese through mediums. A point of doctrine can be clarified by a direct question to the source by any one of 12 appointed mediums at a séance attended by high church dignitaries.

Cao Dai today is a virtual theocratic state comprising about one tenth of old Cochin China. It has a "holy see" at Tay-Ninh, 65 miles northwest of Saigon, a private army and diplomatic representation with the government of Viet-Nam, which absorbed Cochin China after establishment of the Indochinese Associated States in 1948.

The French at first ridiculed, then opposed Caodaism, but subsequently woke up to the fact that the sect was one of the few solidly anti-Communist native groups in Indochina. Franco-Caodaist relations improved in direct proportion to the Viet Minh threat. Today the French supply the Caodaists with arms, up to machine guns and mortars. In return, 5,000 Caodaist regulars and 13,000 militiamen under a Caodaist major general keep the Reds out of southernmost Indochina.

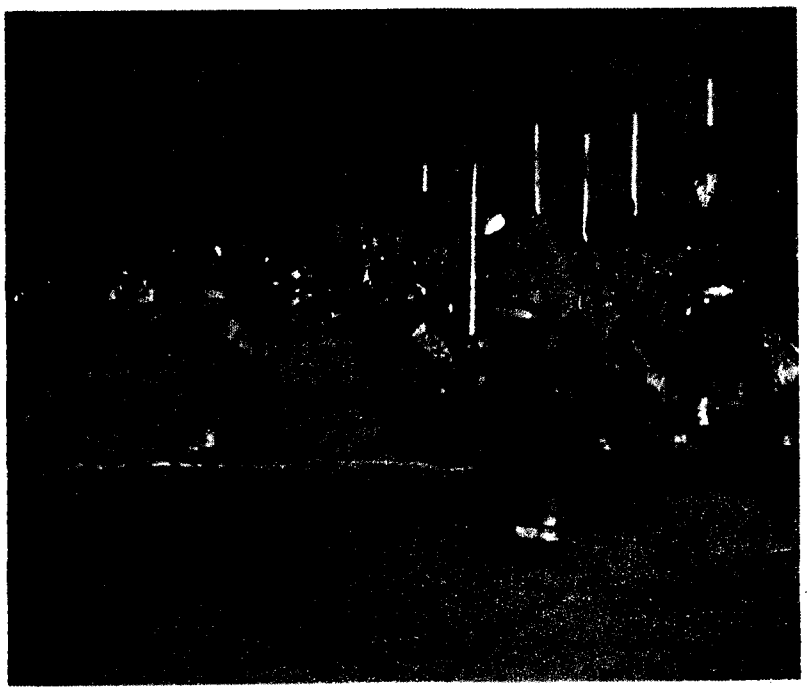
I visited Tay-Ninh recently during a celebration and military review marking the opening of a French army liaison headquarters. The scene of festivities was the Great Temple of Cao Dai, a twin-towered, brightly colored edifice set in the midst of rice-paddy country. (Pope Pham-Cong-Tac himself was the architect.)

The importance achieved by the sect can be judged from the fact that more than 350 dignitaries traveled in convoys from Saigon for the gala event. The guests included Nguyen-Van-Tam, premier of Viet-Nam; French Major General Paul Bondis, military commander for south Viet-Nam, and U.S. Ambassador Donald R. Heath. General Bondis, no Caodaist, nevertheless began his address with a respectful, *"Votre Sainteté"* (Your Holiness).

After the ceremonies, the 64-year-old pope was host at a luncheon for 500 prepared by one of Saigon's most able chefs. There were five courses and two wines besides champagne, but no Caodaist churchman touched any of it. They are vegetarians. (Converts are permitted meat, fish and alcohol, but are urged to wean themselves gradually to vegetarianism.)

Pope Pham-Cong-Tac received me later that afternoon in his official residence, a cool, spacious Western-style house near the Great Temple. He had changed from his formal yellow robe into white silk, wore sneakers and a gold wrist watch, and was examining a 16-millimeter movie camera that had been presented to him earlier in the day.

Caodaist army 18,000 strong is keeping Viet Minh Reds out of southernmost Indochina. Here is military band



When French opened liaison headquarters at Cao Dai "holy see" to co-ordinate fight against the Reds, the sect's followers celebrated with gala procession

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in Asia

The Communists in Indochina

He is Caodaism's second pope, a slim, intense Viet-Namese whose eyes are touched with the blue sheen of incipient cataracts. One of the founders of the religion and mentioned by name in an early séance with Cao Dai himself, Pham was chosen pontiff by the Great Council after the "disincarnation" (death) of the first pope in 1934. During Japan's occupation of Indochina, Pope Pham was exiled to Madagascar.

Speaking excellent French, the pope told me that Caodaism, like the Roman Catholic Church, has cardinals, archbishops, bishops and priests. But there the parallel ends. The Caodaist clergy includes both sexes and may marry. The pope wanted to show me his own two grandchildren, but they were at school. His wife is an archbishop. Like all married Caodaist prelates, however, they have not lived as man and wife or under the same roof since taking orders some 25 years ago.

The Caodaist code, the pope explained, forbids any married person to enter the priesthood until family obligations have been completed. If a church official wants to marry, he must give up his holy office during his term as a family man.

"Caodaism's aim," the pontiff said, "is much the same as America's. We seek to unite all people in a universal brotherhood. Communism is a destructive force and we must fight it.

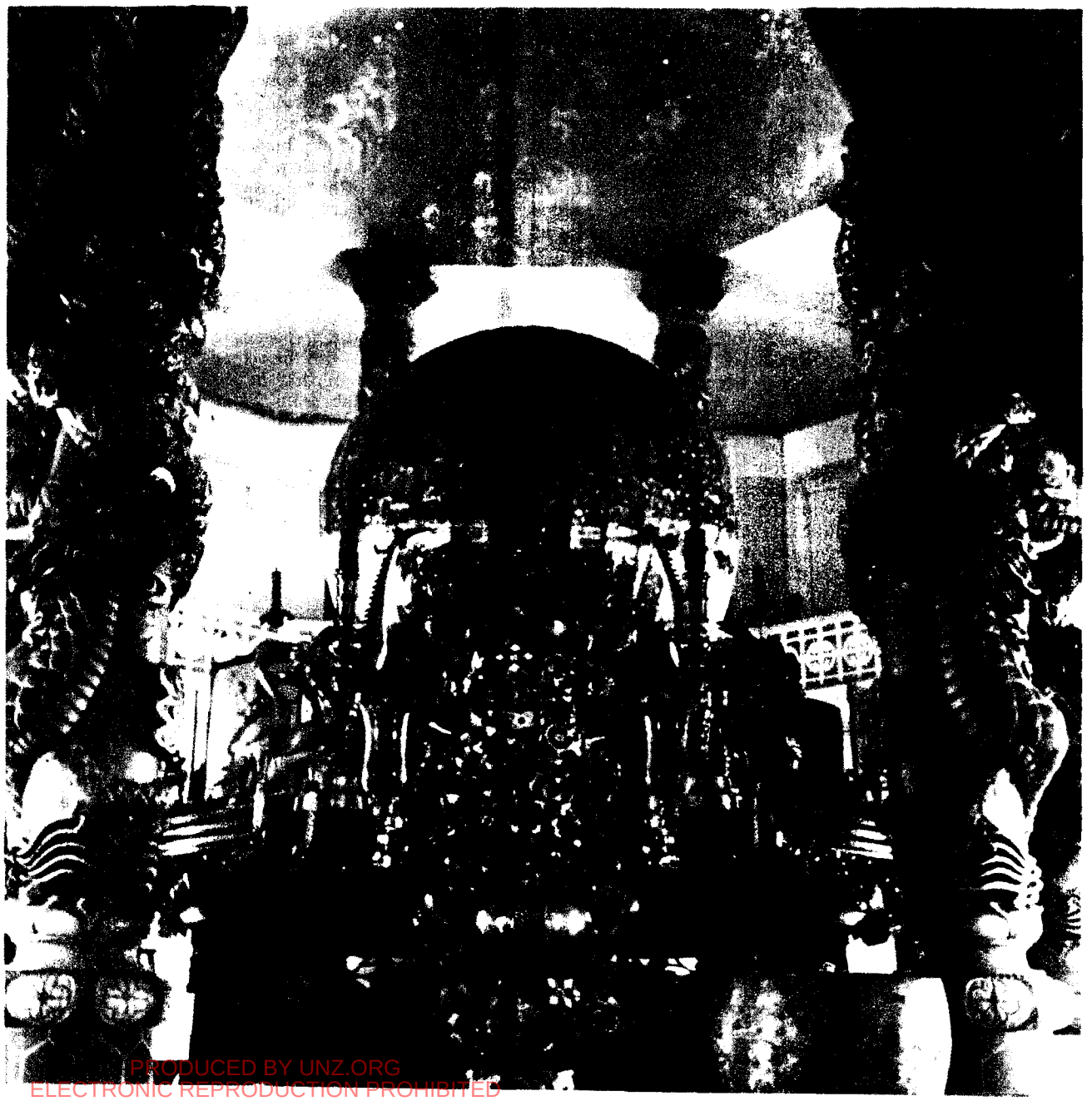
"Asia," he said, dropping his voice, "*must* march with America. If we leave it to the French and the British, we've lost the game."

The pope told me that he had communicated many times with the spirit of Victor Hugo. The author of Les Misérables is a favorite source of Caodaist doctrine. I asked for one of Hugo's revelations.

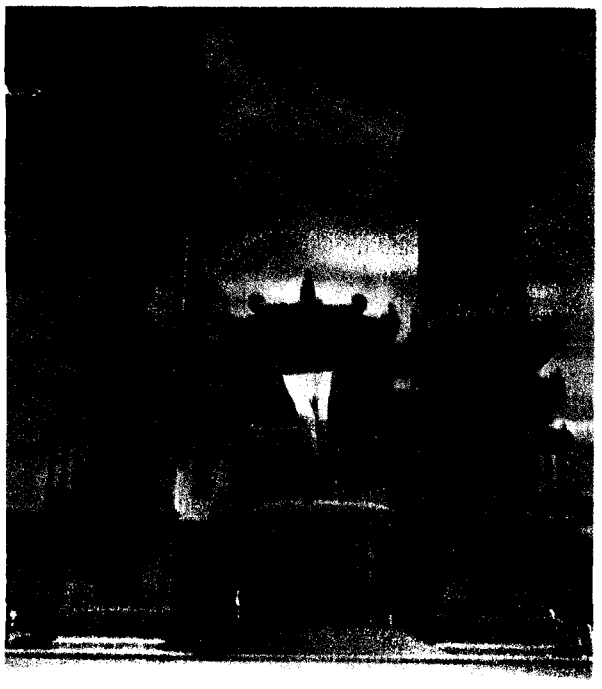
"One of the very first" said the pope, "was that our religion would be practiced widely in China and would be publicized in America." ▲▲▲

Pope Pham-Cong-Tac, one of the founders of Caodaism, addresses 350 dignitaries who traveled from Saigon for opening of French liaison headquarters. Among them was American ambassador

This massive, ornate altar is inside the Great Temple of Cao Dai. The globe in the center of photograph represents the universe. Faithful say huge eye symbolizes the universal conscience



Twin-towered Great Temple of Cao Dai is at Tay-Ninh in rice country of south Indochina



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EARL CORDREY

ONE SUMMER DAY

By LUCY GODOLPHIN

THE only way out of *that* quarrel was out of the house, so out Joanna marched, carefully not slamming the door behind her. She walked away from the cottage quickly, but with determined restraint.

When she had got round the first bend, she burst into tears. She was glad she had not had to give way to them earlier. Dignity had, after all, been her strong point in the argument, and she had been able to maintain some semblance of it. Such concepts as the rights of women and elementary consideration were best not employed amidst mewings and tears.

Running away, she had to admit, as she went along the dirt road, sniffling to her heart's content, had perhaps weakened the force of her argument. But she consoled herself that she had really *walked* out, and only after she'd had her incontrovertible say. Why, then, did she still feel so full of frustrated rage? Her only satisfaction at the moment came from realizing that Alex was probably feeling the same way.

After a while she heard voices and laughter from the secret little clearing at the lake shore, and went down the overgrown path toward it. Down in the glade were a pair of lovers tossing a ball. It was not so long ago that she and Alex had played thus, touching each other with light, seemingly careless caresses; and Joanna simply could not bear to look at them.

No, it was not so long ago—yesterday, in fact. But its having been only yesterday made today's quarrel all the more wounding. And why, after all, had she and Alex quarreled? It was just, she thought, that sometimes a woman felt it an absolute necessity to be cherished, and made much of, and given more than equal rights.

How unreasonable then of Alex to take this particular time, just when true summer weather had finally broken through, after a cold, huddled spring, to decide to buckle down to some serious work and put all thoughts of picnic excursions, and fishing jaunts, and helping with the dishes out of his head. He complained about the noise the vacuum cleaner made, he mused during meals, he had gone three evenings in the one week to drink beer alone down at the local tavern.

Neglect, neglect, thought Joanna bitterly, chewing sulkily on a blade of grass. Was she supposed to resign herself to doing the dishes by herself for the rest of her married life? This pathetic picture made her cry a little again.

After a while, she stopped in the dusty path. Where was she to go? It was too hot to walk. She didn't want to go back to the house, and she didn't want to go swimming in sight of it; she wanted to get *away*. The only thing to do was to take out the preposterous little leaky rowboat that had come with the rented cottage.

Alex didn't like her to go rowing alone in it; it was too dangerous, he insisted, and her swimming was not good enough. But now she got in and took off from the wooden dock fast, heading straight out. Covertly, she looked toward his window; it was open, and he was leaning out, gazing in her direction. He was probably worrying—well, *let* him, Joanna thought vindictively. But after a little her natural timidity overcame her, and she turned the boat back and followed the shore line.

THE lovely afternoon waned as Joanna rowed, and some of the brightness was gone from the air. She began to row more slowly, dipping her oars as soundlessly as possible, watching for shore birds, and listening to the clear sounds that came with dusk.

Suddenly she wished Alex were here with her. How such moments as these always brought them together in a quick rush of love and warmth and sympathy! How much he had shown her, a city girl, of the marvels in nature! How patiently and with what love—for her, for the creatures, for the various world in which they lived—had he taught her to use all her senses at once when they walked through the woods and fields. He had taught her to cherish more, and to fear less.

She let the boat drift softly on the stilled waters. What a dear he was really, she thought fondly, surprised at her sudden relinquishment of anger. She thought of a moonlit night when they had been wakeful: they had got up out of bed and put on their jeans, and he had rowed them around the lake along the shore. They had spoken only a few words, in whispers, during that magical voyage over the luminous water, but they had looked at each other in a secret sharing, and with her warm hands she had clasped his cool, bare ankles when he braced his feet against the stern seat, and it had been as if they lay embraced still, in their wide white bed.

What a foolish shrew I've been, she thought ruefully, and winced, remembering her infantile, her irrational, her irresponsible charges against him earlier in the day. What on earth had been the matter with her, anyway? All Alex had wanted to do was work quietly. He was probably sitting at his desk now, reminding himself of his own grievances, or distracted with worry about her.

A little chill took her in the twilight silence. A breeze, blowing a dank scent from shore, touched her shoulders, and her shirt suddenly seemed too thin. The whole sky was melting and deepening above her, and the farther shore looked sooty. She began to row back determinedly, fiercely. But her arms began to tremble, and she had to relax. She licked the raw spots that the oars had made on her hands, feeling a little frightened at being so far from home on the darkening lake.

IT WAS just then, as she drifted with the quiet, lapping water, that she came upon the Canada goose. It had been resting, still and hushed as the gray dusk, on a point of land, and as she rounded the point it took off suddenly, its great wings lifting, its beautifully marked neck stretching toward the sky—a serene, solitary traveler.

The sight made her gasp with pleasure; she felt as if she had just watched a secret ceremonial rite; and at once, again, she regretted that Alex wasn't with her. But she would tell him, and he would be just as pleased as she.

And whom else could she tell? Did this not mean everything to her, that her husband was her love, to whom she could bring such tidings? *He* would not look at her oddly, or belittle her emotion. He would be curious, and eager, and he would probably remember something like it that he had once seen; and they would be glad they were alive together.

She took up the oars again, with a sense of urgency. What if he were still angry with her, or angrier because she had taken the boat, gone out too far, stayed away too long? What if he had gone off himself? Her heart filled with agitation and remorse. She wanted only to be good and sweet and loving to him. And so she would be, if she ever got back—it seemed to her that she had rowed for miles.

At last she recognized the neighbors' houses, and with a spurt of speed she came round the bend to their dock. There, on the very end, stood Alex, peering out into the smudgy evening, watching anxiously for her. Her heart leaped with gratitude and love. He had not deserted her!

Without a word, she slid the boat alongside the pier. He kneeled and took the rope and made it fast as she scrambled up with the oars.

"Here," he said, and took them from her.

She looked down at their feet, moving in step over the boards, and she put out her hand and caught hold of his sweat shirt. Then he stopped and dropped the oars, and they went into each other's arms. He held her in a strong grip, and she pressed her face against his shoulder.

"You were gone so long," he said at last.

"I couldn't get back fast enough," she said. "I've got blisters." She laughed a little shakily, and leaned back, looking up into his face. "I saw a Canada goose," she said. "Real close. He took off from right beside me."

"You did? He did?" he said, in glad confusion. "That must have been the one I saw come over."

Then they both laughed. And then they kissed. And everything was all right. ▲▲▲

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ANOTHER *NEW* SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

The Adventure of FOULKES RATH

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

The squire had been brutally murdered. Unless Holmes could disprove Scotland Yard's evidence, the wrong man would hang

THIS is a most curious affair," I said, dropping The Times on the floor. "Indeed, I am surprised that the family has not already consulted you."

My friend Sherlock Holmes turned away from the window, and threw himself into his armchair. "I take it that you refer to the murder at Foulkes Rath," he said languidly. "If so, this might interest you, Watson. It arrived before breakfast."

He had drawn a buff-colored form from the pocket of his dressing gown and now passed it across to me. The telegram, which bore the postmark of Forest Row, Sussex, ran as follows: HAVING REGARD TO ADDLETON AFFAIRS, PROPOSE TO CALL ON YOU AT 10:15 PRECISELY. VINCENT.

Picking up The Times again, I ran my eye quickly down the column. "There is no mention of anybody named Vincent," I said.

"A fact of no importance whatever," replied Holmes impatiently. "Let us assume, from the phraseology of the telegram, that he is a lawyer of the old school employed by the Addleton family. As I observe, Watson, that we have a few minutes in hand, pray refresh my memory by running over the salient points from the account in this morning's paper, while omitting all irrelevant observations of their correspondent."

Holmes, having filled his clay pipe with shag from the Persian slipper, leaned back in his chair and contemplated the ceiling through a cloud of pungent blue smoke.

"The tragedy occurred at Foulkes Rath," I began, "an ancient Sussex manor house near Forest Row on Ashdown Forest. The curious name of the house is derived from the circumstance that there is an old burial ground—"

"Keep to the facts, Watson."

"The property was owned by Colonel Matthias Addleton," I continued rather stiffly. "Squire Addleton, as he was known, was the local justice of the peace and the richest landowner in the district. At the time of the murder, the household at Foulkes Rath consisted of the squire, his nephew Percy Longton, the butler Morstead and four indoor servants. In addition, there is an outside staff consisting of the lodgekeeper, a groom, and several gamekeepers, who occupy cottages on the boundaries of the estate.

"Last night, Squire Addleton and his nephew dined at their usual hour of eight o'clock, and after dinner the squire sent for his horse and was absent for about an hour. On his return, shortly before ten, he took a glass of port with his nephew in the hall. The two men appear to have been quarreling, for the butler has stated that, on entering with the port, he remarked that the squire was flushed and brusque in his manner."

"And the nephew, Longton I think you said his name was?" Holmes said.

"According to the butler, he did not see Longton's face, as the young man had walked to the window and stood there looking out into the night while the butler was in the room. On retiring, however, the butler caught the sounds of their voices in a furious altercation. Shortly after midnight, the household was roused by a loud cry, apparently from the hall, and, on rushing down in their night clothes, they were horrified to discover Squire Addleton lying senseless in a pool of blood with his head split open. Standing beside the body of the dying man was Mr. Percy Longton, clad in a dressing gown and grasping in his hand a bloodstained ax, a medieval executioner's ax, Holmes, which had been torn down from a trophy of arms above the fireplace. Longton was so dazed with horror that he could scarcely assist in lifting the injured man's head and stanching the wound.

"However, even as Morstead bent over him, the squire raised himself on his elbows and gasped out in a dreadful whisper, 'It—was—long—tom! It—was—long—' and sank back dead in the butler's arms. The local police were summoned and, on the evidence of the quarrel between the two men, and the discovery of the nephew standing over the body, and finally the accusing words of the dying man himself, Mr. Percy Longton has been arrested for the murder of Squire Addleton. I see that there is a note in the late-news column that the accused man, who has never ceased to protest his innocence, has been removed to Lewes. These would appear to be the principal facts, Holmes."

For a while my friend smoked in silence. "What explanation did Longton offer for the quarrel?" he asked at length.

"It is stated here that he voluntarily informed the police that he and his uncle came to high

"Save him!" the girl clad in deepest mourning cried wildly. "He is innocent, I swear it! Mr. Sherlock Holmes, save my husband!"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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words on the subject of the latter's sale of Chudford Farm, which Longton considered a further and unnecessary reduction of the estate."

"Further?"

"It appears that Squire Addleton had sold other holdings over the last two years," I replied, throwing the paper on the couch. "I must say, Holmes, I have seldom read of a case in which the culprit is so clearly defined."

"Ugly, Watson, very ugly," my friend agreed. "Indeed, presuming the facts to be as stated, I cannot conceive why this Mr. Vincent should propose to waste my time. But here, unless I am much mistaken, is our man upon the staircase."

THERE came a knock on the door and Mrs. Hudson ushered in our visitor. Mr. Vincent was an elderly man with a long, pale, mournful face and wearing side whiskers and a mustache. For a moment, he stood hesitating while he peered at us shortsightedly through his pince-nez, which were attached by a black ribbon to the lapel of his rather dingy frock coat. "This is too bad, Mr. Holmes!" he cried shrilly. "I assumed that my telegram would ensure privacy, sir, absolute privacy—"

"This is my colleague Dr. Watson," interposed Sherlock Holmes, waving our visitor to the chair which I had drawn forward. "I assure you that his presence may be invaluable."

Mr. Vincent bobbed his head toward me and, depositing his hat and stick on the floor, sank into the cushions. "Pray believe that I meant you no offense, Dr. Watson," he squeaked. "But this is a terrible morning, a terrible morning I say, for those who cherish good will for the Addletons of Foulkes Rath."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "I trust, however, that your early-morning walk to the station did something to restore your nerves. I find that exercise is in itself a sedative."

Our visitor started. "Really, sir," he cried. "I fail to see how you—"

"Tut, tut," Holmes interrupted impatiently. "A man who has driven to the station does not appear with a splash of fresh clay on his left gaiter and a similar smear across the ferrule of his stick. You walked through a rough country lane and, as the weather is dry, I should judge that your path took in a ford or water crossing."

"Your reasoning is perfectly correct, sir," replied Mr. Vincent, with a most suspicious glance at Holmes over the top of his pince-nez. "My horse is at grass, and not even a hack is available at that hour in the village. I walked as you say, caught the milk train to London, and here I am to enlist—nay, to *demand*—your services for my unfortunate young client, Mr. Percy Longton."

Holmes lay back with closed eyes. "I fear that there is nothing that I can do in the matter," he announced. "Dr. Watson has already put before me the principal facts, and they would appear to be quite damning. Who is in charge of the case?"

"I understand that the local police, in view of the gravity of the crime, appealed to Scotland Yard, who dispatched an Inspector Lestrade—dear me, Mr. Holmes, I fear that you have a painful twinge of rheumatics—an Inspector Lestrade to take charge. I should explain, perhaps," went on our visitor, "that I am the senior partner of Vincent, Peabody and Vincent, the legal practitioners of Forest Row, to whom the Addletons have entrusted their interests for the past hundred years and more."

The Adventure of Foulkes Rath

The Adventure of Foulkes Rath completes the first series of Sherlock Holmes's new exploits. Another series of completely new adventures in the life of fiction's greatest detective will start—

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Issue

Leaning forward, Holmes picked up the paper and, tapping the place sharply with his finger, handed it without a word to the lawyer.

"The account is accurate enough," said the little man sadly, after running his eye down the column, "though it omits to state that the front door was unlocked, despite the fact that the squire told Morstead the butler that he would lock it himself."

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "Unlocked, you say? H'm. Well, the probable explanation is that Squire Addleton forgot the matter in his quarrel with his nephew. However, there are one or two points which are not yet clear to me."

"Well, sir?"

"I take it that the murdered man was in his night clothes?"

"No, he was fully dressed. Mr. Longton was in his night clothes."

"I understand that after dinner the squire left the house for an hour or so. Was it his custom to take nocturnal rides?"

MR. VINCENT ceased to stroke his whiskers and shot a keen glance at Holmes. "Now that you mention it, such was not his custom," he said. "But he returned safely and I cannot see—"

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Would you say that the squire was a wealthy man? Pray be precise in your reply."

"Matthias Addleton was a very wealthy man. He was, of course, the younger son, and emigrated to Australia some forty years ago, that is to say in eighteen fifty-four. He returned in the seventies, having amassed a large fortune in the Australian gold fields; and, his elder brother having died, he inherited the family property of Foulkes Rath. Alas, I cannot pretend that he was liked in the neighborhood, for he was a man of morose disposition and as unpopular with his neighbors as he was feared by our local ne'er-do-wells in his capacity as justice of the peace. A hard, bitter, brooding man."

"Was Mr. Percy Longton on good terms with his uncle?"

The lawyer hesitated. "I am afraid not," he said at length. "Mr. Percy, who is the son of the squire's late sister, has lived at Foulkes Rath since his childhood and, on the property passing to his uncle, he remained and managed the estate. He is, of course, the heir under an entailment which covers the house and a part of the land, and, on more than one occasion, he has expressed deep resentment at his uncle's sales of certain farms and holdings—which led, I fear, to bad blood between them. It was most unfortunate that his wife was absent last night, of all nights."

"His wife?"

"Yes, there is a Mrs. Longton, a charming, gracious young woman. She was staying with friends for the night at East Grinstead and is due back this morning." Mr. Vincent paused. "Poor little Mary," he ended quietly. "What a home-coming! The squire dead and her husband charged with murder."

"One final question," said Holmes. "What explanation does your client offer to account for the events of last night?"

"His story is a simple one, Mr. Holmes. He states that at dinner the squire informed him of his intention to sell Chudford Farm; and when he remonstrated on the needlessness of the sale and the damage that it would do to the estate, his uncle turned on him roundly, and high words ensued. Later, his uncle called for his horse and rode from the house without a word of explanation. Upon his return, the squire ordered a bottle of port and, as the quarrel threatened to grow from bad to worse, Mr. Percy bade his uncle good night and retired to his room. However, his mind was too agitated for sleep, and twice, according to his statement, he sat up in bed under the impression that he had caught the distant sound of his uncle's voice from the great hall."

"Why, then, did he not go to investigate?" interposed Holmes sharply.

"I put that very question to him. He replied that his uncle had been drinking heavily, and therefore he assumed that the squire was raving to himself in the hall. The butler Morstead confirmed that this had occurred not infrequently in the past."

"Pray continue."

THE clock over the stables had just chimed midnight and he was drifting into slumber, when in an instant he was brought back to full consciousness by a dreadful yell that rang through the great, silent house. Springing out of bed, he pulled on his dressing gown and, seizing a candle, ran downstairs to the hall, only to recoil before the terrible sight that met his eyes.

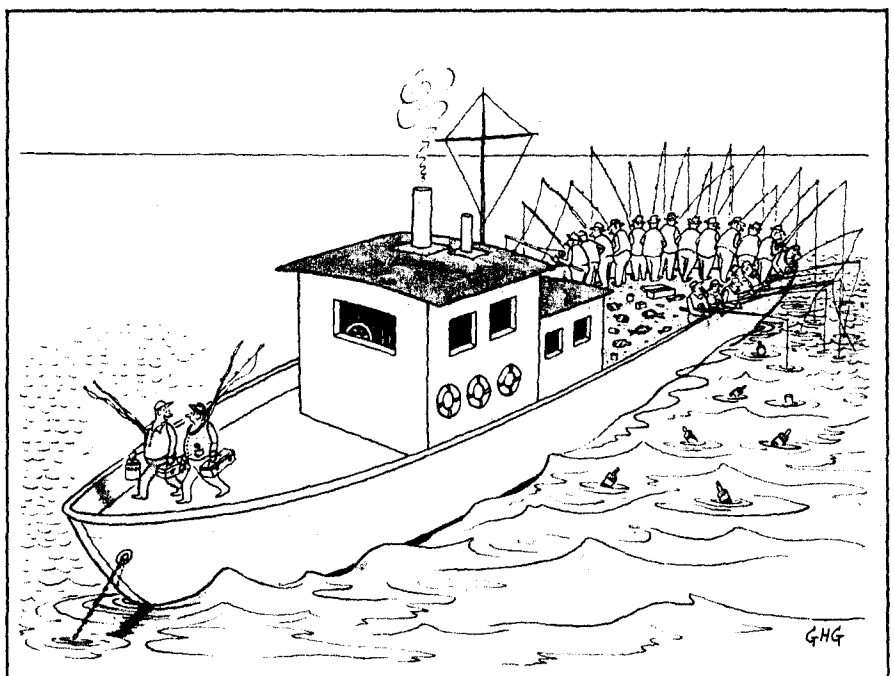
"The hearth and fireplace were spattered with blood, and sprawling in a great crimson pool, his arms raised above his head and his teeth grinning through his beard, lay Squire Addleton. Mr. Percy rushed forward and was bending over his uncle when his eyes fell upon an object that turned him sick and faint. Beside the body of the squire, and horribly dappled with the blood of its victim, lay an executioner's ax! He recognized it vaguely as forming a part of a trophy of arms that hung above the chimney piece and, without thinking what he was doing, he had stooped and picked up the thing when Morstead, accompanied by the terrified maidservants, burst into the room. Such is my unhappy client's explanation."

"Dear me," said Holmes.

For a long moment the lawyer and I sat in silence, our eyes fixed upon my friend. His head had fallen back against the chair top, his eyes were closed and only a thin, quick spiral of smoke rising from his clay pipe hinted at the activity of the mind behind that impassive, aquiline mask. A moment later, he had sprung to his feet. "A breath of Ashdown air will certainly do you no harm, Watson," he said briskly. "Mr. Vincent, my friend and I are very much at your disposal." . . .

It was late in the afternoon when we alighted from the train at the wayside station of Forest Row. Mr. Vincent had telegraphed for our reservations at the Green Man, an old fieldstone inn which appeared to be the only building of any consequence in the little hamlet. The air was permeated with the scent of the woodlands that clothed the low, rounded Sussex hills hemming us in on every side, and as I contemplated that green smiling landscape, it seemed to me that the tragedy of Foulkes Rath took on a grimmer, darker shade through the very serenity of the pastoral surroundings amid which it had been enacted. Though it was evident that the worthy lawyer shared my feelings, Sherlock Holmes was completely absorbed in his own thoughts, and he took no part in our conversation, save for a remark that the stationmaster was unhappily married and that he had recently changed the position of his shaving mirror.

Hiring a fly at the inn, we set out on the three-mile journey between the village and the manor house, and as our road wound its way up the wooded slopes of Pippinford Hill, we caught occasional glimpses of a somber, heather-covered ridge where the edge of the



COLLIER'S **"This is the secret place I was telling you about that's hardly ever fished"** GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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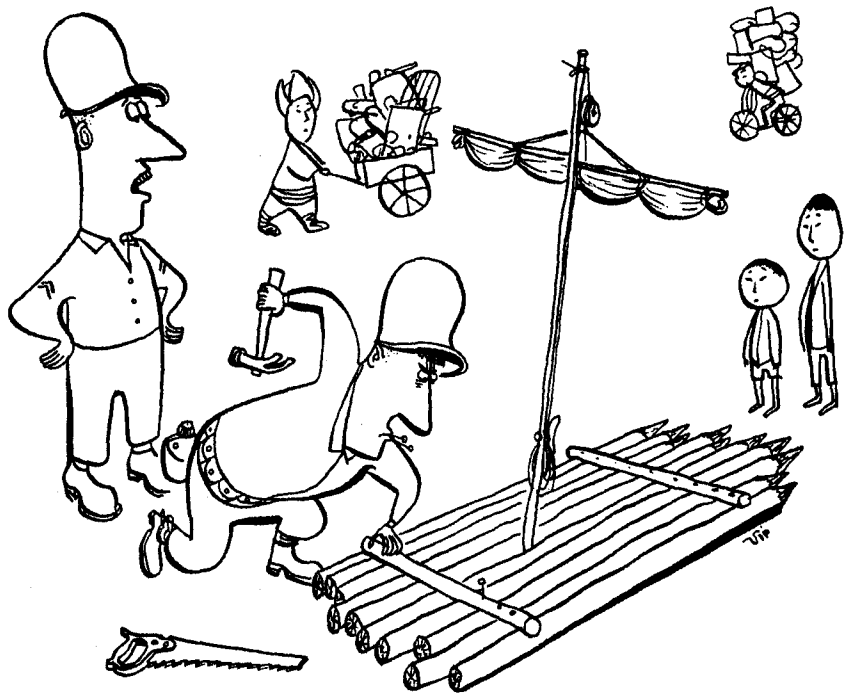
VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Homesick?" VIRGIL PARTCH

great Ashdown moors loomed against the sky.

We had topped the hill and I was absorbed in the wonderful view of the moorland, rolling away and away to the faint blue distances of the Sussex Downs, when Mr. Vincent touched my arm and pointed ahead. "Foulkes Rath," he said.

On a crest of the moor stood a gaunt, rambling house of gray stone flanked by a line of stables. A series of fields running from the very walls of the ancient mansion merged into a wilderness of yellow gorse and heather, ending in a deep, wooded valley from which arose a pencil of smoke and the high distant droning of a steam saw.

"The Ashdown Timber Mills," volunteered Mr. Vincent. "Those woods lie beyond the boundary of the estate, and there is not another neighbor within three miles. But here we are, Mr. Holmes; and a sorry welcome it is to the manor house of Foulkes Rath."

AT THE sound of our wheels on the drive, an elderly manservant had appeared at the beetle-browed Tudor doorway and now, on catching sight of our companion, he hurried forward with an exclamation of relief. "Thank God you've come, sir," he cried. "Mrs. Longton—"

"She has returned?" interposed Mr. Vincent sharply. "Poor lady, I will go to her at once."

"Sergeant Clare is here, sir, and—er—a person from the London police."

"Very well, Morstead."

"One moment," said Holmes. "Has your master's body been moved?"

"He has been laid in the gunroom, sir," Morstead replied.

"I trust that nothing else has been disturbed?" Holmes demanded sharply.

The man's eyes turned slowly toward the dark arch of the doorway. "No, sir," he muttered. "It's all as it was!"

A small vestibule, where Holmes left his hat and stick, led us into the inner hall. It was a great stone-built chamber with a groined roof and a line of narrow, pointed windows emblazoned with stained-glass shields through which the sunlight, now waning toward evening, mottled the oaken floor with vivid patches of vert, gules and azure. A short, thin man, who was busy writing at a desk, glanced up at our entrance and sprang to his feet with a flush of indignation upon his sharp-featured countenance. "How's this, Mr. Holmes?" he cried. "There's no scope here for the exercise of your talents."

"I have no doubt that you are right, Lestrade," replied my friend carelessly. "Nevertheless, there have been occasions when—"

"—when luck has favored the theorist, eh, Mr. Holmes? Ah, Dr. Watson. And I might inquire who this is, if the question may be forgiven in a police officer?"

"This is Mr. Vincent, who is legal adviser to the Addleton family," I replied. "It was he who requested the services of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Oh, he did, did he!" snapped Inspector Lestrade, with a baleful glance at the elderly lawyer. "Well, it's too late now for any of Mr. Holmes's fine theories. We have our man. Good day—"

"Just a moment, Lestrade," said Holmes sternly. "You've made mistakes in the past, and it is not impossible that you may make them in the future. In this case, if you have the right man, and I must confess that up to now I believe that you have, then you have nothing to lose in my confirmation. On the other hand—"

"Ah, it's always 'on the other hand.' However," Lestrade added grudgingly, "I do not see that you can do any harm. If you want to waste your own time, Mr. Holmes, that's your business. Yes, Dr. Watson, it's a nasty sight, isn't it?"

I had followed Sherlock Holmes to the fireplace at the far end of the room only to recoil before the spectacle that met my eyes. Across the oak floor stretched a great black stain of partly congealed blood, while the hearth and fireplace and even the nearby wainscoting were hideously dappled with gouts and splashes of crimson.

"Stand back, Watson," Holmes enjoined abruptly. "I take it, Lestrade, that there were no footprints on—" He gestured toward that dreadful floor.

"Just one, Mr. Holmes," replied Les-

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trade with a bitter smile, "and it fitted Mr. Percy Longton's bedroom slipper."

"Ah, it would seem that you are learning. By the way, what of the accused man's dressing gown?"

"Well, what of it?"

"The walls, Lestrade, the walls! Surely the blood-spattered front of Longton's robe goes far toward completing your case."

"Now that you mention it, the sleeves were blood-soaked."

"Tut, that is natural enough considering that he helped to raise the dying man's head. There is little to be gained from the sleeves. You have the dressing gown there?"

THE Scotland Yard man rummaged in a Gladstone bag and drew out a gray woolen robe. "This is it," he said.

"H'm. Stains on the sleeves and hem. Not even a mark on the front. Curious, but alas, inconclusive. And this is the weapon?"

Lestrade had drawn from his bag a most fearsome object. It was a short-hafted ax with a broad, crescent-edged blade and a narrow neck.

"This is certainly a very ancient specimen," said Holmes, examining the blade through his lens. "Incidentally, where was the wound inflicted?"

"The whole top of Squire Addleton's skull was cleft like a rotten apple," answered Lestrade. "Indeed, it was a miracle that he regained consciousness even for a moment. An unfortunate miracle for Mr. Longton," he added.

"He named him, I understand."

"Well, he gasped out something about 'long—tom,' which was near enough to the mark for a dying man."

"Quite so. But whom have we here? No, madam, not a step nearer, I beg! This fireplace is no sight for a woman."

A slim, graceful girl, clad in the deepest mourning, had rushed into the room. Her dark eyes shone with almost fevered brilliance in the whiteness of her face, and her hands were clasped before her in an agony of distress. "Save him!" she cried wildly. "He is innocent, I swear it! Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, save my husband!"

I do not think that any of us, even Lestrade, remained unmoved.

"I will do whatever lies in my power, madam," said Holmes gently. "Now tell me about your husband."

"He is the kindest of men."

"Quite so. But I mean physically. For instance, would you say that he was taller than Squire Addleton?"

Mrs. Longton looked at Holmes in amazement. "Good heavens, no!" she cried. "Why, the squire was over six feet tall."

"Ah. Now, Mr. Vincent, perhaps you can inform me when it was that Squire Addleton first began to sell portions of the estate?"

"The first sale occurred two years past, the second some six months ago," replied the lawyer hurriedly. "And now, Mr. Holmes, unless you require my presence, I propose to take Mrs. Longton back to the drawing room."

My friend bowed. "We need not worry Mrs. Longton any further," said he. "But I would be glad of a word with the butler."

While we waited, Holmes strolled to the window and, with his hands behind his back and his chin sunk upon his breast, stared out over the empty landscape. Lestrade, who had returned to his desk, chewed the end of his pen and watched Holmes curiously.

"Ah, Morstead," said Holmes, as the butler entered. "Doubtless you are anxious to do everything possible to assist Mr. Longton, and I wish you to understand that we are here with the same purpose."

The man looked nervously from Lestrade to Holmes.

"Come now," my friend continued. "I am sure that you can help us. For instance, perhaps you can recall whether the squire received any letters by yesterday's post."

"There was a letter, sir, yes."

"Ah! Can you tell me more?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. It bore the local postmark and seemed a very ordinary cheap envelope, such as they use hereabouts. But I was surprised . . ." The man hesitated for a moment.

"Yes, yes, something surprised you? Something, perhaps, in the squire's manner?" asked Holmes quietly.

"Yes, sir, that's it. As soon as I gave it to him, he opened it, and, as he read, there came a look in his face that made me glad to get out of the room. When I returned later, the squire had gone out, and there were bits of burned paper smoldering in the grate."

Holmes rubbed his hands together. "Your assistance is invaluable, Morstead," said he. "Now, think carefully. Six months ago, as you probably know, your master sold some land. You cannot, of course, recall a similar letter at about that time?"

"No, sir."

"Naturally not. Thank you, Morstead, I think that is all."

Something in his voice made me glance at Holmes and I was amazed at the change in him. His eyes gleamed with excitement, and a touch of color showed in his cheeks. "Sit down, Watson," he cried, "over there on the trestle." Then, whipping his lens from his pocket, he began his examination.

I watched Holmes, enthralled. The bloodstains, the fireplace, the mantelpiece, the very floor itself were subjected to a careful and methodical scrutiny as Holmes crawled about on his hands and knees, his long thin nose within a few inches of the floor, and the lens in his hand catching an occasional sparkle from the light of the dying sun.

A Persian rug lay in the center of the room and, on reaching the edge of this, he stiffened suddenly. "You should have observed this, Lestrade," he said softly. "There are faint traces of a footmark here."

"What of it, Mr. Holmes?" grinned Lestrade, with a wink at me. "Plenty of people have passed over that rug."

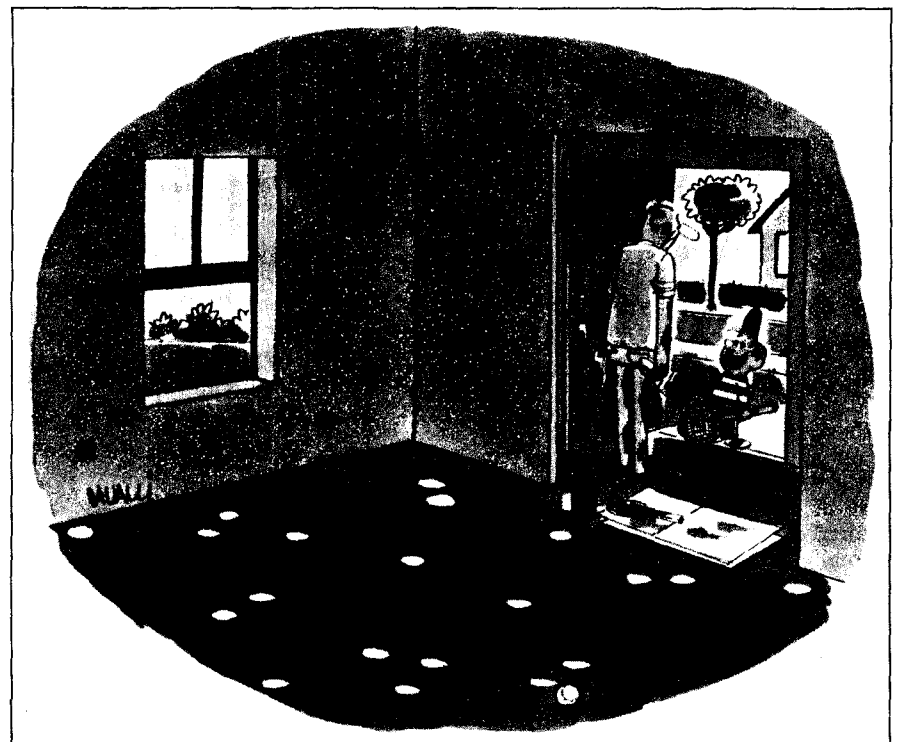
"But it has not rained for days. The boot which made this mark was slightly moist, and I need not tell you that there is something in this room which would easily account for that. Hullo, what have we here!"

Holmes had scraped something from the mat, and was examining it through his lens. Lestrade and I joined him.

"Well, what is it?" Lestrade asked.

Without a word, Holmes passed him the lens, and held out his hands. "Dust," announced Lestrade, peering through the glass.

"Pine-wood dust," replied Holmes quietly. "The fine grain is unmistakable. You will note that I scraped it from the traces of the boot mark."



"Lucky thing you had the window open, eh, Mr. Warneke?"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

"Really, Holmes," I cried. "I fail—"

My friend looked at me with a gleaming eye. "Come, Watson," said he, "we will stretch our legs as far as the stables."

In the cobbled yard, we came on a groom drawing water from a pump. I have remarked before that Holmes possessed a gift for putting the working classes at their ease; and, after exchanging a few words, the man lost so much of his Sussex reserve that when my friend threw out the suggestion that it might be difficult to name which of the horses had been used by his master on the previous night, the information was instantly forthcoming.

"It was Ranger, sir," volunteered the groom. "Here in this stall. You'd like to see her hoofs? Well, why not? There you are, and you can scrape away with your knife to your heart's content and not a stone will you find."

Holmes, after closely examining a fragment of earth which he had taken from the horse's hoof, placed it carefully in an envelope and, pressing a half sovereign into the groom's hand, strode out of the yard.

"Well, Watson, it only remains for me to collect my hat and stick before returning to our inn," he announced briskly. "Ah, Lestrade," he continued, as the Scotland Yard man appeared in the front door, "I would draw your attention to the fireplace chair."

"But there is no fireplace chair."

"That is why I draw your attention to it. Come, Watson, there is nothing further to be learned here tonight."

The evening passed by pleasantly enough, though I was somewhat irritated with Holmes who, while refusing to answer any of my questions on the grounds that they could be better answered on the morrow, encouraged our landlord to converse on local topics which could hold no interest whatever for strangers like ourselves. . . .

When I awoke the next morning I was surprised to learn that my friend had breakfasted and gone out some two hours earlier. I was concluding my own breakfast when he strolled in, looking invigorated.

"Where have you been?" I inquired.

"Following the example of the early bird, Watson," he chuckled. "If you have finished, then let us drive to Foulkes Rath and pick up Lestrade. There are times when he has his uses."

Half an hour later saw us once more at the old mansion. Lestrade, who greeted us rather surlily, stared at my companion in amazement. "But why a walk on the moors, Mr. Holmes?" he snapped. "What bee has got into your bonnet this time?"

Holmes's face was very stern as he turned away. "Very well," said he. "I had hoped to give you the undivided credit of capturing the murderer of Squire Addleton."

Lestrade caught my companion by the arm. "Man, are you serious?" he demanded. "But the evidence! Every single fact points clearly to—"

Sherlock Holmes raised his stick and pointed silently down the long slope of fields and heather to the distant, wooded valley. "There," he said.

IT WAS a walk that I will long remember. I am sure that Lestrade had no more idea than I had of what lay before us as we followed Holmes's tall spare figure across the meadows and down the rough sheep track that led into the desolation of the moor. It was a mile or more before we reached the beginning of the valley and plunged down into the welcome shade of the pinewoods, through which the whirring of the steam saw vibrated like the hum of some monstrous insect. A few minutes later we found ourselves among the buildings and timber stacks of the Ashdown Timber Mills.

Holmes led the way, without hesitation, to a hut marked Manager and knocked sharply. After a moment, the door was flung open.

I have seldom seen a more formidable figure than the man who stood upon the threshold. He was a giant in stature, with a breadth of shoulders that blocked the doorway and a matted tangle of red beard that hung down over his chest like the mane of a lion. "What do you want here?" he growled.

"I presume that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Thomas Greerly?" asked Holmes politely.

The man remained silent while he bit off a cud of chewing tobacco, his eyes roving over us in a cold, slow stare. "What if you have?" he said at length.

"Long Tom to your friends, I think," said Holmes. "Well, Mr. Thomas Greerly, it is no thanks to you that an innocent man is not called upon to pay the penalty for your own misdeeds."

For a moment the giant stood as though turned to stone, and then, with the roar of a wild beast, he hurled himself on Holmes. I managed to seize him

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around the waist, and Holmes's hands were buried deep in that bristling tangle of beard; but it would have gone hard with us had not Lestrade pressed a pistol to the man's head. At the touch of the cold steel against his temple, he ceased to struggle; and a moment later Holmes had snapped a pair of handcuffs upon his great, knotted wrists.

FROM the glare in his eyes I thought that Greerly was about to attack us again, but suddenly he gave a rueful laugh and turned his bearded face toward my friend. "I don't know who you are, mister," he said, "but it's a fair catch. So, if you'll tell me how you did it, I'll answer all your questions."

Lestrade stepped forward. "I must warn you—" he began, with the magnanimous fair play of British justice.

But our prisoneer waved his words aside. "Aye, I killed him," he growled. "I killed Bully Addleton; and now that it has come, I reckon that I'll swing with an easy heart. Is that plain enough for you? Well, come inside."

He led the way into the little office and threw himself into his chair while the rest of us accommodated ourselves as best we might.

"How did you find me, mister?" he demanded carelessly, raising his manacled hands to bite off more tobacco.

"Fortunately for an innocent man, I discerned certain traces of your presence," said Holmes in his sternest manner. "I admit that I believed Mr. Percy Longton to be guilty when first I was asked to look into the matter; nor did I perceive any reason to alter my views when I reached the scene of the crime. It was not long, however, before I found myself faced with certain details which, though insignificant enough in themselves, threw a new and curious light on the whole affair. The frightful blow that killed Squire Addleton has spattered blood over the fireplace and even a part of the wall. Why, then, were there no stains down the front of the dressing gown worn by the man who struck that blow? Here was something inconclusive and yet troublesome.

"Next I observed that there was no chair in the vicinity of the fireplace where the murdered man had fallen. He had, therefore, been struck down when standing, not sitting; and yet, as the blow cleft the top of his skull, it had been delivered from the same level, if not from above. When I learned from Mrs. Longton that the squire was over six feet tall, I was left with no doubt whatever that a serious miscarriage of justice had been committed. But, if not Longton, who *was* the murderer?

"My inquiries brought to light that a letter had reached the squire that morning, that apparently he had burned it, and thereafter had quarreled with his nephew over the proposed sale of a farm. Squire Addleton was a wealthy man. Why, then, these periodic sales which had first commenced two years previously? The man was being heavily blackmailed."

"A lie!" interrupted Greerly fiercely. "He was paying back what didn't belong to him, and that's the truth."

"On examining the room," my friend continued, "I found the faint traces of a boot mark to which I drew your attention, Lestrade; and as the weather was dry I knew, of course, that the mark had been made after the crime. The man's boot had been moist because he had stepped in the blood. My lens disclosed traces of some fine powder adhering to this boot mark and, on closer examination, I recognized this powder to be pine sawdust. When I found, pressed into the dried earth in the hoofs of the squire's horse, a quantity of similar sawdust, I was able to form a fairly clear picture of the events occurring on the night of the crime.

"The squire, who had been subjected to the vehement protests of his nephew over the proposed sale of some valuable land, instantly mounted his horse after dinner and rode off into the darkness. Obviously he intended to speak, perhaps appeal, to someone. He returns with his horse's hoofs full of pine dust. The front door remains unlocked because he is expecting someone, and about midnight that someone comes. He is a man of lofty stature and of a strength sufficiently formidable to cleave a human skull in a single blow; and the soles of his boots are engrained with pine dust. There is a quarrel between the two men, perhaps a refusal to pay, a threat; and, in an instant, the taller man has torn a weapon from the wall and, burying it in his opponent's skull, rushes out into the night.

"Where, I asked myself, might one expect to find the ground impregnated with wood dust? Surely in a sawmill; and there, down in the valley, lay the Ashdown Timber Mills.

"It has occurred to me already that the clue to this terrible event might lie in the squire's earlier life; and therefore, following my usual practice, I spent an instructive evening gossiping with our landlord. In the course of our talk I elicited, by an idle question, that two years ago an Australian had been given the post of manager at the Ashdown Timber Mills on the personal recommendation of Squire Addleton. When you came out of this hut early this morning, Greerly, to give your orders for the day's work, I was behind that timber stack. I saw you, and my case was complete."

THE Australian, who had listened to Holmes's account with the closest attention, leaned back in his chair with a bitter smile. "It's my bad luck they ever sent for you," he said. "But I'm not the man to break a bargain, and so here's the little you still need to know.

"It all began in the early seventies at the time of the great gold strike near Kalgoorlie. I had a younger brother who went into partnership with an Englishman whom we knew as Bully Addleton and, sure enough, they struck it rich. At that time the tracks to the gold fields were none too safe, for there were bushrangers at work. Well, only a week after my brother and Addleton hit the vein, the gold stage to Kalgoorlie was held up and the guard and driver.

"On the false accusation of Bully Addleton and some trumped-up evidence, my unfortunate brother was seized and tried for the crime. The law was quick to act in those days and they hung him that night to the bushranger's tree. Addleton was left with the mine.

"I was away up the Blue Mountains, timber cutting; and two full years passed before I heard the truth of the matter from a digger, who had it from a dying cook boy, who had been bribed.

"Addleton had made his pile and gone back to the old country, and I hadn't the money to follow him. From that day I wandered from job to job, always saving and planning how to find my brother's murderer—aye murderer, may the devil roast him.

"It was nigh twenty years before I came alongside him, and that one moment repaid all my waiting.

" 'Morning, Bully,' said I.

"His face went the color of putty, and the pipe dropped out of his mouth.

" 'Long Tom Greerly!' he gasped, and I thought he was going to faint.

"Well, we had a talk, and I made him get me this job. Then I began to bleed him bit by bit. No blackmail, mister, but restitution of a dead man's goods. Two days ago I wrote to him again, and that night he rode down here, cursing and swearing that I was driving him to ruin. I told him I'd give him until midnight to make his choice, pay or confess, and I'd call for his answer.

"He was waiting for me in the hall, mad with drink and fury, and swearing that I could go to the police or the devil for all he cared. Did I think that the word of a dirty timberjack would be accepted against that of the lord of the manor and justice of the peace?

" 'I'll serve you as thoroughly as I served your worthless brother!' he yelled. It was that which did it. Something seemed to snap in my brain and, tearing down the nearest weapon from the wall, I buried it in his snarling, grinning head. For a moment I stood looking down at him. 'From me and Jim,' I whispered. Then I turned and ran into the night. That's my story, mister, and now I'd take it kindly if we can go before my men get back."

LESTRADE and the Australian had reached the door when Holmes's voice halted them. "I only wish to know," he said, "whether you are aware of the identity of the weapon with which you killed Squire Addleton?"

"I told you it was the nearest thing on the wall, some old ax or club."

"It was an executioner's ax," said Holmes dryly.

The Australian made no reply, but as he followed Lestrade to the door, it seemed to me that a singular smile lighted up his rough, bearded face. . . .

My friend and I walked back slowly through the woods and up the moor, where Lestrade and the prisoner had already vanished in the direction of Foulkes Rath. Sherlock Holmes was moody and thoughtful, and it was apparent to me that the reaction that generally followed the conclusion of a case was already upon him.

"It is curious," I observed, "that a man's hatred and ferocity should remain unabated after twenty years."

"My dear Watson," replied Holmes, "I would remind you of the old Sicilian adage that vengeance is the only dish that is best when eaten cold. But surely," he continued, shading his eyes with his hand, "the lady hurrying down our path is Mrs. Longton. Though I trust that I am not lacking in chivalry, nevertheless I am in no mood for the effusions of feminine gratitude; and therefore, with your permission, we will take this bypath behind the gorse bushes. If we step out, we should be in time for the afternoon train to town.

"There is a Puccini opera at Covent Garden tonight and, braced by our short holiday in the invigorating atmosphere of Ashdown Forest, I think that you will agree with me, Watson, that we could desire no more pleasant homecoming than an evening spent amid the magic of Manon Lescaut followed by a cold supper at our rooms in Baker Street."

▲▲▲

Adrian Conan Doyle's collaborator on the first stories of this series, John Dickson Carr, was taken ill. Mr. Conan Doyle, son of Sir Arthur, and his literary executor, has completed the inspired recording of these new adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

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BABY SPACE STATION

By DR. WERNHER von BRAUN with CORNELIUS RYAN

Chief, Guided Missiles Development Division, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama

An unmanned rocket, whizzing around the earth 200 miles high, pouring vital facts back to ground stations . . . Scientists now know that's the first step in the conquest of space

WE ARE at the threshold today of our first bold venture into space. Scientists and engineers working toward man's exploration of the great new frontier know now that they are going to send aloft a robot laboratory as the first step—a baby space station which for 60 days will circle the earth at an altitude of 200 miles and a speed of 17,200 miles an hour, serving as scout for the human pioneers to follow.

We rocket engineers have learned a lot about space by shooting off the high-flying rockets now in existence—so much that right now we know how to build the rocket ships and the big space station we need to put man into space and keep him there comfortably. We know how to train space crews and how to protect them from the hazards which exist above our atmosphere. All that has been reported in previous issues of Collier's.

But the rockets which have gathered our data have stayed in space for only a few minutes at a time. The baby satellite will give us 60 days; we'll learn more in those two months than in 10 years of firing the present instrument rockets.

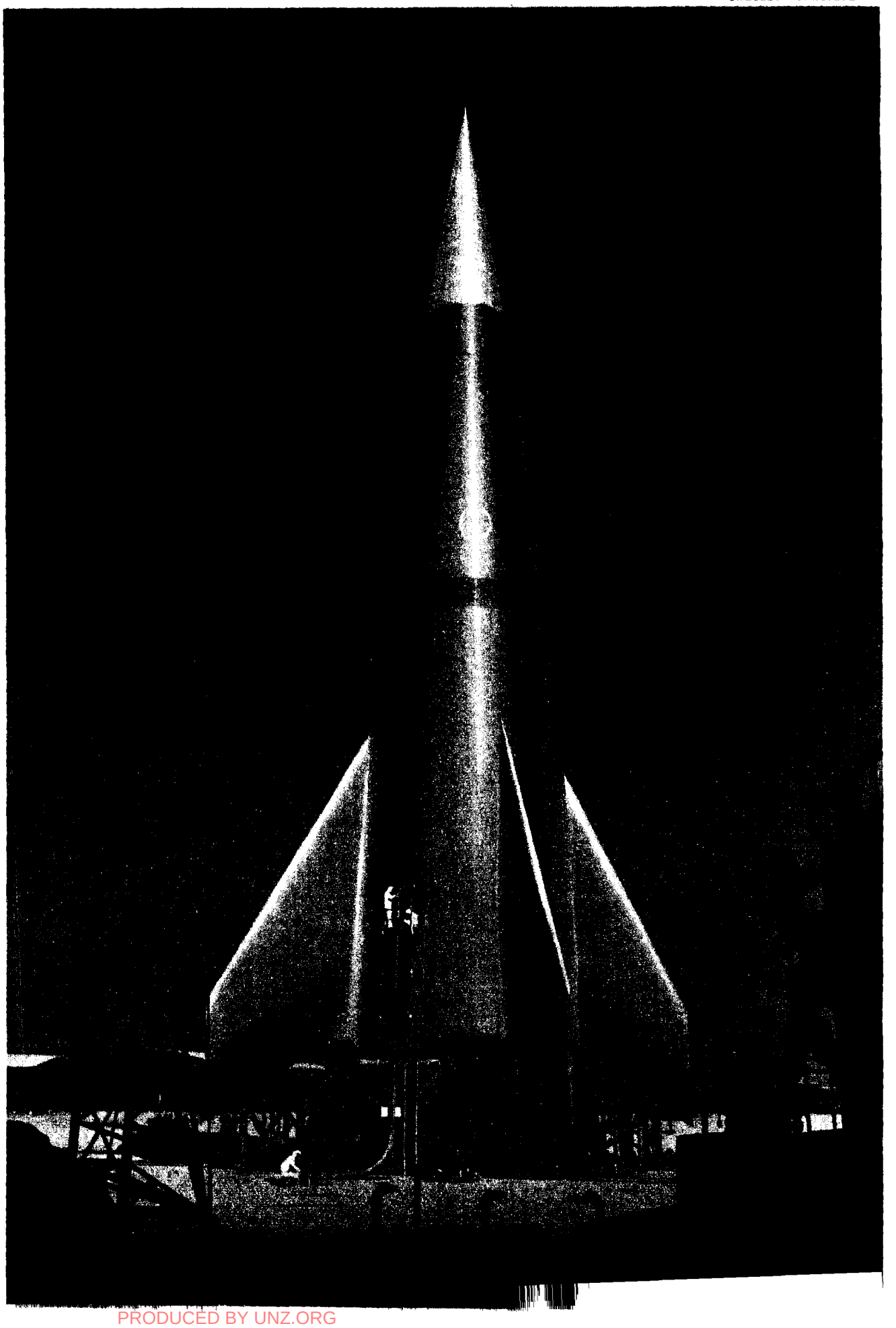
We can begin work on the new space vehicle immediately. The baby satellite will look like a 30-foot ice-cream cone, topped by a cross of curved mirrors which draw power from the sun. Its tapered casing will contain a complicated maze of measuring instruments, pressure gauges, thermometers, microphones and Geiger counters, all hooked up to a network of radio, radar and television transmitters which will keep watchers on earth informed about what's going on inside it.

Speeding 30 times faster than today's best jets, the little satellite will make one circuit around the earth every 91 minutes—nearly 16 round trips a day. At dawn and dusk it will be visible to the naked eye as a bright, unwinking star, reflecting the sun's rays and traveling from horizon to horizon in about seven minutes. Ninety-one minutes later, it completes the circuit—but if you look for it in the same place, it won't be there: it travels in a fixed orbit, while the earth, rotating on its own axis, moves under it. An hour and a half from the time you first sighted the speeding robot, it will pass over the earth hundreds of miles to the west. The cone will never be visible in the dark of night, because it will be in the shadow of the earth.

If you live in Philadelphia, one morning you may see the satellite overhead just before sunup, moving on a southeasterly course. Ninety-one minutes later, as dawn breaks over Wichita, Kansas, people there will see it, and after another hour and a half it will be visible over Los Angeles—again, just before the break of dawn.

That evening, Philadelphians—and the people of Wichita and Los Angeles—will see the speeding satellite again, this time traveling in a northeasterly direction. The following morning, it will

CHESLEY BONESTELL



Ready for launching. Rocket is divided into three sections (separated by red bands), each with its own set of motors. Lower two will be cast off when their power is spent. Only the topmost cone—equipped with TV cameras, other instruments—will get to 200-mile orbit

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Monkeys in the trail-blazing satellite will prepare the way for the men who follow

be in sight again over the same cities, at about the same time, a little farther to the west. After about ten days, it will no longer appear over those three cities, but will be visible over other areas. Thus, from any one site, it will be seen on successive occasions for about 20 days before disappearing below the western horizon. In another month or so, it will show up again in the east.

And while you're gazing at the little satellite, it will be peering steadily back, through a television camera in its pointed nose. The camera will give official viewers in stations scattered around the globe the first real panoramic picture of our world —a breath-taking view of the land masses, oceans and cities as seen from 200 miles up. More than likely, commercial TV stations will pick up the broadcasts and relay them to your home.

Three more cameras, located inside the cone, will transmit equally exciting pictures: the first sustained view of life in space.

Three rhesus monkeys—rhesus, because that species is small and highly intelligent—will live aboard the satellite in air-conditioned comfort, feeding from automatic food dispensers. Every move they make will be watched, through television, by the observers on earth.

As fast as the robot's recording instruments gather information, it will be flashed to the ground by the same method used now in rocket-flight experiments. The method is called telemetering, and it works this way: as many as 50 reporting devices are hooked to a single transmitter which sends out a jumble of tonal waves. A receiver on earth picks up the tangled signals, and a decoding machine unscrambles the tones and prints the information automatically on long strips of paper, as a series of spidery wavelike lines. Each line represents the findings of a particular instrument—cabin temperature, air pressure and so on. Together, they'll provide a complete story of the happenings inside and outside the baby space station.

What kind of scientific data do we hope to get? Confirmation of all space research to date and, most important, new information on weightlessness, cosmic radiation and meteoric dust.

At a high enough speed and a certain altitude, an object will travel in an orbit around the earth. It—and everything in it—will be weightless. Space scientists and engineers know that man can adjust to weightlessness, because pilots have simulated the condition briefly by flying a jet plane in a roller-coaster arc. But will sustained weightlessness raise problems we haven't foreseen? We must find out —and the monkeys on the satellite will tell us.

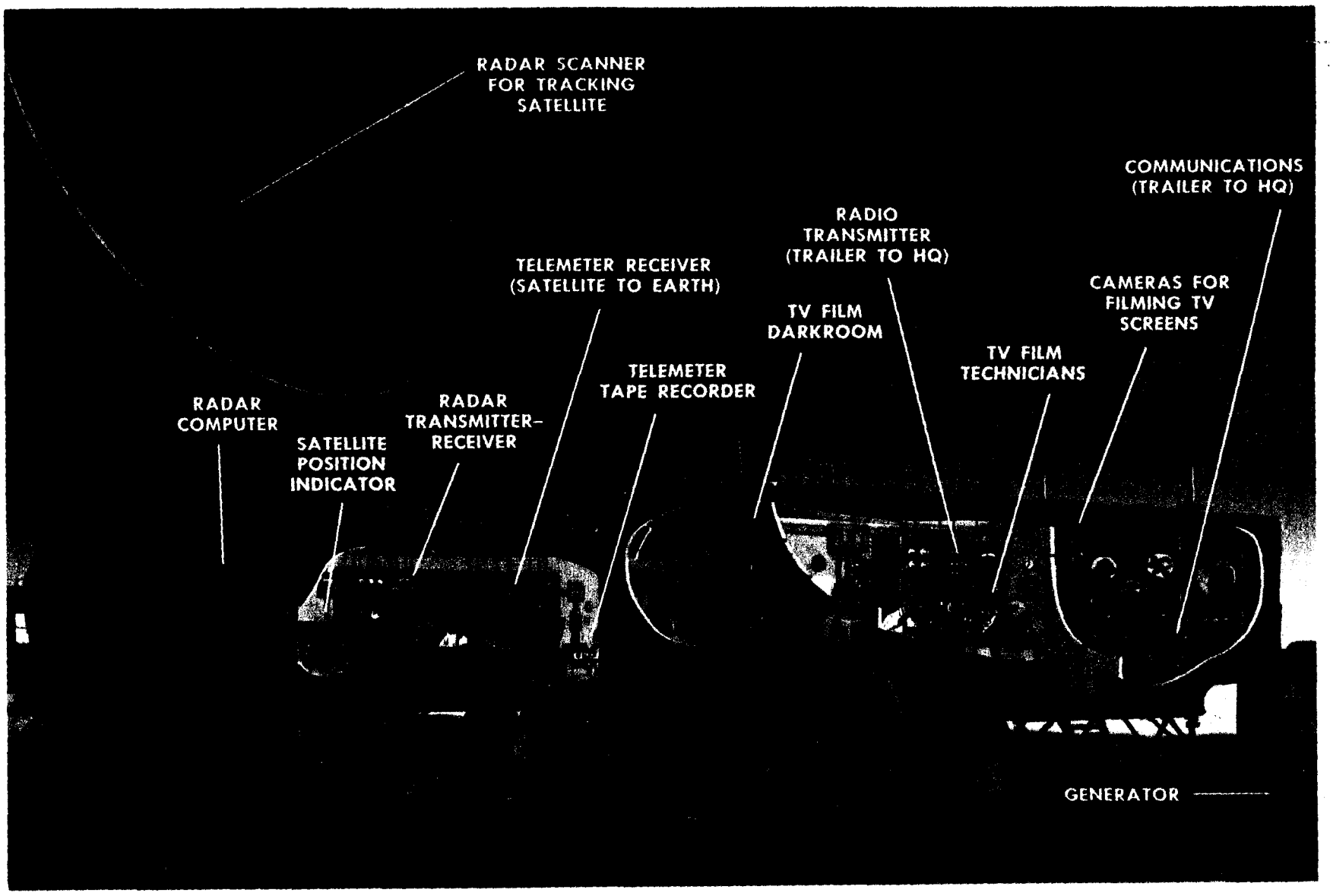
The monkeys will live in two chambers of the animal compartment. In the smaller section, one of the creatures will lie strapped to a seat throughout the two-month test. His hands and head will be free, so he can feed himself, but his body will be bound and covered with a jacket to keep him from freeing himself or from tampering with the measuring instruments taped painlessly to his body. The delicate recording devices will provide vital information—body temperature, breathing cycle, pulse rate, heartbeat, blood pressure and so forth.

The other two monkeys, separated from their pinioned companion so they won't turn him loose, will move about freely in the larger section. During the flight from earth, these two monkeys will be strapped to shock-absorbing rubber couches, under a mild anesthetic to spare them the discomfort of the acceleration pressure. By the time the anesthetic wears off, the robot will have settled in its circular path about the earth, and a simple timing device will release the two monkeys. Suddenly they'll float weightless, inside the cabin.

What will they do? Succumb to fright? Perhaps cower in a corner for two months and slowly starve to death? I don't think so. Chances are they'll adjust quickly to their new condition. We'll make it easier for them to get around by providing leather handholds along the walls, like subway straps, and by stringing a rope across the chamber.

There's another problem for the three animals: to survive the 60 days they must eat and drink.

They'll prepare to cope with that problem on the ground. For months before they take off, the two unbound monkeys will live in a replica of the compartment they'll occupy in space, learning to operate food and liquid dispensers. In space, each of the two free animals will have his own feeding station. At specific intervals a klaxon horn will sound; the monkeys will respond by rushing to the feeding stations as they've been trained to do. Their movement will break an electric-eye beam, and clear plastic doors will snap shut behind them, sealing them off from their living quarters. Then, while they're eating, an air blower will flush out the living compartment—both for sanitary reasons



ROLF KLEP

One of the 20 field stations, scattered around the world, which will track the satellite and receive the reports it transmits by telemeter and TV. Information gathered here will be sent immediately to headquarters in the U.S.

Collier's for June 27, 1953

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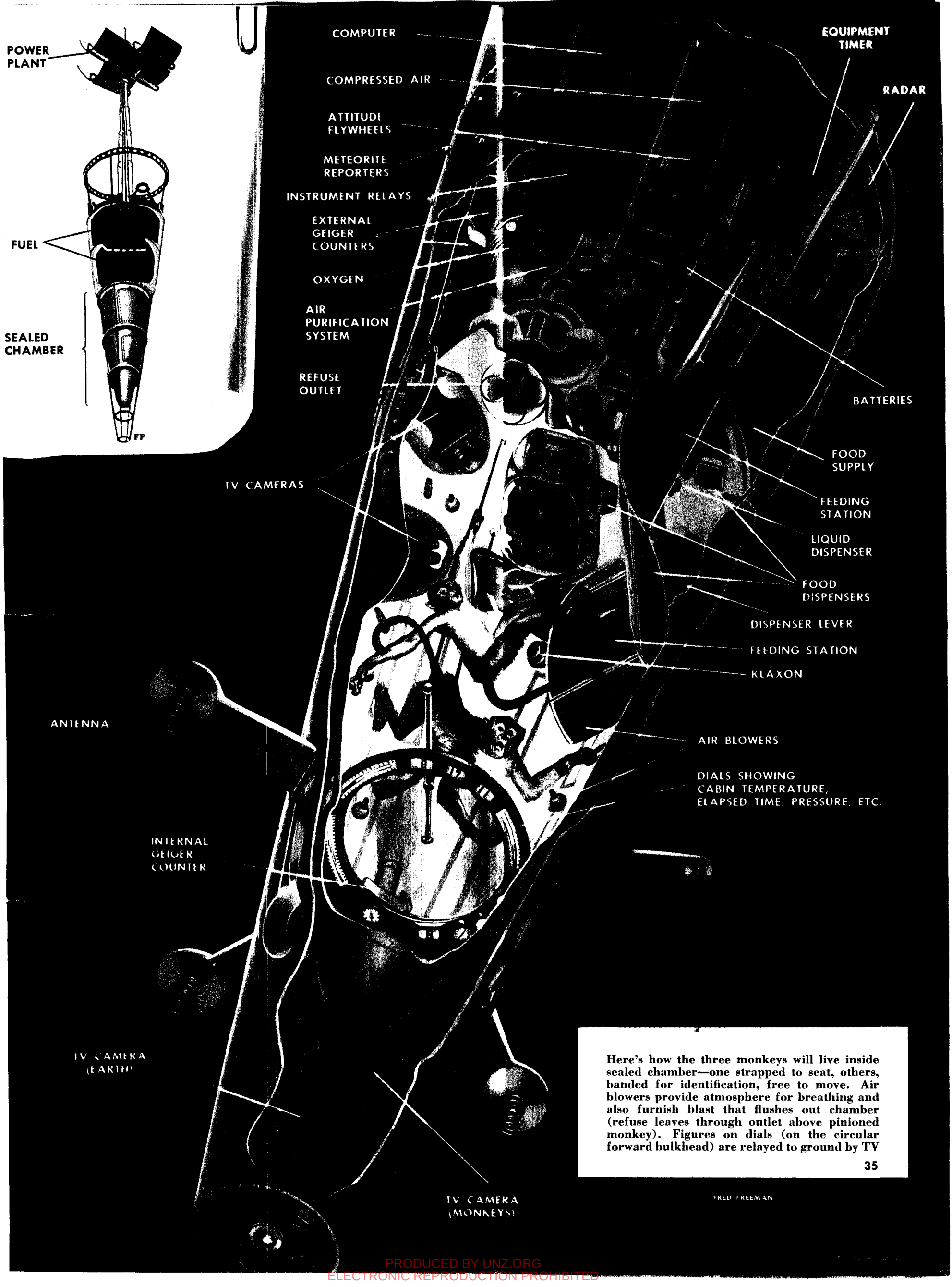

Here's how the three monkeys will live inside sealed chamber—one strapped to seat, others, banded for identification, free to move. Air blowers provide atmosphere for breathing and also furnish blast that flushes out chamber (refuse leaves through outlet above pinioned monkey). Figures on dials (on the circular forward bulkhead) are relayed to ground by TV

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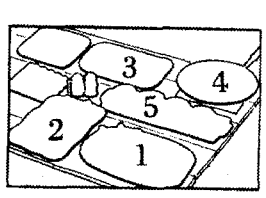

1. **Swift's Premium Chopped Ham** *(the one with real smoked flavor!) served cold with pineapple slices and cherry "firecrackers."*

2. **Swift's Premium Corned Beef**— *chilled and sliced—ready for crusty pumpernickel or rye. Green pepper boats hold tangy sauces.*

3. **Swift's Prem**—*(good pork loaf with tender beef added) baked with deviled eggs, and drizzled all over with barbecue sauce.*

4. **Swift's Premium Pork Sausage** *—juicy, tender and sizzling brown—sharing the grill with golden sweet corn, wrapped in foil.*

5. **Swift's Premium Hamb** *—all-beef, "party-si It's "the works" these—mustard, c up, pickles, relis*

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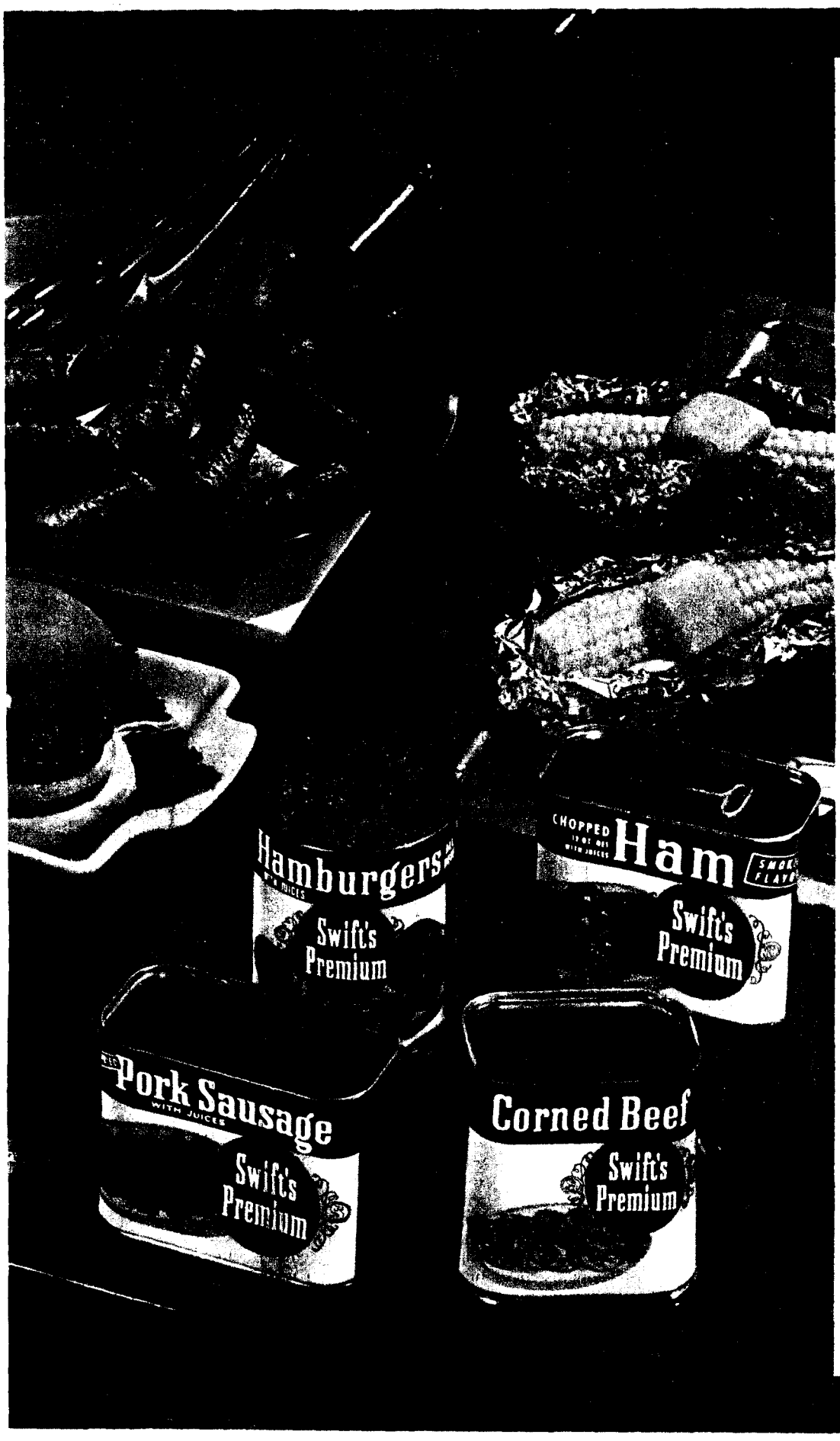
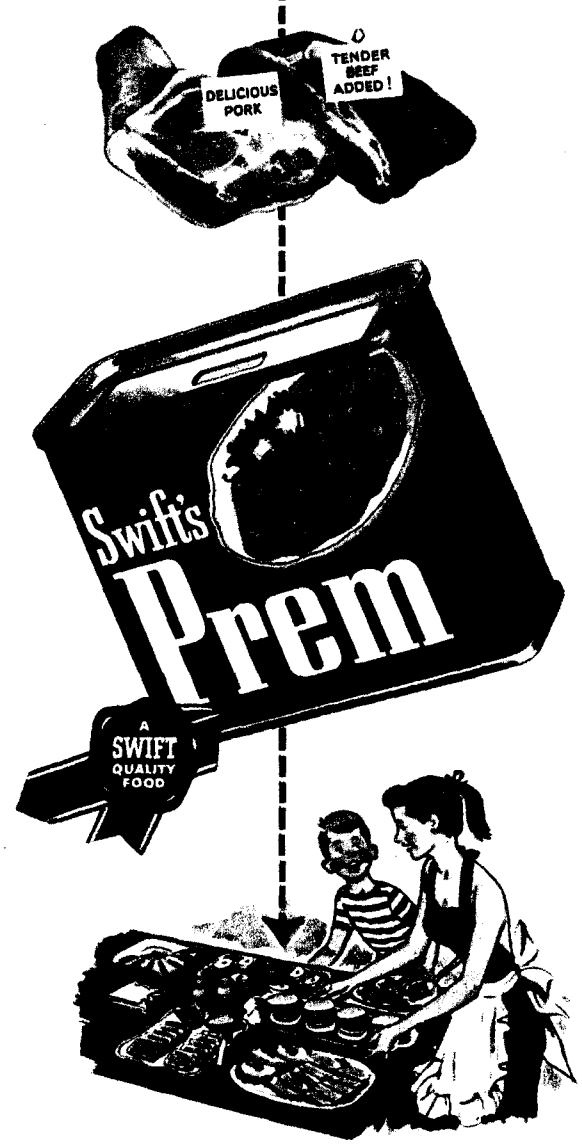
SWIFT! *(Packed fresh to stay fresh!)*





Swift's recipe for *double-flavor* Prem calls for the same good ingredients you'd use at home—juicy pork combined with tender beef. The fresh meat is carefully selected for quality . . . then brought to you cooked in the can with all its natural goodness, ready to serve!

Fine ingredients, like those used in Prem, distinguish all Swift's Premium Canned Meats. So pick your favorites from the more than 25 delicious varieties. Serve them any time you want *good meat* . . . for a *good meal!*

Hear the "Breakfast Club" Mon. thru Fri. mornings on the ABC network

SWIFT *makes such good Canned Meats!*

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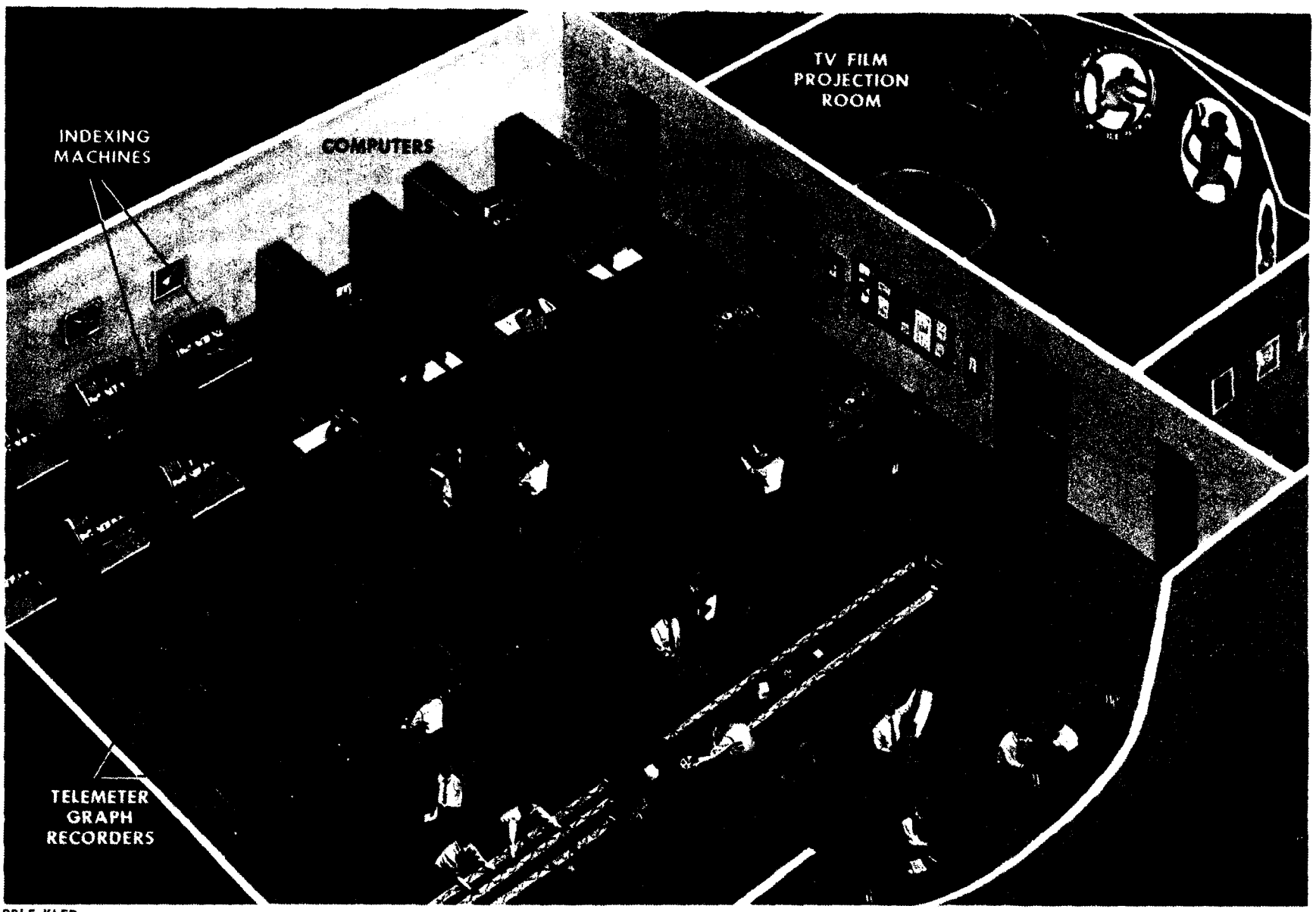

ROLF KLEP

Main headquarters, where data transmitted by satellite—and relayed by field stations—will be decoded, interpreted and indexed for study

and to keep weightless refuse from blocking the television lenses. The plastic doors will spring open again when the housecleaning is finished.

The monkeys will drink by sucking plastic bottles. Liquid left free, without gravity to keep it in place, would hang in globules. To get solid food, each of the monkeys—again responding to their training—will press a lever on a dispenser much like a candy or cigarette machine. The lever will open a door, enabling the animals to reach in for their food. They'll get about half a pound of food a day—a biscuit made of wheat, soybean meal and bone meal, enriched with vitamins. The immobilized monkey will have the same food; his dispensers will be within easy reach.

For the two free monkeys, it will be a somewhat complicated life. The way they react to their ground training under the new conditions posed by lack of gravity will provide invaluable information on how weightlessness will affect them.

While the monkeys are providing physiologists with information on weightlessness, physicists will be learning more about cosmic rays, invisible high-speed atomic particles which act like deep-penetrating X rays and were once feared as the major hazard of space flight. Theoretically, in large enough doses cosmic rays could conceivably cause deep burns, damage the eyes, produce malignant growths and even upset the normal hereditary processes. They don't do much damage to us on earth because the atmosphere dissipates their full strength, but before much was known about the rays people worried about the dangers they might pose to man in space. From recent experiments scientists now know that the risk was mostly exaggerated—that even *beyond* the atmosphere a human can tolerate the rays for long periods without ill effects. Still, the best figures available have been obtained by high-altitude instrument rocket flights which were too brief to be conclusive. These spot checks must be augmented by a prolonged study, and the baby space station will make that possible.

The concentration of cosmic rays over the earth varies, being greatest over the north and south magnetic poles. The baby space station will follow a circular path that will carry it close to both poles within every hour and a half, so it can determine if cosmic-ray concentration varies that high up.

Geiger counters inside and outside the robot will measure the number of cosmic particle hits. The telemetering apparatus will signal the information to the ground—and for the first time physicists will have an accurate indication of the cosmic-ray concentration in space, above all parts of the globe.

Besides cosmic rays, the baby satellite will be hit by high-speed space bullets—tiny meteors, most of them smaller than a grain of sand, whizzing through space faster than 1,000 miles a minute.

When men enter space, they'll be protected against these pellets. Their rockets, the big space station, even their space suits, will have an outer skin called a meteor bumper, which will shatter the lightning-fast missiles on impact. But how many grainlike meteors must the bumpers absorb every 24 hours? That's what we space researchers want to know. So dime-sized microphones will be scattered over the robot's outer skin to record the number and location of the impacts as they occur.

In the process of unmasking the secrets of space, the baby satellite also will unravel a few riddles of our own earth.

For example, there are numerous islands whose precise position in the oceans has never been accurately established because there is no nearby land to use as a reference point. Some of them—one is Bouvet Island, lying south of the Cape of Good Hope—have been the subject of international disputes which could be quickly settled by fixing the islands' positions. By tracking the baby space station as it passes over these islands, we'll accurately pinpoint their locations for the first time.

The satellite will be even more important to meteorologists. The men who study the weather would like to know how much of the earth is covered with cloud in any given period. The robot's television camera will give them a clue—a start toward sketching in a comprehensive picture of the world's weather. Moreover, by studying the *pattern* of cloud movement, particularly over oceans, they may learn how to predict weather fronts with precision months in advance. Most of the weather research must await construction of a man-carrying space station, but the baby satellite will show what's needed.

To collect this information, of course, we must first establish the little robot in its 200-mile orbit. All the knowledge needed for its construction and operation is already available to experts in the fields of rocketry, television and telemetering.

Before take-off, the satellite vehicle will resemble one of today's high-altitude rockets, except that it will be about three times as big—150 feet tall, and 30 feet wide at the base. After take-off it will become progressively smaller, because it actually will consist of three rockets—or stages—one atop another, two of which will be cast away after delivering their full thrust. The vehicle will take off vertically and then tilt into a shallow path nearly parallel to the earth. Its course will be over water at first, so the first two stages won't fall on anyone after they're dropped, a few minutes after take-off.

When the third stage of the vehicle reaches an altitude of 60 miles and a speed of 17,700 miles an hour, the final bank of motors will shut off auto-

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Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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matically. The conical nose section will coast unpowered to the 200-mile orbit, which it will reach at a speed of 17,100 miles an hour, 44 minutes later. The entire flight will take 48½ minutes.

After the satellite reaches its orbit, the automatic pilot will switch on the motors once again to boost the velocity to 17,200 miles an hour—the speed required to balance the earth's gravity at that altitude. Now the rocket becomes a satellite; it needs no more power but will travel steadily around the earth like a small moon for 60 days, until the slight air drag present at the 200-mile altitude slows it enough to drop.

Once the satellite enters its orbit, gyroscopically controlled flywheels cartwheel the nose until it points toward the earth. At the same time, five little antennas spring out from the cone's sides and a small explosive charge blasts off the nose cap which has guarded the TV lens during the ascent.

Finally, the satellite's power plant—a system of mirrors which catch the sun's rays and turn solar heat into electrical energy—rises into place at the broad end of the cone. A battery-operated electric timer starts a hydraulic pump, which pushes out a telescopic rod. At the end of the rod are the three curved mirrors. When the rod is fully extended, the mirrors unfold, side by side, and from the ends of the central mirror two extensions slip out. Mercury-filled pipes run along the five polished plates; the heated mercury will operate generators providing 12 kilowatts of power. Batteries will take over the power functions while the satellite is passing through the shadow of the earth.

With the power plant in operation, the baby space station buckles down to its 60-day assignment as man's first listening post in space.

At strategic points over the earth's surface, 20 or more receiving stations, most of them set up in big trailers, will track the robot by radar as it passes overhead, and record the television and telemetering broadcasts on tape and film. Because the satellite's radio waves travel in a straight line, the trailers can pick up broadcasts for just a few minutes at a time—only while the robot remains in sight as it zooms from horizon to horizon.

As the satellite passes out of range, the recorded data will be sent to a central station in the United States—some of it transmitted by radio, the rest shipped by plane. There, the information will be evaluated and integrated from day to day.

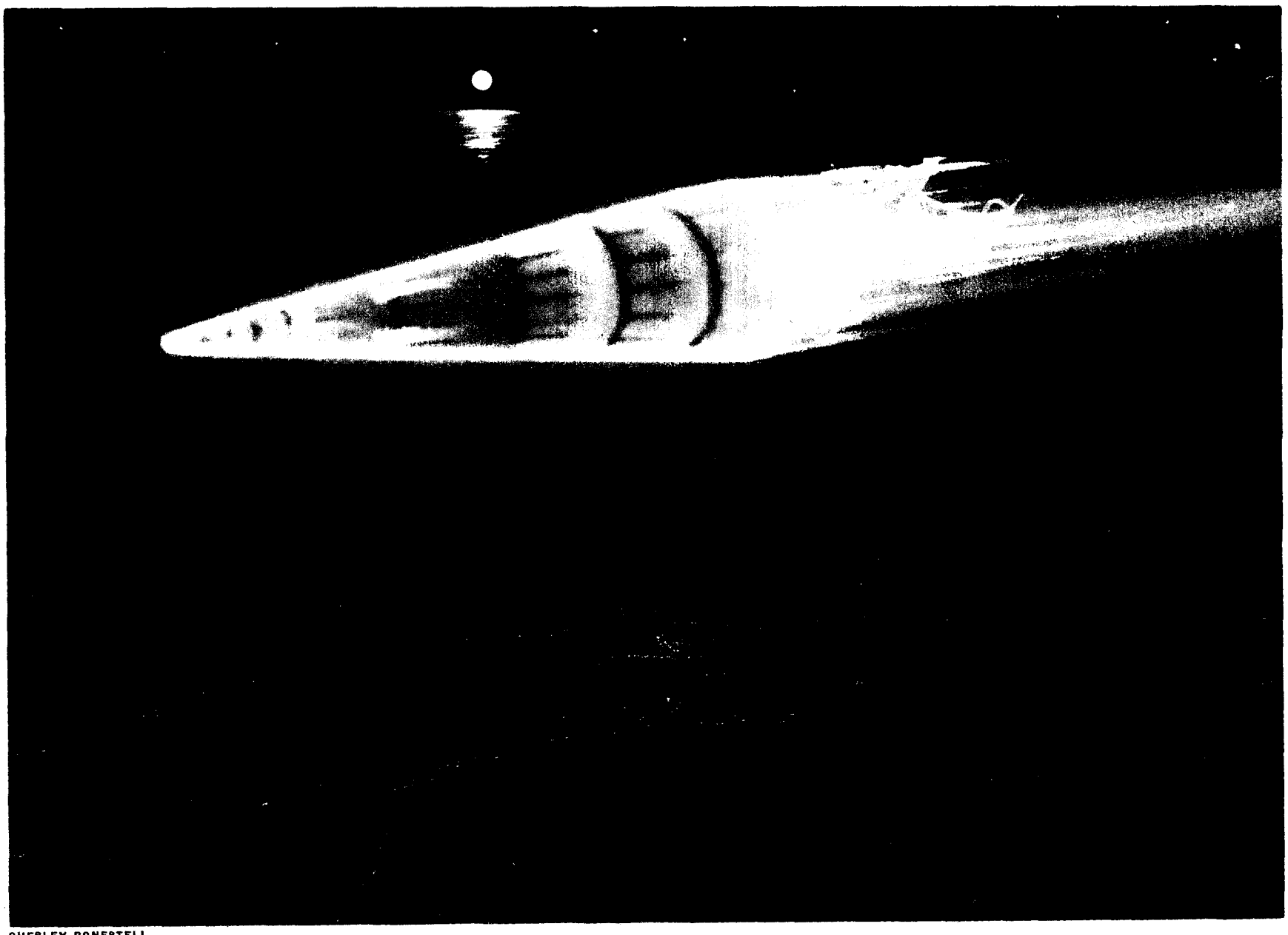
The monitoring posts will be set up inside the Arctic and Antarctic Circles and at points near the equator. In the polar areas, stations could be at Alaska, southern Greenland and Iceland; and in the south, Shetland Islands, Campbell Island and South Georgia Island. In the Pacific, possible sites are Baker Island, Christmas Island, Hawaii and the Galapagos Islands. The remaining monitors may be located in Puerto Rico, Bermuda, St. Helena, Liberia, South-West Africa, Ethiopia, Maldive Islands, the Malay Peninsula, the Philippines, northern Australia and New Zealand.

These points, all in friendly territory, would form a chain around the earth, catching the satellite's broadcasts at least once a day.

The monitor stations will be fairly costly, but they'll come in handy again later, when man is ready to launch the first crew-operated rocket ships for development of a big-manned space station, 1,075 miles from the earth.

The cost of the baby satellite project will be absorbed into the four-billion-dollar 10-year program to establish the bigger satellite. We scientists can have the baby rocket within five to seven years if we begin work now. Five years later, we could have the manned space station.

One of the monitoring posts will view the last moments of the baby space station. As the weeks pass, the satellite, dragging against the thin air, will drop lower and lower in its orbit. When it descends into fairly dense air, its skin will be heated by friction, causing the temperature to rise within the animal compartments. At last, a thermostat will set off an electric relay which triggers a capsule containing a quick-acting lethal gas. The monkeys will die instantly and painlessly. Soon afterward, the telemetering equipment will go silent, as the rush of air rips away the solar mirrors which provide power, and the baby space station will begin to glow cherry red. Then suddenly the satellite will disappear in a long white streak of brilliant light—marking the spectacular finish of man's first step in the conquest of space. ▲▲▲



CHESLEY BONESTELL

Baby space station's last moments. With San Francisco Bay in background, satellite plunges into atmosphere in fiery windup to 60-day flight

Collier's for June 27, 1953

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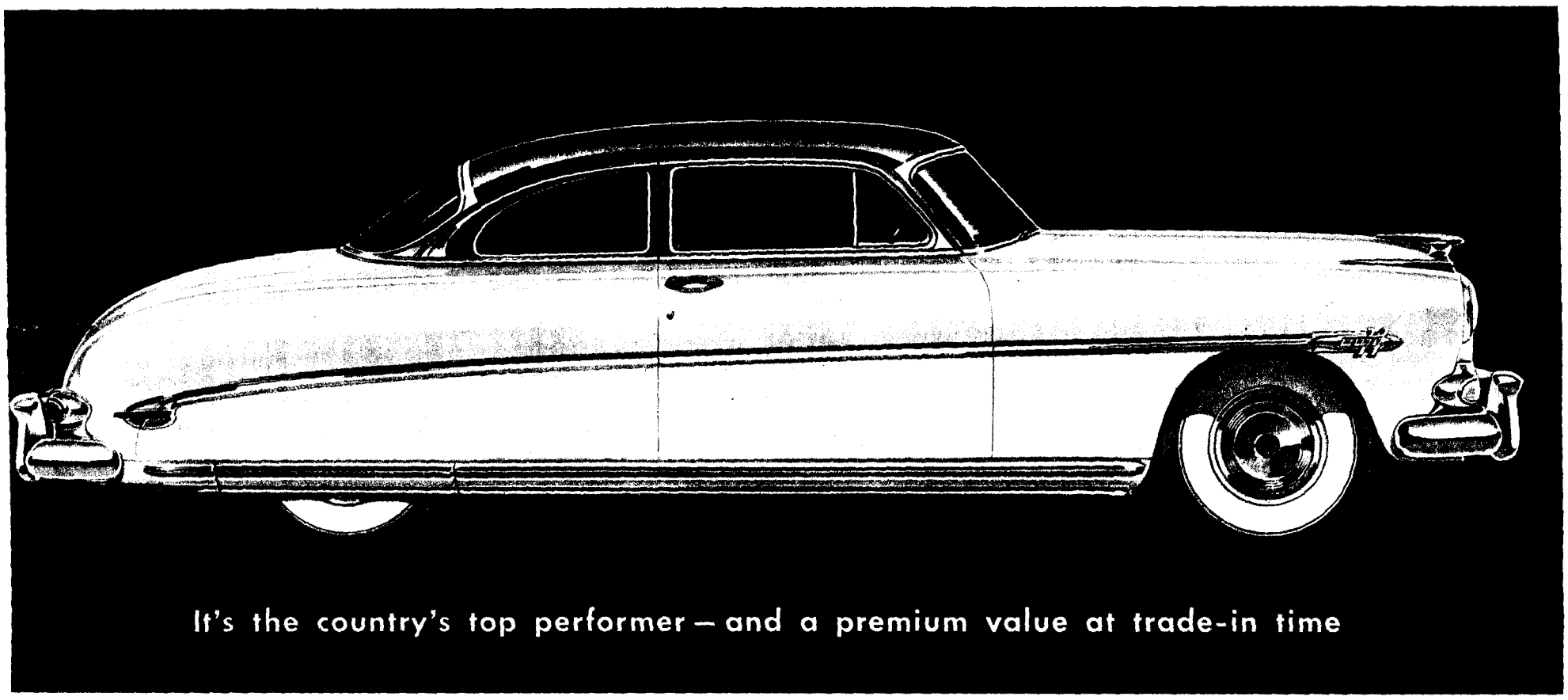
Lovely to look at...
thrilling to drive

The Hudson Hornet—America's Stock-Car Champion,
is a crowd-stopper on any street



It's the country's top performer—and a premium value at trade-in time

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

CERTAINLY, the Hudson Hornet is a lovely car to look at—gorgeous inside and out. And its beauty is more than skin deep.

The fabulous Hudson Hornet is a rugged performer—holds the stock-car championship in all three major racing associations—and a touch of your toe to the gas pedal will tell you *why!* The Hornet's dazzling performance comes from Hudson's sturdy, long-lasting, high-compression engine; and from the fact that it has such an extremely low center of gravity—because of Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design.

That's why a Hudson gives you the most thrilling, most comfortable ride you've ever had!

Why don't you visit your Hudson dealer and spend five minutes behind the wheel of a Hudson Hornet?

Only HUDSON, because of its low center of gravity due to exclusive "step-down" design, can handle such tremendous power so safely.

HUDSON HORNET

New Dual-Range
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE
and sensational
TWIN H-POWER
either or both optional at extra cost

HUDSON WASP
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HUDSON *JET*
Best Performance and Economy in the Lowest-Price Field

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SIX GREEDY LOAFERS

By FRANK O'ROURKE

Lotta's uncles were the meanest bunch of skinflints Wally had ever met, and darn it, he'd foil their dastardly plot

WALLY SVENSEN finished dinner and stood in his doorway, looking across the road toward his older brother's place, where they were keeping the deathwatch like a bunch of hungry buzzards. He decided it was time for a trip to Waniss and a couple of beers to settle his nerves. That was better than watching Oscar's sons hang around the house waiting for their father to die, so they could split the cash and land. Oscar was mighty young to be passing on, only eighty-three last spring and whole in joints and organs. Maybe it was listening to his pack of no-good sons that made Oscar stop enjoying life ten years before the logical time to go. Wally himself was just seventy, and the way it looked, he'd end up the oldest after all.

It was a nice day; the weather was cool here in the lake region, and all summer long the land would take care of Wally. When he came right down to it, the land took care of him the year round. Wally hadn't worried much about winter the past fifteen years; with a hundred acres of good timber to sell to the sawmill, a piece each year, and his garden and odd jobs, he was plenty happy. But Oscar's sons, all six of them, worried so hard over money that they never got around to doing any work to earn it. Wally had always claimed Oscar's best child was the last, the daughter, but she married a no-good city guy from Brainerd and died having the baby. At least her little girl had grown up strong and healthy, and she made Oscar's life, and his own, a little happier.

Wally sat on the porch and watched the clouds float above the forest to the west. Oscar's granddaughter, Lotta, came out of the big house and walked down the lane, carrying a dishpan under one arm. She crossed the road and came up his lane and put the dishpan beside him. She looked tired today, like she wasn't getting enough sleep, and her blonde hair was pushed back carelessly and tied with a shoestring.

"I brought fresh bread," Lotta said. "Two loaves, Wally."

"Thanks," Wally said. "You didn't need to."

"I baked fifteen loaves. Everybody eats more these days."

Wally said, "How is he?"

"Poorly," Lotta said. "Sometimes I think if they went outside and worked, he would feel better."

"Hanging around, huh?" Wally said. "All six?"

Lotta nodded wearily and said, "The corn's full of weeds. They ought to be taking care of that."

Wally said, "Is Oscar eating anything?"

"Not much," Lotta said. "He only ate three eggs and some bacon this morning, and a few biscuits. That's not like him at all, Wally. He looks more peaked every day. He just doesn't care."

Wally glared at the unseen sons across the road. "Figure

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

Oscar was mighty young—only eighty-three. Maybe it was listening to his pack of no-good sons that made him stop enjoying life ten years before the logical time

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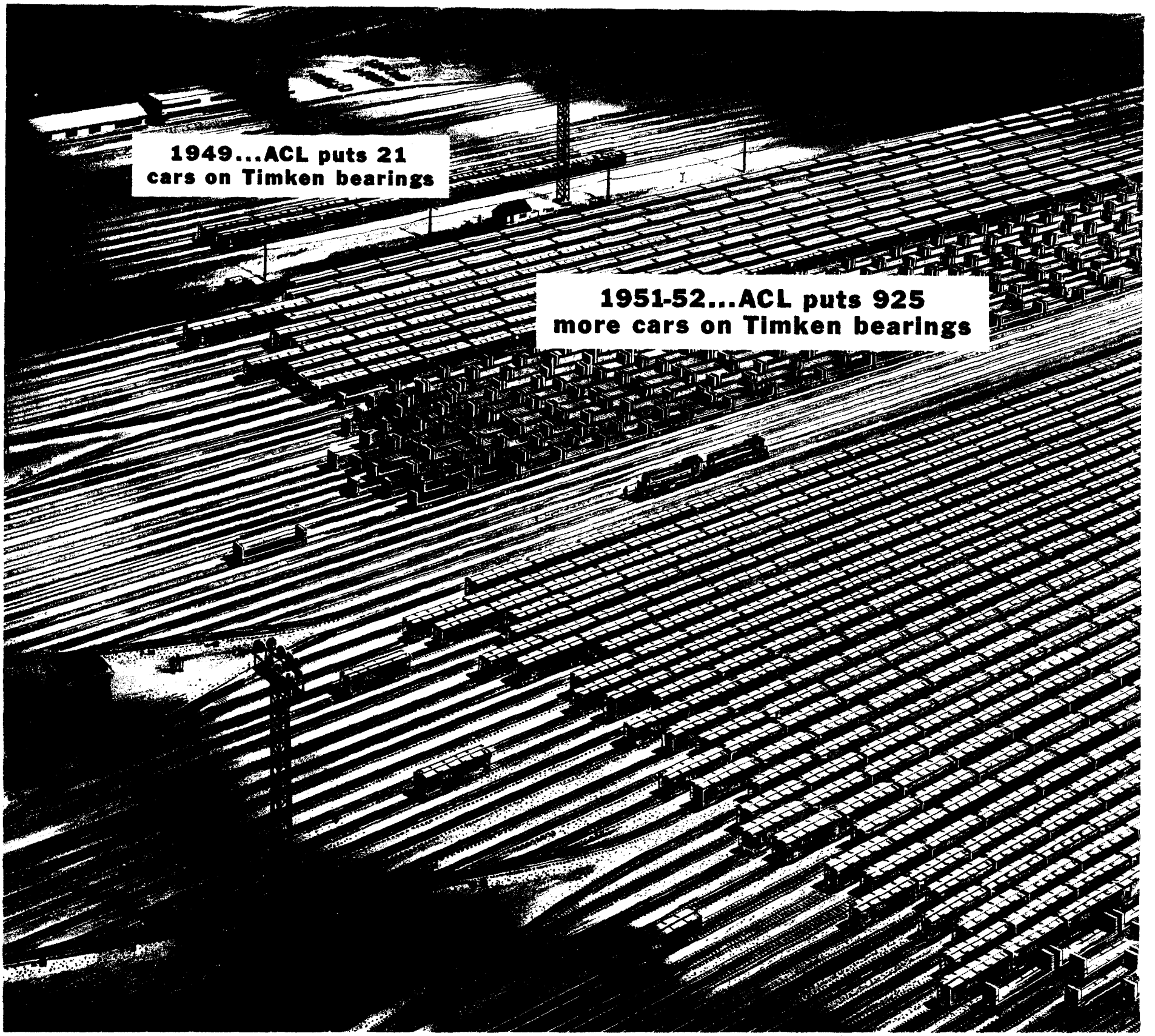
Watch the railroads GO . . . o



Atlantic Coast Line becomes the
with order for 2,000 more

ATLANTIC COAST LINE WILL HAVE 10% OF ITS FREIGHT CARS ON ROLLER BEARINGS

Two thousand more freight cars on Timken® roller bearings will give Atlantic Coast Line the largest "Roller Freight" fleet of any railroad.

ACL first switched 21 cars from friction bearings to Timken bearings in 1949. The resultant operating economies prompted adding 925 more in 1951 and 1952. With the 2,000 new cars in service, ACL will have 10% of its freight cars on roller bearings.

Four railroads go "Roller Freight"

Three other forward-looking railroads have gone "Roller Freight", next great step in railroading. One with 2,000 "Roller Freight" c on order, another with 1,000 cars in servi the third with 800 operating and 200 more order. Other roads operate smaller numb of Timken bearing equipped freight cars.

Faster, on-schedule freight service

Timken bearings are ushering in a "strea

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TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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TIMKEN BEARINGS CUT STARTING RESISTANCE 88%, ELIMINATE "HOT BOXES"
AXLE TURNS FREELY, NO SLIDING FRICTION
SEALED JOURNAL BOX HOLDS LUBRICANT IN, KEEPS DIRT AND WATER OUT

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ner" age for freights, as they did for passenger rains. Shippers will get faster, on-schedule ervice because Timken bearings eliminate he hot box problem—main cause of delays.

One railroad's "Roller Freight" has rolled p 60 million car-miles without a hot box. 'riction freight averages a hot box set-out every 212,000 car-miles.

22% return on "Roller Freight" investment

Unlike friction bearings, Timken roller bearings can go hundreds of thousands of miles without additional lubricant. They cut terminal bearing inspection man-hours 90%, lubricant costs as much as 89%. When "Roller Freight" rolls on all lines, railroads will earn a 22% annual return on the investment.

Not just a ball ○ not just a roller ▭ the Timken tapered roller bearing ▭ takes radial ◐ and thrust ◐ loads or any combination ◐

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he could use a beer?" he asked.

"The doctor said no."

"Yah," Wally said scornfully. "I been watching them doctors fifty years. They told Rusty Peterson no snoose, no nothing, or he'd die in six months. He kept snoosing, and he outlived that doctor twenty years. I'll bring a couple beers from Waniss tonight. Say, you want to go along?"

"Wish I could," Lotta said, "but I got to watch Grandpa. They just play pinochle, and smoke, and look at me like something was wrong with my face."

"Nothing wrong with your face," Wally said. "Anyway, Bill Erickson don't think so."

Lotta blushed and ran fingers through her uncombed hair. "Aw, him! He don't ever come around."

"Can't blame him," Wally said, "having to kick those bums out of the way."

"Well," Lotta said. "I better get back."

Wally watched the girl cross the road and walk slowly up the lane to the big house. He could picture Oscar's sons sitting at the round oak table, playing pinochle and going to the bedroom door between melds for a peek at Oscar. Wally remembered how they had grown up, hanging close to the home place, where food was free and Oscar was too goodhearted. Carl was almost fifty, Lars was next, then came Sven, Gus, Bob and finally Jens, who was thirty-two and could think just about as good as a ten-year-old. The three oldest were married, but that didn't stop them from borrowing everything Oscar owned; and the young ones never worked more than was needed.

And with all of them considered, Lotta was the best. They had imposed on her from the time she got big enough to wash dishes and clothes, cook and do housework. Carl always acted like Lotta had no business staying on the place, but Carl usually swallowed that feeling when he needed Lotta to help with canning or washing at his farm, or to help him worm money from Oscar. It was a shame, Wally thought, after the way Oscar had worked, coming here in ninety-two and cutting the farm from solid timberland. Oscar had over ten thousand cash in the Brainerd bank, plus the home farm and five hundred acres of prime timber.

A MONTH didn't pass that one of the sons wasn't after Oscar to let him cut a chunk and sell it to the sawmill; and now Oscar seemed to be passing on, and the sons were waiting to grab their share of the estate. Wally didn't like the idea of them getting all that money, and the timber. Wally didn't know how Oscar had made his will, but there wasn't much doubt everything would be split six ways among the sons.

Wally sighed and went into the icebox for a beer. He was going out to the car when Carl and Sven came up the lane and shouted at him. Wally turned and said, "What you want?"

"Want to talk," Carl said. "Come in the house."

"Nothing wrong out here," Wally said peevishly. "What you doing, trading off to see when he breathes the last?"

"That ain't no way to talk," Carl said. "Pa's going to go happy, surrounded by his family."

"Surrounded, sure enough," Wally said. "But that don't make the going happy."

"Listen, Wally," Carl said, "you know anything about Pa's will?"

It Never Fails

Here comes the sun we longed to see
On Saturday and Sunday.
What day is this? You're asking me?
It's Monday, brother, Monday!

—JAMES W. POWER

"Me?" Wally said. "I don't know nothing. Why should I? He ain't willing me anything."

"And that ain't right," Carl said. "Is it, Sven?"

"No, sir," Sven said. "You're Pa's only brother. You ought to be remembered."

"Well," Wally said cautiously, "I ain't against it, but I ain't about to go begging for it."

Carl looked around, as though they might be overheard or watched, and ducked his head forward like a coot. "What if we was to tell you that Pa ain't willing any of us a red cent?" he said.

Wally said, "Bah," and headed for his car, and then stopped. He turned and said, "You serious?"

"We sure are," Carl said. "We just found out. Jens was in the bedroom, and Pa must of got riled at him, because Jens wanted to borrow a few dollars. Pa told Jens about the will he made five years ago. He left everything, cash money and all, to one person."

"Who?" Wally said. "That shyster lawyer from Brainerd?"

"No," Carl said. "Right in the buzzom of our family, that's where."

"But there ain't nobody else," Wally said. "Hey—"

"Sure," Carl said. "He willed everything to Lotta."

"Lotta!" Sven said. "Think of that, Wally. She ain't even his daughter."

"Granddaughter," Wally said. "That gives her some claim."

"After us," Sven said quickly. "Doggone it, we're his sons. We ought to carry on the family name and property."

"You sure this is true?" Wally asked.

"Jens heard Pa," Carl said. "He just went to town, to find out for certain. Why, Pa's liable to die any day now and leave things in awful shape. We got to do something."

"Don't look at me," Wally said.

They were staring at him steady all the time, and Wally began to feel uncomfortable. "What you looking at me for?" he said.

"Listen," Carl said. "You know how everybody says you're a dead ringer for Pa?"

"Always was," Wally said, "except my nose is shapelier. I ain't quite that ugly."

"You ain't far from it," Sven said.

"Shut up, Sven," Carl said. "Wally, you look just like Pa—same hair, face, shape, even weight."

"What about it?" Wally said. "I'm not changing places with him and die young. I got too much to live for."

CARL and Sven were studying him closer, and Wally got a little scared. He could handle one, but two made it tougher, unless he could grab a hunk of stovewood. He said, "I'm going to town."

"Wait," Carl said. "You got to admit one thing. We can't let Pa's life savings and property go to a fool girl, can we?"

"She's no fool girl," Wally said, "but I will admit it don't look right."

"That's exactly it," Carl said. "Now I'd say Pa can't last much longer. Sven and me got an idea. Jens says it'll work. Jens is taking Lotta to town tomorrow, and while they're gone, we'll get the lawyer out here, tell him Pa is failing fast and wants to make a new will."

"Lot of good that'll do," Wally said. "He won't change it."

"He will," Carl said, "because it ain't going to be Pa making that will. It's going to be you."

"*Me!*" Wally said. "Now hold on—"

"*You* hold on," Carl said. "Once Jens and Lotta are gone, we bring Pa over here to your house. Bob will stay with him. Then you come over to Pa's, get in bed, and act real sick. Jens says he knows a way so you'll look almost dead, except for breathing and being sane. When the lawyer comes, you talk real weak, you tell him to change the will and give everything to us six sons, and you sign it right there, and we'll witness. After he goes, we bring Pa back, and everything is fine."

Wally stared at them and wondered if he was hearing things rightly; it was the craziest idea he had ever heard. He said, "I won't do it."

"You got to," Carl said. "For Pa's sake."

"And yours," Wally said. "Seems like you six will get all the benefit."

"I thought you understood that part," Carl said. "We'd give you a full share, don't worry. You got it coming."

"I won't argue about that part," Wally said, "but you got a habit of forgetting things that ain't down on paper."

"All right," Carl said sulkily. "When you tell him, make him write seven full shares. Is that legal?"

"Ain't said I'd do it," Wally said. "I don't like it."

"I heard Lotta talking with Pa last night," Sven said. "She was telling him if she was boss, you'd not be coming over for meals, or getting your washing and ironing free, or bread and preserves. I reckon she might get pretty mean after she inherits everything."

Wally said, "That don't sound like Lotta."

"Ha," Carl said, "a lot you know about her. She's been shining up to you for ten years." Carl looked wise. "You're gonna die before she does, and you got property and nobody to will it to."

"I don't like it," Wally said. "I got to think it over."

"You do that," Carl said quickly. "We'll see you tonight."

WALLY drove slowly toward Waniss, his mind whirling with the enormity of such an idea. He hadn't dreamed Oscar would will everything to Lotta, but somehow the idea seemed exactly right. Wally parked in front of the café and went inside for a cup of coffee. He talked baseball with Andy and Harry Olson, and finally sat in a booth to reason things out. Somewhere between the sixth and tenth coffees, he knew how it had to be done. He kept seeing Lotta's tired, pretty face, and remembering everything she had done for him.

Carl and Sven were waiting in Wally's kitchen when he got back. Sven put a bottle of whisky on the table, and Carl got glasses from the cupboard. Wally looked at the whisky and said, "What's that for?"

"To drink," Carl said.

"On you?" Wally said. "First time this ever happened."

"First time for everything," Carl said pleasantly. "Good liquor, too. Three eighty a quart."

"Well," Wally said, "that is high-priced stuff. I had better take a little

TIZZY

"Sis, can I copy some of your experiences into my diary?"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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sip before you change your mind."

After the tenth sip, Wally allowed himself to nod in agreement with their plan. Carl said, "You stay awake, Wally. Jens says you got to get real drunk tonight, so you'll look worse tomorrow. We'll be over at eight to fix you up."

"Eight?" Wally said. "Can't get up that early."

"Drink up," Carl said. "Sven, stay with him."

Wally knew that Carl had gone away and Sven was still there, pushing drinks at him. He felt sleepy but his mind was clear. He let the bottle get nearly empty before he threw Sven through the door into the yard, and then he went to bed. He hadn't enjoyed the night—never did like whisky—and he was pretty tired. It must be middle age setting in, he decided, dropping off in a happy sleep.

Wally smelled fresh coffee and frying bacon. He lifted his head and groaned and saw Lotta in the kitchen, pulling a red mouth. "Me, Wally? What for? I'm not his daughter, just his granddaughter, and you know how he felt about Mama getting married and having me. The boys and you should get everything."

"You don't want nothing," Wally said.

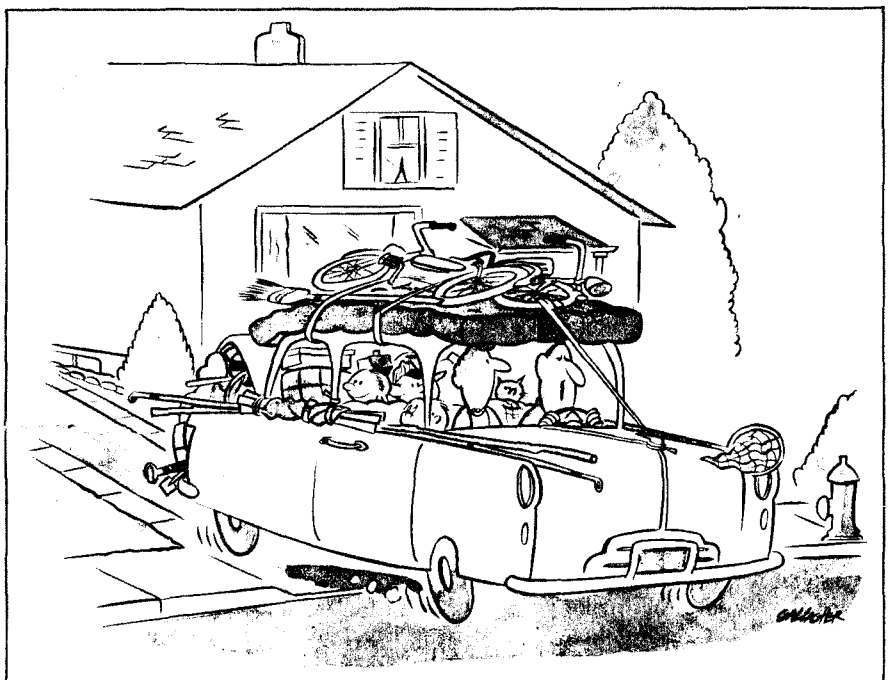
"There's no other way to figure," Lotta said. "Grandpa's given me a home and clothes and schooling, and he didn't have to. That's more than most girls get in my place. You know what Reverend Jensen says, Wally—be kind and respectful to your elders, and you'll be repaid a thousand times and always feel good inside because you made them happier."

"You don't want nothing," Wally said, "when Oscar passes on?"

"Well," Lotta replied hesitantly, "I would sure like to have Grandpa's watch."

"That old turnip!" Wally said.

"I know it's not much good," Lotta said. "The second hand's been busted



"If you think of anything we've forgotten, forget it"

COLLIER'S — JOHN GALLAGHER

batch of biscuits from the oven. Wally scratched his head and called, "What you doing over here; what time is it?"

"Seven," Lotta said. "Breakfast is ready, Wally."

Wally grumbled, "All right," and got up and washed unhappily, and went to the kitchen. He drank a cup of coffee and sniffed the bacon, and felt considerably better. Then he looked suspiciously at Lotta.

"How come you're over here so early?" Wally asked.

"I didn't get to bed last night," Lotta said. "Grandpa was feeling bad, and everybody was asleep. I had to sit up and read that Western book of yours to him. He got a little hungry about five, so I fixed some lunch and he finally dropped off to sleep. I figured you were probably feeling pretty low this morning, so I come over to fix breakfast. Jens is taking me to town today." Lotta brought the bacon and eggs, and smiled wearily. "Those eggs all right?"

"Fine," Wally said. "Better fry a couple more." Wally chewed a while and smeared honey on the biscuits, and felt a lot better. "Lotta, did Oscar ever say he was leaving you anything in his will?"

Lotta's face was drawn and pale from lack of sleep, and her eyes looked big as saucers above her cheeks and soft five years, but Grandpa and I always played a game with it when I was little. I'd ask what time it was, and he'd let me take the watch from his pocket and read the hands. If the boys would let me, I'd like to have the watch."

Wally said, "Don't you worry, Lotta. But listen, ain't there nothing else? Oscar's got over ten thousand cash in the bank. Don't you want a share of that?"

"I didn't earn it," Lotta said. "I don't need it."

"Think hard," Wally said. "Nothing else?"

"Well, yes," Lotta said firmly. "I'm eighteen, Wally. That's of age in this state. If Grandpa dies of this sickness, I'm leaving."

"Leaving?" Wally said.

"Soon as the funeral is over," Lotta said. "I'm going to town and find work, and maybe I'll meet a nice fella and get married and have my own home. I'm not staying after Grandpa passes on."

"Now wait a minute," Wally said. "You can't—"

"I've got a life, too," Lotta said. "I'm not washing and cooking and ironing for Jens and Bob and Gus any longer. They're lazy, and I won't work for them like for Grandpa. And that's final. I better be going. See you tonight, Wally."

Wally tried to speak, but he was eat-

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ing the last egg, and she was gone before he could call. He fried two more eggs and ate the rest of the biscuits; and just then Carl, Sven and Jens sneaked in through the back door. Carl and Sven looked terrible and Jens no better, but Jens always looked awful to Wally anyway.

"Come on," Jens said. "You got to get ready."

Jens looked at him and held up one thumb like he was measuring space for rafter pitch. Before Wally could object, Jens was drawing lines on his face with a greasy black pencil and smearing some kind of stuff on his cheeks, and dusting powder into his hair to make it grayer. Jens worked five minutes and nodded at the result. "You look plenty bad anyway, Wally, with that hangover. This fixes you up good. Carl, I'm heading for town. It's up to you," he said.

Wally said, "I been thinking—"

"You don't have to think," Carl said harshly. "Just listen."

Wally went to the mirror above the sink and looked at his face; it was like meeting Oscar face to face. Looking at himself, he had never felt so bad in his life.

Five minutes later Jens and Lotta turned south on the road heading for town. Carl grabbed Wally's arm, and Sven pushed him, and they started across the road toward the big house. They came in the back door, and Carl said, "You wait a minute," and made him get inside the pantry.

Wally heard them scuffling in the front bedroom. Oscar was cussing them up one side and down the other, and didn't sound like he was dying at all. Oscar said, "What you moving me for? Where's Lotta?" and Carl said, "You need a change, Pa. We're going to take you over to Wally's for a while."

THEN the front door opened and closed, and the house was still. Sven called, "Come on, Wally, you got to get undressed. The lawyer is already on his way out."

Wally went to the front bedroom and looked around at the familiar furniture and Oscar's guns hanging behind the dresser on the polished oak pegs. Sven nearly pulled his shirt off, stripping him down, but Wally hung on to his pants and said, "Nothing doing, I keep 'em on."

"All right then," Sven grunted, "keep 'em on."

Sven brought one of Oscar's red flannel nightshirts and slipped it over Wally's head. He pushed Wally down on the bed, and took off his shoes and socks, and got him under the covers. Carl and Lars came running back from across the road, and Carl drew the shades and pulled the curtains close together. The bedroom was so dark Wally could just see their faces. Carl mussed Wally's hair and jerked the covers way up to his neck, and said, "Remember, talk real sick-like. Tell him to change the will like we decided. Then we'll witness it and send him right back to town."

"I could use a little snoose," Wally said.

"I should say not," Sven said righteously. "You can't talk to the lawyer with snoose on your breath. You know how he feels about that."

Wally's head began to ache, and he wanted coffee the worst way. Wally decided he felt almost as sick as Oscar, now that breakfast was wearing off, and he could feel his stomach turn over. He closed his eyes and thought of Lotta, and wondered if he was really doing

"Where's my *car?* Why, Mr. Riley, what ever gave you the impression that I *had* one?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

the right thing. He must have dozed off then, because Sven poked him in the ribs suddenly and whispered, "Get ready, Wally," and Wally heard the lawyer coming into the living room, talking with Carl. Carl had that sanctimonious sound in his voice, and the lawyer was answering in a quiet, respectful voice.

"He asked for you all night," Carl said. "That's why I called you, Dick."

Then the lawyer entered the bedroom. Sven sat on the bed and put a cold towel on Wally's forehead and let the ends hang down around his ears. Carl and Gus and Lars all stood behind the lawyer, watching him with greedy looks on their faces. Carl whispered to Gus, so the lawyer could hear, "I'm sure glad we been so good to him. I don't care if my work is a month behind."

Wally heard that, and then he could see Lotta washing and ironing and cooking and doing the chores, and all she wanted was Oscar's watch. Wally knew exactly what he was going to do, and he felt like somebody had just fitted his head with a halo.

"Hello, Oscar," the lawyer said kindly. "How are you?"

"Hello, Dick," Wally said weakly. "I want to change my will."

"Are you well enough?" the lawyer asked. "Do you do this of your own free will, Oscar?"

"Sure he does," Carl said. "Pa's just weak, Dick. There's nothing wrong with his mind."

"That's right," Sven said. "Pa feels low, but he still thinks good."

The lawyer opened his brief case and sat at the table with pen and paper. "All right, Oscar," he said. "What changes do you want?"

"I—" Wally said.

"Do you want to be alone?" the lawyer asked. "Would that make you feel better, Oscar?"

"No," Carl said. "We ain't leaving Pa for a minute, Dick. You know what I told you."

Wally reached down inside his pant leg and got a firm grip on the length of stovewood he had grabbed from the pantry box and hidden there. He said, "Ain't necessary, Dick. I want to will everything I got to Lotta."

It was worth living that long just to see their faces, Wally decided, and hear their grunts as their mouths dropped open. The lawyer said, "But, Oscar, that's exactly as you have it now."

"Everything to Lotta," Wally said again.

"Pa!" Carl said thickly. "You don't sound right in your mind. You just got done telling us you was afraid to let Lotta handle everything. Is your fever rising?"

Sven clamped one dirty hand over Wally's forehead, managing to rub two knuckles in his nose and mouth at the same time. Sven said sadly, "It sure is. Carl, you better call the doc."

"Ain't nothing wrong with me," Wally said strongly. "Carl, you get back over there. Sven, you get over there, too. I'm making my last will and testament, and I'm sane as you are, which ain't saying much. Dick, like I said, everything to Lotta, and I want to add something important. I want my brother Wally to act as co—co—what you call it, Dick?"

"Coadministrator," the lawyer said. "I see, Oscar. You want Wally to help me watch everything for Lotta."

"That's it," Wally said. "Write that into the old will. You got it here?"

"Yes," the lawyer said, and wrote swiftly on the paper, then thrust the pen at Gus.

WALLY said, "Witness that, Gus, or—" and Gus bent over the table and signed his name; and then Lars had to sign. The lawyer handed the paper and pen to Wally. Wally remembered to act real trembly, which wasn't too hard, and signed the written addition to the will.

"And that's legal?" Wally said then.

"Yes," the lawyer said. "But you don't look that sick to me, Oscar."

"I feel pretty good," Wally said, "but I want to set my affairs straight."

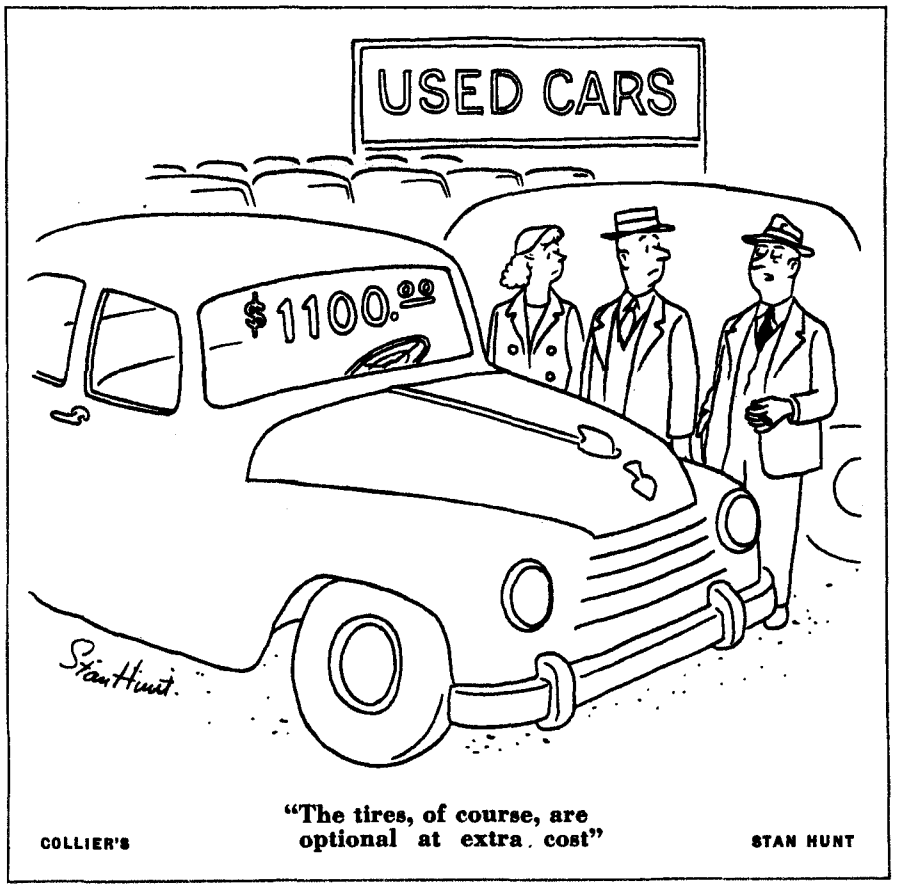
The lawyer closed his brief case and looked sharply at Wally. "A good idea, Oscar. Well, I've got to get along."

The lawyer left the room, and Wally heard the big car purr away down the lane. Carl and Sven were standing by the door, and Lars and Gus had gone but to see the lawyer off. Lars came back, and all of them looked at Wally with the meanest expression he had ever seen on their faces, and that was remembering a lot of expressions, including their natural looks.

Carl took a deep breath and said, "Why, you double-crossing, low-down, no-good—I'm gonna break you in two."

Carl came running straight for the bed, but Wally was waiting for him. He brought the stovewood from under the sheet and whacked Carl on the head, a satisfying clout that sounded just like hitting a watermelon. Carl let out one grunt and tumbled over the bed and lit in the corner. Sven was coming directly behind Carl, and Wally stood up in bed just in time to measure Sven with a full-arm swing and lay him on the rag rug. Wally hopped out of bed and started for Lars and Gus, but they were backing up and heading for outdoors. Wally grabbed his shirt and shoes, chased them through the kitchen, and got in one pretty good swing at Gus, but didn't connect square. Gus rolled off the back porch and came up running like a scared deer; he was headed for the barn, with Lars following.

Wally pulled off the nightshirt, got



"The tires, of course, are optional at extra cost"

COLLIER'S — STAN HUNT

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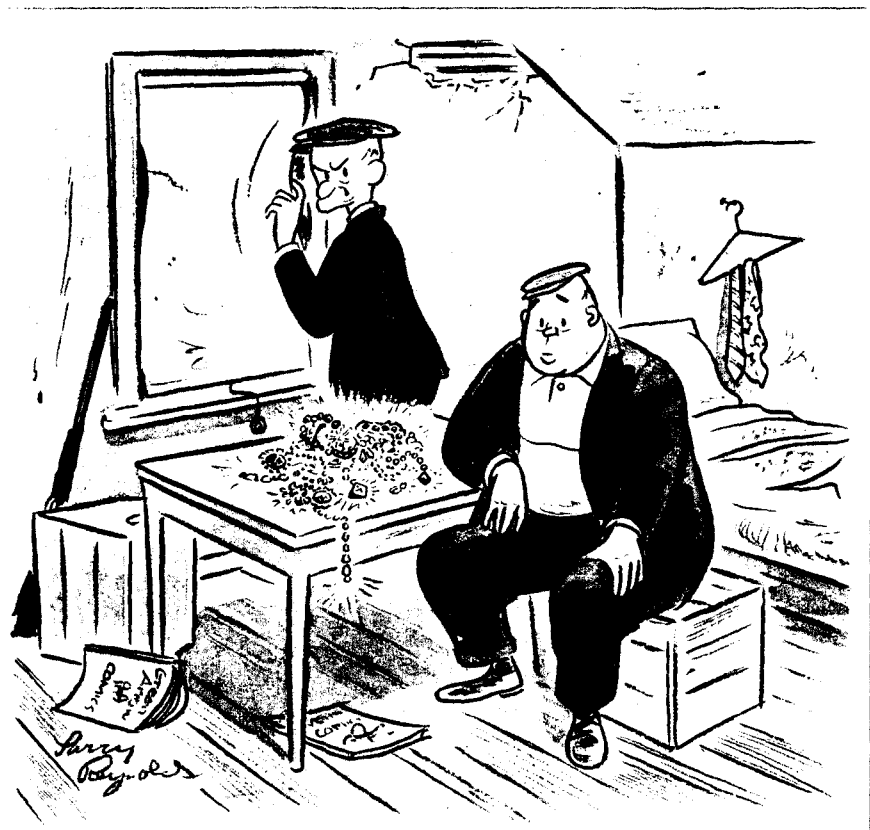


"I don't care how many times a week they get dessert in jail. We're *not* giving ourselves up!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

his shoes and shirt on, and walked down the lane and across the road to his house. Bob looked up when he came through the door and said, "Did it come off all right, Wally?"

"You damned right," Wally said. "Right off the top."

He was too anxious; he missed Bob's head a full inch, getting in a blow to the shoulder. Bob let out a roar and climbed over the table and jumped through the back window and ran into the woods. Wally went into the bedroom and laid the stovewood on the dresser, loaded his double-barreled shotgun, and took a look at Oscar.

OSCAR was lying comfortably in bed, thin as a fence rail and white-faced, but able to talk without much trouble. Oscar said, "What the hell was you doing?"

"Nothing," Wally said. "How do you feel?"

"Not so good," Oscar said. "But I'll tell you, Wally. I ain't as sick as they think. Carrying me over here, that bouncing seemed to freshen me up a little."

"So you don't feel so bad?" Wally said.

"No," Oscar said. "I feel better, just getting over here. Think I'll stay with you a while, Wally."

Wally took a closer look at Oscar and decided he wasn't going to die right away; it was all a matter of how a man felt inside, and Oscar was improving by the minute, staying here. Wally said, "You're a fine one—making a will, never telling me, letting that poor child fight off them smart sons of yours. Getting feeble-minded, you are, no question about it."

"Feeble-minded?" Oscar said. "You ain't been over enough to know if I was still alive, which I am, thanks to Lotta. I know what's chewing on you, Wally. You found out I wasn't leaving you nothing."

"Don't want nothing," Wally said. "Just want to make sure Lotta gets what you want her to get. You old fool, why didn't you name me coadministrator along with Dick, so I could help keep an eye on those chiselers?"

"How'd you find out about the will?" Oscar asked.

"You told Jens," Wally said. "He told us."

Oscar leered and winked knowingly. "So I did, come to remember. Didn't tell him everything. If it's any of your business, I did name you coadministrator five years ago."

Wally felt a sudden hollowness in his stomach. He went to the icebox and got a beer, and returned to the bedroom. He took a little drink and wondered if the jail was cleaner than the last time he slept there, twenty years ago. He took another drink and passed the bottle without thinking. Oscar slipped one skinny hand from under the covers, grabbed the bottle, and took a little sip. "Just what I needed," Oscar said. "They wouldn't give me none. I knew you would. What's the matter with you, Wally? You look worse than I do all at once."

"I think I better go to town on business," Wally said weakly. "I got to see a fella and do some apologizing and some explaining."

"Now *you're* sick," Oscar said.

"Hand over your watch," Wally said suddenly. "Come on, hand it over."

Oscar stuck both hands under the covers and glared at him. "What for?"

"Because," Wally said, "I'm going to get that second hand fixed, and you're going to give it to Lotta tonight."

"This old watch?" Oscar said, with a funny gleam in one eye.

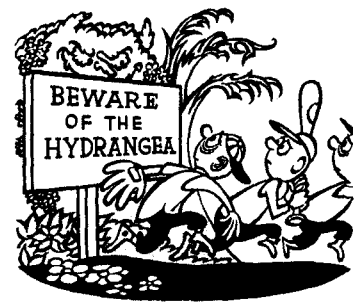
"Don't you argue with me," Wally said. "I started out to do something, and I did it, but I ain't sure how it is coming out on my end. Only thing I'm sure of, that old watch saved your life."

"Well," Oscar said, "you sound mighty funny, but all right. Have another drink. *You* need it." ▲▲▲

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Seattle was just about to quit trying to grow flowers. Kids in an adjacent vacant lot were forever trampling them while chasing three-baggers



and home runs. But everything's okay now; the boys moved their games to another area after she hung out a large sign: Beware of the Hydrangea.

★ ★ ★

Among the tourists gazing into the Grand Canyon was Mr. Ed La Gambina. He was impressed. But even more impressed was a nearby gentleman, who turned to Mr. La Gambina to say: "Gosh! I wonder what happened?"

★ ★ ★

Friend of Mr. Nugent Knobloch, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, got to talking in the club car to a pale fellow who confided he'd just been released from prison and was expecting a tough time when he faced the folks back home. "My dear friend," said Mr. Knobloch's friend, shaking the fellow's hand, "I understand perfectly. I'm just returning from Congress."

★ ★ ★

Guess we were taking the newest A-bombs too casually. Reports that it had the explosive power of 15,000 tons of TNT impressed us, of course, but we didn't really understand what that meant until the Asheville, North Carolina, Citizen explained: "Roughly the force of three five-year-olds confined to the living room on a rainy Saturday."

★ ★ ★

Distressing state of affairs in Pemberton, Wisconsin. The law says there may not be a liquor store in an area within 1,500 feet of the school. When you get 1,500 feet from the school, you're no longer in Pemberton.

★ ★ ★

In Shreveport, Louisiana, a lady named Love took three shots with a six-gun at her boy friend. From Mr. Pearson Pollard we get the report that she was arrested. Charge: Discharging firearms within the city limits.

★ ★ ★

We pause to wonder how Bill and Nita Hinely of Emory University in Atlanta are getting along with their Penny-a-Meal campaign for overseas war orphans. They put jars in the university cafeteria and asked all students to drop in a penny every time they ate a meal. Last information we received was that, penny by penny, they'd adopted three hungry kids.

★ ★ ★

Columns of the Menard, Illinois, *Time report that* Gangbusters has been stricken from the prison radio programs at the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater. It seems "the prisoners get disgusted because the crooks always get shot or captured."

★ ★ ★

Meditating on the problems confronting the world, Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, wishes it known for the record that he does not hold with educators who deplore ignorance. "This is merely a cleverly veiled attack on free speech," the colonel says. "These fellows would do away with almost the entire basis of the world's conversation."

★ ★ ★

On a plane from Washington, friend of ours got to talking to the man in the next seat. "You a government man?" our friend asked. "FBI," replied the fellow. "That so?" said our friend. "Yeah. *Fired by Ike,*" was the reply.

★ ★ ★

Old 48's private Indian scout, galloping back and forth throughout the West on relays of fast ponies, advises us to pay little if any attention to the pessimistic words of Mr. Dillon S. Myer, United States commissioner of Indian affairs. Mr. Myer said in Albuquerque, New Mexico, recently that his bureau may presently be "out of business." But our scout, fresh but dusty from the Santa Fe trail, says: "Not while a single noble red man is still warm. There are hardly enough political jobs to go around now."

★ ★ ★

Philadelphia father was reminiscing for the benefit of his son who was dressing for his first formal dance. "Ah, yes," sighed the father, "you'll probably feel

IRWIN CAPLAN

just as embarrassed as I was the first time I bowed to a girl and said, 'May I have this dance, please?' " Said the lad: "Zat so, Pop? Today all you gotta do is mope around until you see something that looks like sweet dragging. Then you say, 'You'll do.' " ▲▲▲

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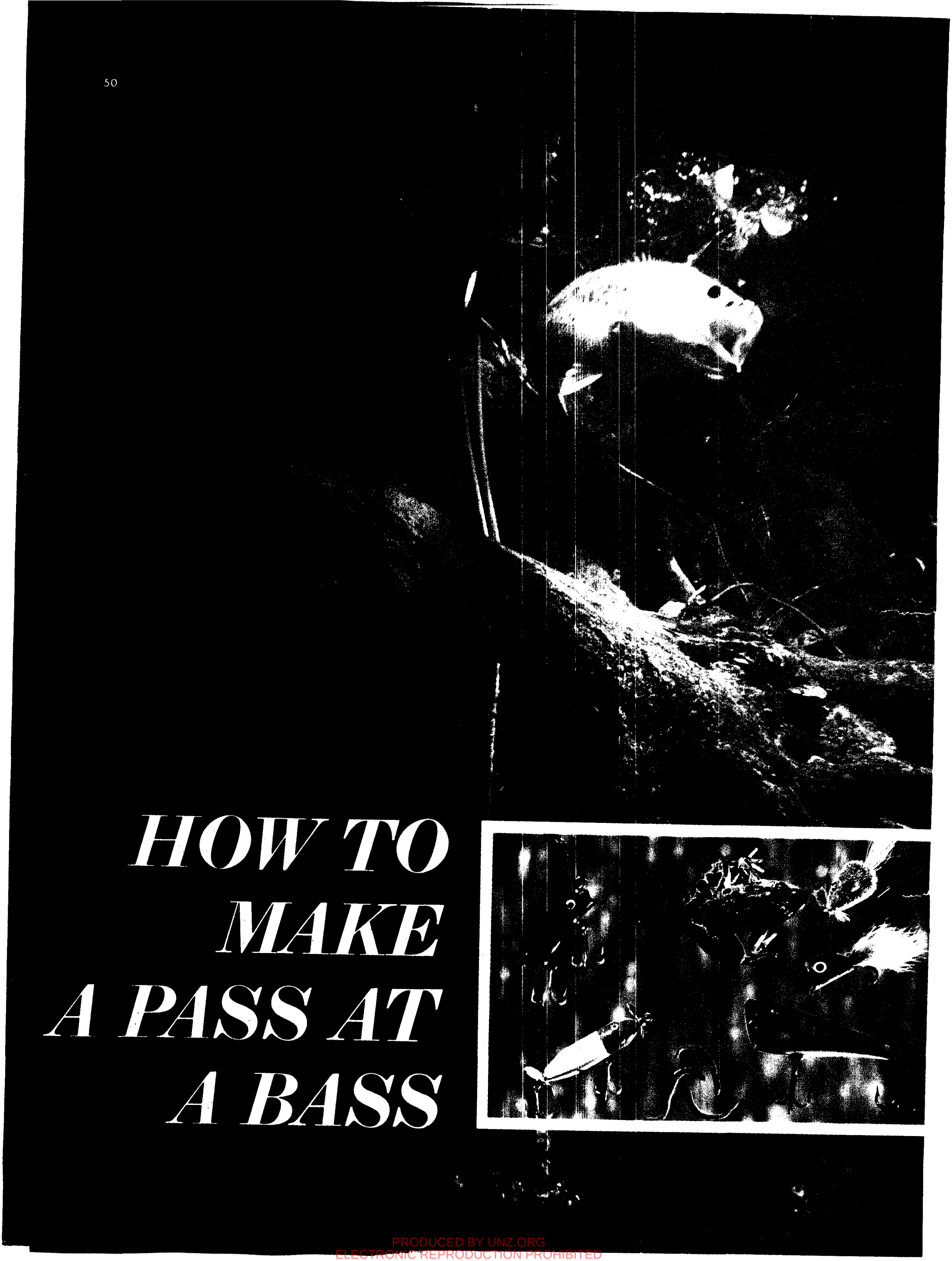

HOW TO MAKE A PASS AT A BASS

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Angling for largemouths or smallmouths? Then capitalize on their nasty dispositions, their curiosity, their gluttony. You'll find it pays off in bigger catches

By ALFRED M. LANSING

THE largemouth bass is a nosy busybody, an ill-tempered, cannibalistic, slovenly, gluttonous bully. He's got a hair-trigger temper, a constant chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. Given half a chance, he'll eat his own children. In fact, he'll eat nearly anything—at least anything he thinks he can get the better of. And his kissin' cousin, the smallmouth bass, is almost as bad.

Precisely because they are such despicable fellows, bass are probably the most popular game fish in the world. With the bass season just getting under way nationally, more fishermen in the United States, at least, will spend more hours during the next few months casting more bait for these underwater ruffians than for any other species of fish.

The successful bass fisherman recognizes the largemouth and the smallmouth for the mean-tempered characters they are—then sets about taking advantage of them. He jogs their curiosity. He provokes them to anger. He tempts their prodigious appetites.

How does he go about it? Well, first let's see what makes bass tick. Let's psychoanalyze them, starting with the largemouth because he has a much larger following: he can be found in every state of the Union and in much of Canada—and has by far the more vicious disposition of the two.

On a blistering hot July or August day, you can find the largemouth cruising happily along in water registering 68 to 72 degrees. He loves warm water and you'll not be wasting time if you hunt him with a thermometer. If the water surface temperature is 72, he should be near the top. When the surface water gets warmer, shift operations to a lower level.

Warm water, of course, promotes weed growth. In some largemouth hangouts, the moss, lily pads and reeds are so thick that you can't even pole a canoe through them. For the largemouth, underwater growth provides concealment from his enemies (they're few) and a place from which to pounce on his prey.

It's a fairly safe bet that the largemouth spends at least half his life lurking in weed beds on watch for some unwary morsel of food to happen by. Probably his favorite foods—and the ones which make the best live bait—are worms, minnows, frogs, crayfish and hellgrammites.

These preferred items on his menu are pretty much interchangeable as baits, although the crayfish and the hellgrammite are particularly good bottom baits. But a largemouth may be in the mood for a minnow one day, a worm the next. Experimentation and inquiry among local fishermen will reveal the most successful bait and the best method for fishing it in a specific locality.

Not that the largemouth's diet is restricted to creatures of the water. There are authenticated records of largemouths eating snakes, squirrels, chipmunks and even ducklings. They'll tackle almost anything that happens to alight or fall into the water, looks appetizing and seems like easy prey.

Lure makers keep the largemouth's appetite and other traits in mind when designing their wares. There are lures that appeal to his appetite, his curiosity, his bad temper and all the rest.

One of the most common types of lures used in fishing for largemouths is the popper. Many poppers resemble a tear drop in shape with the bottom of the bulgy end scooped out. They float level in the water, but if the line is twitched, the scooped end plops down with a loud *glunk!*

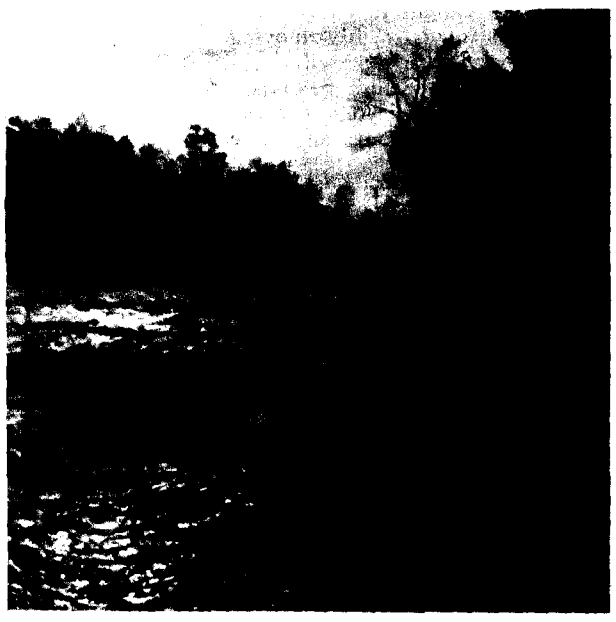
Hidden beneath a sunken log, the largemouth hears the sound. *Glunk!* There it goes again. Cautiously he swims from his hiding place—and listens. *Glunk!* There it is, right on the surface, and it looks appetizing. Swirl goes his tail, his body lunges forward and the surface erupts. He nails it! Ah . . . but the fisherman has nailed him, instead.

Why does a largemouth hit a noisemaking lure? Probably just out of curiosity. He hears the noise and figures that whatever is producing it must be edible. He may see the lure, but the attraction is its noise rather than its size, shape or color. To prove it, you need only wait for a quiet night on a good largemouth lake. Then take a popping lure and steal out along the shallows and weed beds. Make a cast and let your popper lie still for a time. Then gently switch the rod to make the lure *glunk*. Wait a bit, then do it again. Probably when you least expect it, there'll be a whoosh of water, the line will stiffen, the rod will arc, and you and the largemouth will be locked in combat. The sound of the popping lure has aroused the bass's curiosity at a time when it was too dark for him to see the lure clearly, if at all.

The wise bass fisherman also knows that his quarry is mean, lazy and an opportunist. So he keeps in his tackle box an assortment of lures calculated to appeal to these sides of the largemouth's character: for example, a mouselike plug (they're available, too, in fly-rod sizes) which he fishes to simulate a helpless mouse going down for the third time, and a wounded-minnow lure.

The knowing angler likewise carries lures that defy classification—brightly colored chunks of wood and metal that wiggle, dart and dive when retrieved. No one knows why bass go after such screwy lures, but they often do. Perhaps the antics and bright colors of the lures pique the largemouth's curiosity, or maybe they make the fish angry and he strikes at them in an attempt to drive them away.

There's no question about the bass's basic meanness. But there is a brief period every spring when he becomes a loving



The season for the nation's No. 1 game fish—bass—is now under way. In large photo at far left, a whopping largemouth churns up the water while trying to shake the lure from his mouth. The scene is an old stump at the bottom of Noblett Lake in Missouri, typical hiding place for largemouth bass. Inset, far left, shows some bass baits—from frog and worms to two types of poppers. In center, an angler on Canoose Ledges in St. Croix River, New Brunswick, nets a bass that he caught at night, when fish feed close to the shore line. At right: A four-pound largemouth

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

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If you hanker for the thrill of the unexpected, smallmouth fishing is your sport

Smallmouth sneaks around rock in New Brunswick's St. Croix River to eye spinning lure. The species prefers clean bottoms and swift water

parent. After the eggs are laid and fertilized, the male posts himself on sentry duty over the nest and prepares to defend it against any intrusion. If anything comes within range, he strikes to kill, then returns to the nest. If the intruder happens to be a fisherman's plug, the bass probably would never make it back to his family. Therefore, in most northern states the bass season doesn't open until after the spawning months of May and June.

Ironically, soon after the young are hatched, the bass turns on his own offspring as available food. As though that weren't threat enough to the family, newly hatched bass sometimes dine on their own brothers and sisters.

Hatching duties over, the largemouths normally return to their refuges beneath sunken logs and in weed beds, but they forsake them occasionally—usually in extremely hot weather and at night.

When the water temperature gets above 70 or 72, largemouths seek out cooler water during the day and shift their feeding operations to evening, then into the night and finally to early morning. If you find the surface water above 72, you'd best paddle out a bit for your daylight fishing. Frequently the big bass ease themselves into holes along the bottom in deeper parts of the lakes or ponds, but they're not averse to grabbing a bit of food if it comes their way. And you can see that it does. The simplest method is to fish with a lure that sinks or dives so that it penetrates holes along the bottom. Then you find the bass and make a pass at them at the same time.

If you use live bait (preferably crayfish and hellgrammites), be sure to weight your offering so that it actually goes down where you want it. Among artificial lures, the deep-diving types, shaped so that they head for ever deeper water, are good. But I favor the all-metal lures, the heavy spinners that sink of their own weight. They are frequently adorned with cut-glass beads and all manner of gimcracks. And as an added attraction, you can attach a cluster of worms or a piece of pork rind.

Whatever rig you choose, get the lure as close to the bottom as you can. It will invade the bass holes and when it does, you should get action. You may lose a lure or two to tenacious weeds or a sunken log, but it's a small price to pay. Just take along a few extra lures to be on the safe side.

In largemouth fishing, I think, the real fun begins when the shadows lengthen. The wind of evening sweeps across the water as the sun finally sets and the bass move from their hiding places to feed on some of the millions of other living things that venture out under cover of darkness.

Occasionally big largemouths come in so close to shore at night in quest of food that their backs break the surface. The wise fisherman will also be close in, wading near the shore and casting surface lures close up to the weed beds and along gravel-bottom areas.

But though the largemouths are the more popular bass because they are more numerous, smallmouths have their boosters too. The smallmouths differ from their kin in that they are smaller on the average (a five-pounder is considered a whopper) and they prefer the moving water of rivers and streams with clean sand and gravel bottoms to the still, weed-choked lakes and ponds where largemouths abound.

Smallmouth fishing provides the thrill of the unexpected, the excitement of casting out into the current and suddenly feeling the smashing wallop of the fish as, invisible beneath the surface, he suddenly grabs the bait. Half the fun is that you never can predict where or when the strike will come.

One of the finest smallmouth fishing spots I've seen is on the St. Croix River, near St. Stephen, New Brunswick, a small town just over the Canadian border from Calais, Maine. Just below Loon Bay, some 20 miles from St. Stephen, the river begins a gradual, rather tumultuous descent over a series of small waterfalls known as Canoose Ledges. Gravel and larger stones cover the bottom, and there are many boulders. The current is swift and the water is white, but you can wade out 10 feet from shore before you get into really deep and dangerous water. Wading itself is an exhilarating experience with the water tumbling against your thighs and trying to upset you. (It's easier to keep your footing if you stand sideways to the current.)

The St. Croix is a logging river and timber floats downstream a good deal of the time. When the logs reach the Canoose Ledges, they invariably form jams which stem the water's flow and provide the pockets of relatively still water that smallmouths love.

When you go after smallmouths, it's wise to appeal to their appetite, which is second only to that of the largemouths. The smallmouth favors live bait, preferably hellgrammites and worms, followed by minnows and crayfish. He's much more likely to take the live bait, too, if it's garnished with an inch-long spinner. For the smallmouth, a spinner whirling in the swift water is like a neon sign flashing, "Here's dinner."

Suppose you are fishing in a place like the Ledges. Wade out into the current as far as you think it's safe to go, pick out the pool you want to work—and cast. If you have no luck in one pool, try another, then still another—but cover each area thoroughly. In the fast-flowing water, you have to hold your rod high—usually above your head. Otherwise the current will grab your line and whisk it downstream.

Extremely light spinning-tackle lures that weigh a quarter ounce or less and whose action is based on a good-sized spinner are ideal for smallmouth fishing. They have just enough weight to carry them near the bottom of a swiftly moving stream. The spinning tackle itself is exceptionally well suited for this type of fishing. With it, you can flick your bait and spinner into still-water pools anywhere within 60 or 70 feet.

Writer Lansing helps adjust frogman suit on photographer Iger at Noblett Lake, Missouri, as Iger prepares to take underwater photos. Later, Iger nearly drowned when he became snared in old fishline and lost the mouthpiece to his Aqua-Lung while diving with camera in the St. Croix River, New Brunswick

If you like the more placid forms of angling, you can find smallmouths in quieter water above sandy bars where weeds are growing or which are bordered by weeds. You can approach them in boats and catch the fish by casting the same sort of live-bait-spinner arrangement that works in the rapids.

Although the smallmouth is primarily an underwater feeder, he'll often watch the surface for his meals, especially at dusk and before dawn. Then, the surface lures—the poppers and such—will coax him to strike. In Missouri, where anglers often float down Ozark streams on rafts, surface lures are used with consistently good results.

Smallmouth or largemouth, in Missouri or Maine, bass are a fisherman's fish. And, if you're one of America's 40,000,000 anglers, you can't go wrong by making a pass at a bass. ▲▲▲

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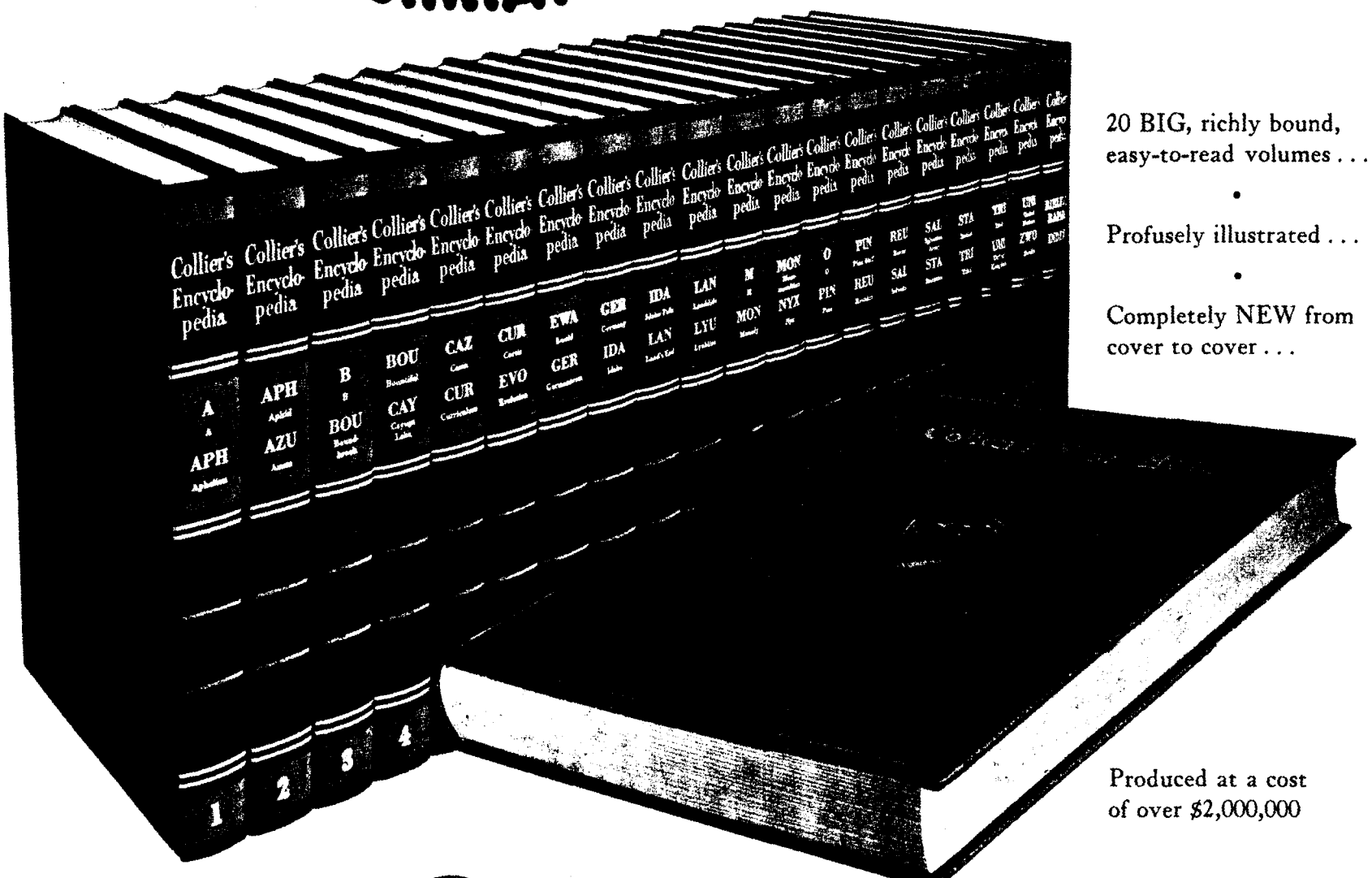

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The Deadly Mermaid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

banana republics before, and in the Far East before Mao, and it was the thought of those sloppy firing squads that always bothered him most. He hoped he would never face one of those squads, but it was always an occupational risk. He had seen it done poorly, in Burma and China, and usually it took a number of volleys.

When the big plane landed at Piarco Airport, he stood impatiently in line and passed the customs and immigration officials. After checking his outbound ticket and funds with the police, he took a cab into Port of Spain. The air of Trinidad was so warm, after Washington's chill mists, that it was like a blow in the face. He joked with the cabdriver about the nearness of festival time, and got out in front of the Queen's Park Hotel.

After looking at the people strolling along the edges of the cricket fields and around the closed race course, he walked through the lobby but he made no attempt to register. Skirting the crowded bar, which was resounding with clipped British accents, he went down the corridor to Room 32. A voice answered his knock, and he opened the door.

THE man sitting across the room nodded pleasantly, and they shook hands and smiled at each other. The man from Dayton glanced at the mirror and commented on the resemblance between them.

"So you're Harry Donner?" said the real Harry Donner. "Well, except for about ten pounds, you damned near are, at that."

"For a while," said the newcomer. "You going north?"

"Nearly to the North Pole," answered Donner. "They want me completely out of it."

The other man smiled and began to strip. They exchanged clothes. When the man from Dayton was dressed again, in worn but expensive gray flannels, he gave his baggage checks to the Caracas exporter. "Maybe not for long," he said mildly.

"I hope not," said the man who was going nearly to the North Pole. "Be careful of those credentials, my friend. And stay out of Caracas. My wife is fairly beautiful, but nearsighted. She wouldn't have a chance with you."

They both laughed at that, and the newly invested Donner picked up the two bags and walked out of the room again. He paid his bill at the hotel desk and got a cab to the airport. In an hour he was flying toward Haiti, checking the battered cordovan wallet for clues to his new identity. . . .

When he had passed through Haitian customs, Harry Donner picked up his bags and walked out of the Port-au-Prince airport building. Squinting in the brilliant sunlight, he listened patiently to the importunings of the cabdrivers. Finally he picked out one of the jabbering men, said, "You," and followed the limping driver to his car.

They drove through the crowded streets of Port-au-Prince, past the faded pastel houses and the luxuriant tropical growth, and turned across the square. The president's palace was so white it hurt the eyes. The cabdriver was voluble; his name was T'Goos, and he could furnish anything—voodoo ceremony, cockfights, fishing trips—anything.

Harry Donner was beginning to sweat hard, but he could not take off his coat. Answering the resourceful T'Goos with nods and monosyllables, he watched the population of the Negro republic flow by along the roadside. The cabdriver left Port-au-Prince and started up the winding road to Pétionville. The vivid orange-colored blossoms of the *flamboyant* trees arched over the road, and the traffic got heavier and faster.

Harry had forgotten about that road. He had not been in Haiti for a long time. His right leg stiffened and his stomach contracted, as T'Goos sent the cab hurtling into a blind curve. The little driver seemed almost uninterested as he roared up the steep road's edge, with vehicles streaming down at him from above. T'Goos was switching the ignition on and off with the right hand, and with his left he kept up a steady tattoo on the horn, as though he could avoid destruction by the sheer noise of his coming.

On the left of the road were drives turning up toward big houses, and on the right, a sheer precipice dotted with palm and banana trees. The American had his choice: he could watch the cars, trucks and busses bursting out of the hairpin turns with hair-raising suddenness, or he could stare down into the tremendous tropic ravine under his right elbow.

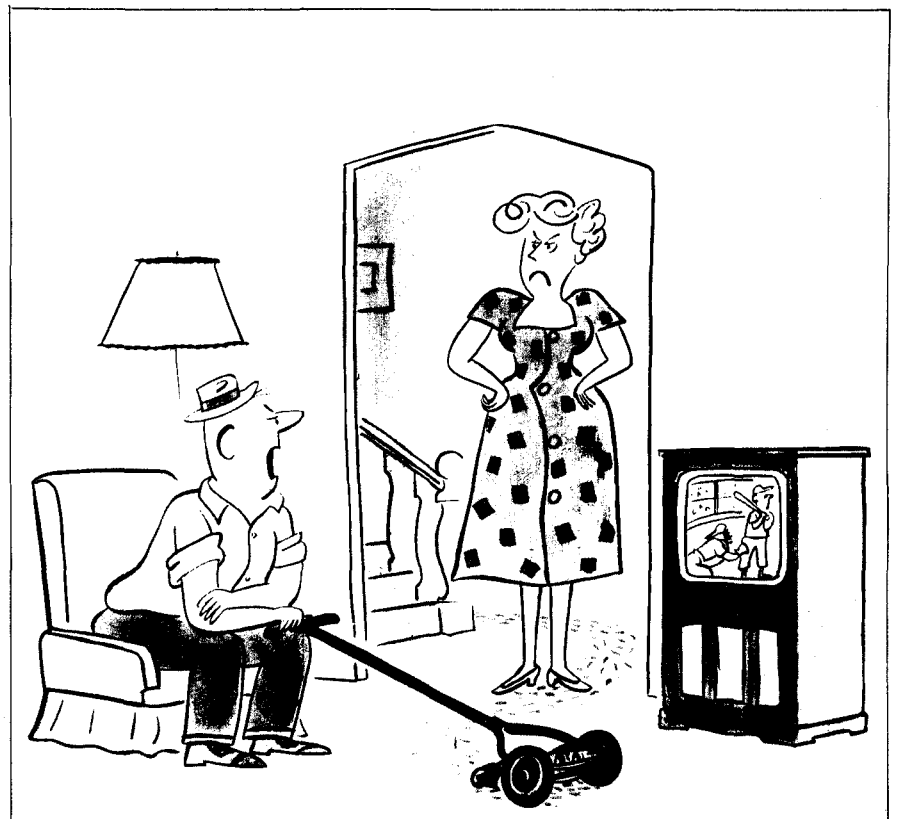
He knew that nothing could be done about the ignition-switching business, because T'Goos fondly believed that he was conserving gasoline by this maneuver. So Donner sat rigid, flinching only when a fender grazed a donkey's rump or nearly shunted some of the walking natives into the abyss. The Haitian women carried burdens on their heads, and most of them held their shoes in one hand. Within the city limits, they would put the shoes on, because that was a police regulation. Everyone had to wear shoes in Port-au-Prince.

As the cab approached Pétionville, the air grew noticeably cooler, and by the time they turned into the landscaped drive of the Hispaniola Hotel, the oppressive tropical heat of Port-au-Prince was gone.

Harry was signing the register when a feminine voice with a marked French accent said, "Welcome to Haiti, monsieur."

He turned, smiling at her, and said, "Thank you."

She was a woman in her early thirties, poised and chicly dressed. The back of her hair was tied in a yellow scarf, and her hair was snow-white; so that she looked like a particularly elegant cockatoo. This one has been all over the shop, he thought automatically, but she's still in good shape. She shook hands with him, saying that she was Micheline Gerard, hostess for the hotel, and that Mr. Rusk would like to see him in the bar—after he had washed up. Harry nodded and followed the boy who was carrying his bags.



COLLIER'S

"Can't you stand to see a guy take a minute's rest?"

BRAD ANDERSON

HIS room was modern, decorated in bold colors, and the only antique note was the telephone. It was one of the military case-type jobs that had to be cranked. The outer wall, except for the doorway, was all glass, and it was hung with plastic blinds. A long pool, glinting blue under the fierce sunlight, was surrounded by umbrella-shaded chairs and tables.

Across the pool, to the left, was the slab-roofed but unsided circular bar, and beyond it the dining room. There were floor lamps made of tall drums, and striking Haitian murals on the walls. In an open space beyond the bar there was a dance floor, and under its roof Donner could see batteries of baby spotlights and the speaker for a public-address system. The whole hotel was grotesquely like a Hollywood set, with the swimming pool and the modern building, and the surrounding banana stalks and palm trees waving away toward the smoky green hills.

Harry Donner smiled and unbuckled his shoulder holster. He was wondering if all the tourist enterprises had left any room in Haiti for the Haitians. As he dropped the holstered pistol to the bed, someone knocked on the door lightly, and he shoved the gun under the pillow.

MADAME GERARD was standing on the terrace outside. The wind fluttered the vivid yellow scarf around the back of her striking white hair. She held a frosted glass out to him. "A custom of the house," she said.

"A pleasant custom," Harry said. He took the glass and held it up to her. "If it tastes like the bearer looks, I'll want more."

Madame Gerard smiled.

"I know," Harry said, smiling down into the glass. "They all say it, so I said it too."

She said, *"Merci,"* smiled faintly, and walked back toward the office. As he closed the door, he heard her high heels tapping on the tiles. Sighing, Harry sat down on the edge of the bed and took another sip of the rum Collins. It was fine; and in the drowsiness of the afternoon, he thought that it would not be too hard for a man to order several more and forget what he had come to do. . . .

After he had had a shower, he finished the drink, dressed and walked across the terrace to the bar. It was circular, made of glass bricks, lighted inside. Several people were sitting on the high stools, and more were at the tables on the terrace beyond. When the bartender came over, Harry asked him where Mr. Rusk was. The dark man in the white jacket turned and pointed to a terrace table.

Bill Rusk was a handsome, heavy-shouldered boy. He was sprawled at a table alone, wearing a scarlet sport shirt, glistening white sharkskin shorts, and sandals. There were two silver ice buckets on the table in front of him, and over a dozen wineglasses. As Harry Donner watched, the stocky boy drained one of the long-stemmed glasses and tossed it over the parapet of the terrace.

The wineglass shattered on the steps below, and a white-coated servant came around the corner, as if on cue, and began to sweep up the pieces of glass. With his broad face filmed by sweat, the frowning Rusk mixed another drink in a new glass. Harry went over, introduced himself, and Rusk shook hands and waved at a chair. "So you're the feller that's supposed to pick up the other half of the tab on Vito's film?" he said.

"If I like the idea, yes," said Harry.

"Bueno!" the young Texan said, smiling lazily. "People generally call me Bill, but it ain't my real name. Later on, if we get to be real neighborly, you can call me Willoughby. It's a caution to jay birds, but that's what I was christened as a helpless baby. Willoughby Rusk."

Donner laughed and watched Willoughby mix two drinks. They were half-champagne and half-cognac, and they tasted fine. After a few routine remarks, Donner asked about the glass throwing.

"It's the way I keep count," said

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Rusk gravely. "Most people drink too much, but I try to avoid that. I get two dozen glasses, and throw 'em away when I've had a drink. Then when I'm out of glasses, I know I've had enough."

He spoke in a perfectly serious voice, as if this was the only logical way to avoid overindulgence in alcohol.

Harry nodded, wondering what the glasses cost. "When you've had the two dozen drinks," he said, "then you pack it up?"

"I never get that many," Rusk said, shaking his head with annoyance. His hair was long in back, and sun-bleached. "Somebody always drops by, like you. That cuts it way down. Several people come—bang. Guess what?"

"Everybody starts barking like a fox," suggested Donner.

"No, sir!" Rusk said, greatly amused. "You have to send for more glasses, that's all." After he had twirled the stem of his glass, he drained it and tossed it over his head. The dutiful waiter crept around the corner and swept up the pieces. Donner looked around, but nobody at the bar seemed to have noticed.

THEY sat in silence for a while. Once Rusk asked if Donner could spearfish well, and Donner said not very, but that he was interested in learning. The stocky boy nodded and pointed out over the bay, far below them, at a white vessel. He said that was his yacht, the Cataplume, and that tomorrow they would take her around to Cap-Haitien. He explained in a slurred voice that Vito Pellone had already flown up to Cap-Haitien from Port-au-Prince and was waiting for them, with all the equipment. Donner said it must be a good-looking boat.

"Not bad," Rusk said. "Twin Diesels; can convert sea water, give you three hundred and fifty gallons of fresh water a day; sleeps eighteen."

Donner looked again at the vessel in the harbor; the yacht must have been a lot larger than it looked. He was still staring when a bellboy came up and told Bill Rusk that Mr. Bradford had called and would like to have the car sent down for him.

Rusk shook his head. "Call the parsimonious oaf back," he said harshly, "and tell him to spend a dime on the *camion*. The car has gone to take some spear points down to the machine shop."

The bellboy nodded and walked away. Everybody seemed nervous around Rusk, as if they expected him to blaze up suddenly.

Harry had finished his drink, and Rusk took his glass out of his hand and winked.

"Watch," he whispered. As before, he tossed the glass over his head, and as before, the servant crept out to sweep it up. The Haitian was bent over the pieces, when Rusk let another glass go. It shattered less than a foot behind the servant, who jumped frantically and stood shaking his broom at Rusk.

The people at the bar were laughing. The young Texan took a roll of bills out of his pocket and flipped one down at the broom brandisher, who picked it up, made a sweeping bow, and began to pile the glass shards into a neat heap.

As he leaned back, Harry knew that someone had walked up behind him. He thought it must be another waiter come to protest the horseplay.

Rusk looked up, over Donner's head. "Sit down, Brad," he said.

Donner did not turn, and after a few seconds had passed, a very tall, almost gaunt boy, dressed in absolute Brooks Brothers simplicity, circled the table rapidly.

"He's mad," Rusk explained to Donner, "because I didn't send the station wagon for him. But why the hell should I? He's got more money than both of us put together, and yet he undersells the native fishermen whenever he has a good catch."

The tall boy dropped into one of the chairs and looked at Donner with moody intensity. When Rusk said, "Harry Donner, Cameron Bradford the Third," the tall boy nodded.

"His friends call him the waltzing stork," Rusk added, "and he's got no more manners than a hog; too much breeding, I guess. Notice that pencil-shaped head?"

"How are you?" Bradford said to Donner, then he put both elbows on the table and dropped his head into his hands. His hair was dark, but like Rusk's, it had that sun-rusted glint on it.

"A real pedigree," Bill Rusk continued, motioning at Bradford. "When the Mayflower docked, this kid's ancestors were holding high tea on the shady side of Plymouth Rock."

Cameron Bradford, the thin boy of such illustrious lineage, didn't seem to have heard. He stared at Harry Donner and spoke with bitterness, "The stupid Tuscan prince, Pellone, let ten cases of film and the new Fenjohn underwater camera come into the country air mail," he said in a high, piping voice. "Now this absurd government wants eleven thousand gourdes' duty on the stuff. I told Vito somebody had to bring it in as personal baggage, but no."

"Don't fret about it," Rusk said. He was mixing three drinks; Bradford watched the bubbles swirl up in his, but he did not touch it.

"Pure filth," he said, and he shoved back from the table, and got up. "Well, you know about the film and the Fenjohn. It's your problem now. I spent three hours down there with those ignorant people in the *douane* office."

"I'll bet that was a big help," Rusk said, but Cameron Bradford was already gone. He hurried across the terrace toward the hotel entrance, his long legs working like scissors. His arrival, comments and departure had all been abrupt.

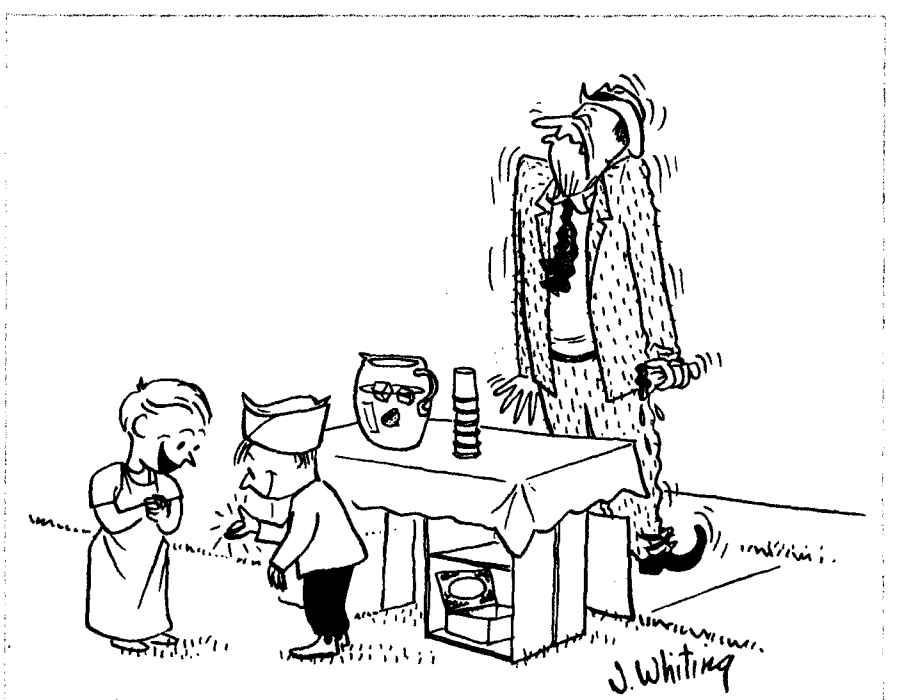
The sun was dropping down below the mountain to the west of the hotel, and the bar was cooling in the shadow. After talking with Rusk for another half hour, Harry Donner got up and went back to his room. There he stretched out on the bed, listening to swimmers splashing in the blue pool, and thought things over. He had spent the last few years of his life trying to observe and categorize people, but the first two on this Haitian deal, Rusk and Bradford, seemed a little too obvious to be true.

AT EIGHT o'clock, Harry put on his coat and went out to eat dinner. He was escorted to Bill Rusk's table by the bowing maître d'hôtel, but the young Texan was not there. The tables were crowded. A six-piece orchestra was playing, and large moths fluttered through the glare of the baby spots. One of the musicians was banging a *gran'père* drum with wild abandon. He wore a scarlet shirt with yellow stripes; and the waiter said that he was TiRoRo, king of the Haitian drummers, and that he had made many recordings. Harry Donner watched the man's hand spank the drumhead with incredible speed.

When he had eaten, Donner walked to the front entrance of the Hispaniola, and called for T'Goos, the cabdriver. The little man came up, limping but enthusiastic, and Harry told him to drive down to the casino in Port-au-Prince. It was beside the harbor, and dark water lapped at the piers beyond it. Donner went through the lobby, past the cheap games, and bought fifty dollars' worth of chips at the crap table.

The place was humming with action, and most of the male guests wore tropical evening clothes. The ladies, in the gambling rooms and in the open-air café beyond, wore evening dresses. The roulette wheels spun, the white balls skipped and the dice rattled in the chuck-a-luck cages. Harry played the front line, taking all the odds, and held on to his fifty dollars for nearly two hours. When the last of it was gone, he had a drink at the bar and walked back out to the cab.

Going back up the hill toward Pétionville, he listened again to T'Goos's glowing reports of the good life that could be found in Haiti if a man was only willing to break out his traveler's checks. As he lounged in the back seat, Harry thought about the casino. It was



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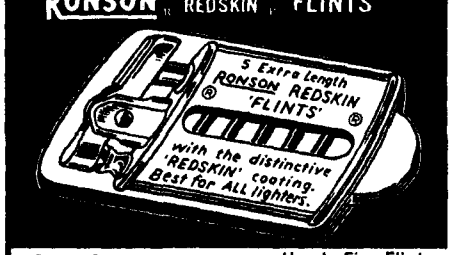

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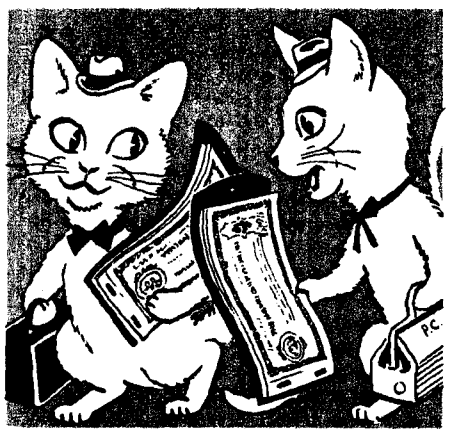

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operated by an Italian syndicate, and all the stick men and cashiers seemed to be Italian, although they spoke good English.

When the car had nearly reached the turn off the main road, toward the Hispaniola, Donner leaned forward and tapped T'Goos on the shoulder. "I want to go to the house of Vittorio Pellone," he said, and the little driver stepped on the brakes and stopped the car. He did not turn around, or comment, but his shoulder had stiffened.

"Do you know where it is, Pellone's house?" Donner asked.

T'Goos nodded. "Very far from here; higher than Kenscoff," he said.

"All right, let's go," Donner said.

"Not much petrol," said T'Goos, and Harry Donner leaned over him and looked at the gauge. It showed half full.

"Let's go," he repeated; and T'Goos said that the trip would be five dollars extra; and Donner laughed and said it would be three dollars extra, and to roll on.

Leaning back, Harry pondered the risk involved in prowling Pellone's house without adequate preparation. Pellone was supposed to be in Cap-Haitien, but Donner could not wait to set up the search. If he did not leave Port-au-Prince on schedule the next day, with Rusk and Bradford, the delay might create suspicion.

AND he had to know something about Vittorio Pellone: the books the man read, the food in his kitchen, his mail, the way he hung his clothes up.... These isolated factors, taken together, made a pattern such as every human being created by living in a place very long. If Pellone was a ranking Communist agent, that news would not be in his house; but the implications of his personality would be everywhere.

Ordinarily, Donner would have approached the search with more care. He would have arrived at the prowling hour only after a thorough reconnaissance. Now he had to go blundering in and imperil his cover-identity as the man from Caracas. Donner's right leg tightened as the taxi swept around the hairpin turns.

The car went up the mountain, and after they had gone past Pétionville, enormous masses of deep scarlet poinsettias began to line the road on both sides. The air was beginning to chill.

After they had driven for half an hour, T'Goos swung off into a narrow side lane, bumped between two high stone walls, and stopped in what seemed to be a stable yard.

"Wrong place," he said, and began to back the car up. The rear wheels passed over a crate, and there was a loud buckling sound.

Donner swore, reached forward and turned the ignition key. "Friend Goos," he said, "we will now get back out of this chicken roost and go to Pellone's house. If you pull this 'wrong place' routine once more, I will knot up your scalp a trifle. *Comprenez?*"

Sullenly, T'Goos said he understood, and after much jockeying got the car turned around and back on the main highway.

They rode for twenty minutes more, and the road got worse. Finally, at the edge of a cliff, the driver stopped the car beside a high wall. The house beyond the wall was dark. Harry Donner reached over and took the ignition keys. Then he opened the hood and removed the distributor cap.

"Wait for me," he said, and he dropped his pack of cigarettes into T'Goos's lap. A match flared as the driver lighted up. All the tourist unction was gone out of his face; his protuberant eyes were flat-lidded. He nodded and blew the match out.

Donner turned toward the house. The iron gate set in the wall was locked, so he put one hand on a tree limb, near the corner, and pulled himself up. With the other hand he felt the top of the wall. It was smooth, and that helped; lots of them were studded with jagged glass. Swinging over the wall, he dropped into the darkness of the garden.

When his feet had thumped to the ground, he crouched, waiting for a dog to bark, for a shout to come. Nothing he moved up again. There was a bathroom on his left. He went past it toward the bedroom and the large studio room beyond that. Standing against the wall, Harry felt himself getting jumpy. He had prowled a lot of such places, and there was something wrong with this stillness, but he could not place it.

This time he stayed motionless for ten minutes. Finally, moving cautiously, he went into the large studio room. At the far end of it curtains were drawn, and a faint radiance from the town far below filtered through them. The rest of the room was pitch-black. Harry's hand grew moist on the butt of the holstered .38, and his head kept

COLLIER'S **"Funny, how seriously girls take a harmless little office flirtation . . ."** KIRK STILES

happened. The windows were still unlighted, and he worked his way to the front door and felt the lock carefully. Using the pick on his key chain, he opened it and walked into the hallway.

When the door was closed behind him, he waited again. A bird whirred in the night outside, as if it might have been startled, and he opened his coat and loosened the holster. After his eyes had become partially accustomed to the gloom, he started walking from room to room. In the front, there was a library of books on spear-fishing and diving. Hans Hass's books and several by the Frenchman, Cousteau; Heine's verse; albums of records, African, Polynesian and Haitian music; no papers.

THE little beam of Donner's flashlight probed ahead of him, as he passed through the kitchen, bathroom and dining room. The place was well furnished; there were tiles on the floor and rough-textured, bright-colored curtains. There were expensive cameras in a closet, two of them fitted out with plastic cases for underwater stills; also clothes and two damaged spear guns.

Donner couldn't find a letter, or a private paper. The house was too clean. Switching off the light, he moved toward the stairs. The first one creaked, so he backed off and skipped it. Slowly raking from side to side. Your nerves are going, soldier, he told himself; you're not alone in this darkness.

When this knowledge hit him, Harry realized that he had been stupid enough to leave himself silhouetted against the open door. Stepping to one side, he slammed it, heard a click from across the room, and fell to the floor. As he went down, he was clawing his pistol out of the holster. Something hissed over his head and jarred into the door with tremendous force. Harry lay on the floor, his index finger tensed on the trigger, and when the lights flared on he nearly squeezed a shot off.

A woman was sitting on an ornate sofa beside the curtained window. She was smiling at him, and there was a Cernia spear gun in her right hand. She was slender and lovely, young but not so fresh any more; and excitement had tightened her thin face and fluted her nostrils.

Harry Donner turned to stare at the barbed spear still quivering in the door. There was a dry acid taste in his mouth as he got up slowly and shoved the pistol back into the shoulder sling. "Glad I didn't have on a white shirt," he said.

She dropped the spear gun and stretched. A lock of long hair, colored like muddy honey, fell across her brow, and she brushed it back with long-nailed fingers. "Pretty close," she admitted. "But you didn't send a card up. I didn't know."

Harry Donner sank into a chair, slapping at the dust on his trousers. He was stalling, trying to feel his way. As he searched through his pockets for a cigarette, he was also trying to place the woman who had nearly killed him. There was something familiar about her.

She tossed him a package of cigarettes, and he pulled one out and lighted it. As he blew on the match, he remembered two things simultaneously. The first was a factor that had bothered him so much when he was moving through the dark house: fresh cigarette smoke. It had been in the house, and he had missed it. Feeling foolish, he nodded thanks and threw the package back to her.

She caught it neatly, and got up to cross the room, as he meditated on his second discovery. She moved cleanly, like a cat, with precision, and he remembered all the pictures that had been taken of her. Her name was Ruth Horan, and she had been the principal in a celebrated California murder case several years ago.

SHE came back across the room, put a glass on the arm of his chair, and poured it half full of rum. He nodded, and watched her sink back down onto the couch. "What were you looking for?" she said.

"A man named Pellone," he said. He gave her the rest of the story about the fishing documentary; also about how he had shouted at the front gate, and found the door open. She knew the last statement was a lie, and she smiled slightly as he said it. While they talked, he remembered the details of the Horan murder case.

Ruth had been married to a physics professor. They had lived in Pasadena, and she had run an interior-decorating shop. Trial testimony had brought out the fact that some strange forms of animal life lounged through this shop. Languid lads and fiery radicals had made it a rendezvous. One night the professor had caught Ruth cozy with one of these odd-ball friends, and had burst in with a revolver. When the fracas was over, both the husband and friend were dead, and Ruth had come out unscathed. After a press carnival that lasted for months, she had been acquitted on her self-defense plea.

Now she seemed to be living with Pellone, or at least in his house. Somebody had done a lot of work on the place, and he supposed it was Ruth. The wall hangings were hand-dyed, and the furniture was beautifully carved. She saw him look around, and said that she had a gallery down in Port, selling masks and paintings by native artists.

Harry got up. "Sorry if I scared you," he said, and she arose from the couch and began to pace. The sleeveless dress accentuated her rounded figure, and he could see the nicotine stains on her fingers, as she waved her glowing cigarette.

"Nobody scares me," she said. "This is a really free country. All you've got to have here is an idea. Nobody bothers you."

"What do you mean, nobody bothers me?"

He caught her free hand and pulled her toward him. The green eyes turned smoky, as she swung toward him, but he pulled her in and kissed her. Then she broke loose and slapped him hard. Laughing, he grabbed her wrists and kissed her again. She was whimpering

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with fury at first, and then her lips relaxed.

When he released her, she stumbled backward and called him an impolite name. Suddenly she turned and said, "Here's something you never saw before, burglar from Caracas!" and yanked the curtains back from the wide window. Donner's pulse was hammering; he shook his head slowly and said, "No," he had never seen that before.

Port-au-Prince was far below them, a wonderland of scarlet neon and pure white and yellow abstractions, with the dim Caribbean Sea opening beyond. Harry had seen Hong Kong and Sydney and Rio, and he realized that this view was equal to any of theirs.

"It's a jolt, princess," he said. "I was going, but if you can afford another rum for the burglar, I might stick around a while."

She laughed at that, throwing back her honey-colored hair. Below them, the lighted panorama of the harbor shimmered, and the scarfed leaves of the palms rustled outside. All in the line of duty, Harry admonished himself ironically. This one is a hamper of cobras, so play it cool. After this sage advice, he played it as cool as he could.

When Donner came back over the wall, he could see the tip of T'Goos's cigarette glowing behind the wheel. Raising the hood of the car, Harry replaced the distributor cap and got into the front seat. Tossing the keys to the silent driver, he said, "Tool on down the pike, friend Goos."

The driver started the car, turned around, and they went rolling down the mountain. When Harry asked if T'Goos knew a Mr. Keighly, cultural attaché of the American Embassy, the driver nodded. "Go to his house," Donner said.

They drove on, past the entrance to the Hispaniola, and turned into a steep driveway. As they approached the house, dogs began to bark; so Donner did not get out. He told T'Goos to call Mr. Keighly.

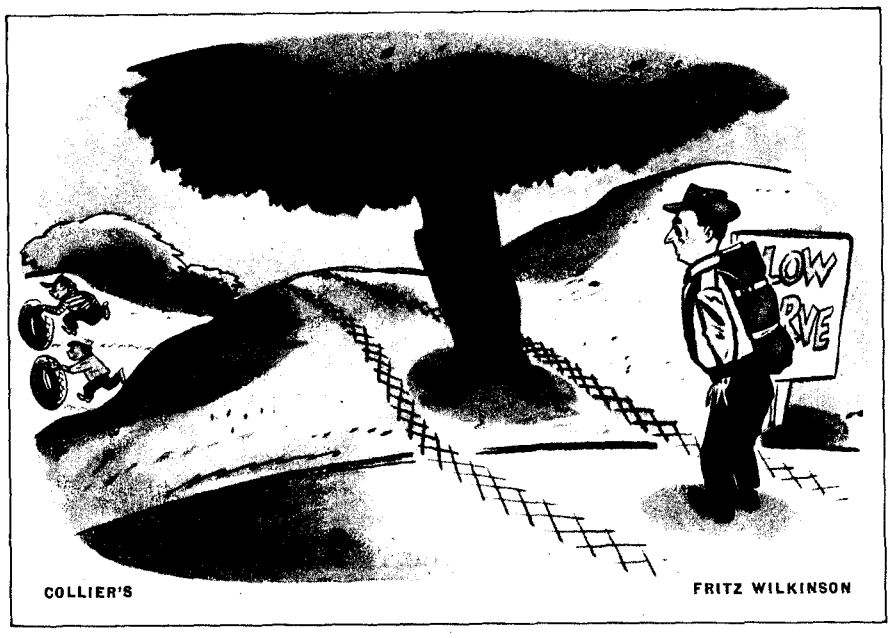
THE driver shouted, and lights flared on upstairs. After a few minutes, a middle-aged man in a dressing gown came out and stood beside the car. He was surrounded by an aura of indignation. Harry told T'Goos to get out and stand in front of the headlights. The driver did, and Donner began to speak rapidly to the embassy representative.

He said the certain word, and then he said that he did not want the woman in Pellone's house to be able to call Cap-Haitien on the telephone. He did not want her to be able to catch the plane to Cap-Haitien, or to drive there. The attaché yawned and said that the telephone service was so bad that almost nobody could reach the other town, even with the help of the telephone company, and that the other angles could be handled.

"Not tomorrow," said Harry Donner. "I mean starting right now, as soon as you can get inside your house. And it would be desirable if the woman could not even make local calls."

"Right," the attaché said. He walked back toward the house, and Harry shouted to T'Goos. They turned around, under the palms, and drove back to the main road. When they were in front of the darkened hotel, Harry told T'Goos to come inside with him.

The night clerk roused as their footsteps echoed across the lobby. Rubbing his eyes, he handed Donner a special-delivery letter. Harry nodded, and he and the cabdriver kept walking. As they passed across the terrace, slurred



laughter and feminine squeals came from the swimming pool. Donner recognized the man's voice as that of Bill Rusk. Busy boy, he thought.

When they reached the room, Donner asked T'Goos to wait on the terrace. Stepping inside, he locked the door and examined the letter. It was postmarked Caracas. Unbuckling his gun sling, Harry hung it on a chair and walked into the bathroom. Returning, he opened the letter and read it, holding a razor blade in his right hand.

It was a rambling, affectionate letter which said that the children were well, but that Gomez (obviously a servant) had got bruised in a cantina brawl and was unable to work. The rest of it was local gossip, and it ended with several "x's" for kisses. The message was signed: *love, Barbara,* in a bold scrawl.

Donner smiled briefly as he remembered his prototype telling him about the beautiful, but nearsighted wife.

Placing the letter on the glass-topped table, he numbered the lines and began cutting with the razor blade. It was an involved operation, and as he worked in the silent room, Harry looked like a patient lunatic working out a homemade jigsaw puzzle. In twenty minutes, he had reassembled the cut strips, phrases, and letters, and a new message was plain under the lamplight.

Motor ship Cnossa, Greek ownership, Panama registry, at sea out of Vera Cruz. Both forward hatches filled rifles, light machine guns, ammo in battalion strength. Believed heading for rendezvous, transfer, Haitian coastal waters. Vittorio Pellone identified as former Skorzeny lieutenant, and Rome reports dangerous. Carib Air alerted but unable locate Cnossa. Advise direct if necessary.

After he had read the message several times, Harry Donner swore softly. He had got in late; they were about to jam him up. It appeared that the intelligence of the whole Caribbean Division had blundered, and that the revolt had been moved ahead. "Advise direct" meant that he could cable or telephone in the open, and that was never allowed except in extreme emergencies. His eyes were bloodshot with fatigue as he sat blinking, watching the scraps of the letter burn in the ash tray.

GOING to the door, he unlocked it and invited T'Goos inside. Motioning the driver to a chair, he poured out a drink of bourbon and took a new U.S. one-hundred-dollar bill from his wallet. He put the drink and the bill on the table and nodded to T'Goos.

The driver took the drink straight, and shuddered. All his pat tourist aplomb and salesmanship were gone. He was tired, and he wanted to go home. He looked at the holstered pistol hanging on the back of the other chair and said that Donner had been in the Pellone house a long time; that he, T'Goos, might get in trouble with the government.

"You might," Donner said. He was sitting on the end of the bed. "But not for a little thing like that. We're going to be here a while, and if you talk up a big storm, without lying, the hundred dollars will be yours. If you lie or evade, your car will be searched tomorrow, and enough Sinaloa opium will be found there to guarantee you a long jolt in jail. You might even get shot."

T'Goos stared at the white man in dazed disbelief. His face was an ebony mask shining with sweat. It was hard enough to have the man act so unlike a tourist, but this threat was worst of all. Narcotics smuggling was worse than murder in Haiti. "I got no opium," he said hoarsely, and licked his lips.

"I know you haven't," Donner said. "But it will be there when the police come, because I will have it put there."

T'Goos's eyes flickered over the pistol, the hundred-dollar bill and the lounging man on the bed. "Could I have another drink?" he said.

Donner nodded, and the cabdriver's hands trembled as he reached for the bottle.

"Now, friend Goos," said Harry Donner gently, "how do you want it, hard or easy?"

"I'd like to have the money," T'Goos said. Donner nodded. He began asking questions, quick and pointed, and several times the cabdriver's eyes widened with surprise. The men talked for nearly two hours, and from time to time T'Goos refreshed himself from the bottle. When he had had all he thought he could get, Harry Donner himself poured a last drink. As he handed it over, he palmed chloral hydrate powder into the glass and swirled it briefly.

After a few minutes, during which T'Goos talked drowsily, as if he were mired in a great swamp of fatigue, the driver rolled limply out of his chair onto the floor. Harry Donner sat watching him for a few seconds, and then he kicked off his shoes and lay back on the bed fully clothed. Looking at his watch, he saw that he could sleep a little less than three hours. Establishing the waking time firmly in his consciousness, he switched off the light and went to sleep, as dawn began to outline the dark hills toward the Dominican Republic.

(To be continued next week)

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I Worked for Three Presidents —

WHAT F.D.R. TOLD

Did Roosevelt consider the general as Presidential timber? What did Stalin really think of Roosevelt, and why did U.S. delegates at Tehran live in the Russian compound? A man close to F.D.R., Truman and Eisenhower begins an exciting inside story of mighty historical events

By CMDR. WILLIAM McK. RIGDON, USN

The author, who took Roosevelt's dictation, with the boss at Malta. The British sergeant at the right drove the President's jeep around the island which heroically resisted the Germans

FOR the last 11 years I have served under three Presidents as assistant to their naval aides. With two of them, Roosevelt and Truman, I traveled 300,000 miles, over oceans and deserts and mountains, from the frozen mist of the Arctic Circle to the sultry heat of the tropics. Meetings with generalissimos, prime ministers and kings became almost routine in the course of these years that still seem incredible to me—a small-town Georgian from Statesboro who enlisted in the Navy at eighteen, more than 30 years ago. In August I expect to retire; I have remained on duty longer than 30 years because I was asked by the present naval aide, Commander Edward L. Beach, to help him get onto his complicated job.

I have never traveled with President Eisenhower, but I have had the privilege of seeing him in many places at many times, mostly during the war. He seemed to me a man intent on his job; always friendly, always courteous, but always—especially when the occasion was social—a bit restless to get back to his main task.

This impression, which is purely my own, was strengthened when President Roosevelt was en route home from Yalta. General Eisenhower had been invited to meet the President at Alexandria, Egypt, but said in a message from his military headquarters: "Although I deeply regret my inability to meet you at the point suggested, I am sure that my absence from here at this time would be most unfortunate. Floods have held up an important plan [presumably the U.S. Ninth Army's advance to the Rhine] and some changes will probably have to be made that no one except myself can authorize. I truly appreciate the courtesy of your invitation." Roosevelt's reply to the general showed that he understood and approved.

I know about that exchange of messages because one of my duties on all Presidential trips was to keep the official log. I also acted as the President's secretary (I take shorthand), handled his mail, operated his mess and occasionally, as at Potsdam, served as housekeeper.

My story begins on a bleak morning in October, 1942, in the desolate Aleutian Islands, where I was serving as a warrant officer on the destroyer tender USS Black Hawk. As ship's clerk, I had the job that day of decoding messages, and I found a stack of them. I never did learn who decoded that stack; I didn't get beyond the very first. It was an order from Washington detaching me for duty on the staff of the President's naval aide, Captain (now Rear Admiral) John L. McCrea, my friend and former executive officer.

It was Captain McCrea, a few weeks later, who introduced me to President Roosevelt. "This is William McKinley Rigdon," he said.

The President looked up, amused at my Republican-style handle. "With a name like that, what are you doing here?" he asked. I explained that, notwithstanding my name, I was from Georgia, and that I had a brother named Lincoln Rigdon.

"Your father must have been a courageous man," said the President.

My first trip with F.D.R., in April of 1943, was an 8,000-mile rail journey to war installations all over the country, with a side visit to Monterrey, for a conference with Mexico's President Camacho.

I remember two events of that trip especially well. First, somebody forgot to put horse meat on

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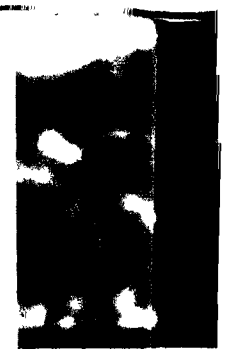

MacARTHUR

board for "Sister," an Irish setter belonging to F.D.R.'s cousin Laura Delano, who was one of the party. The train was held half an hour at Alexandria, Virginia, while a member of the White House staff sped over in an official car with Sister's horse hamburgers.

Then, at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, a training center for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, WAAC commander Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby (now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) staged a review to show the President that her girls were real soldiers. A regiment of WAACs was lined up for review, and in the background were numerous other trainees standing stiffly at attention. But the moment Roosevelt's car appeared, the recruits broke ranks and came running toward him, waving their arms and screaming with excitement. Order was soon restored by the experienced officers. F.D.R. enjoyed the whole show.

Two months later, on July 30th, the President left Washington on a trip that caused more wild rumors than any other journey he ever took. Actually, the President merely wanted a vacation. To ensure privacy, he didn't take the press into his confidence; he just disappeared, destination unknown except to members of his party. This extreme secrecy caused imaginations to run riot. The most persistent rumor was that Roosevelt was meeting Stalin. There were other suggestions that something big was cooking in the war. Meanwhile, Roosevelt was at Birch Island, Ontario, fishing for bass and having a fine time.

We lived on our special train, parked on a siding about 200 yards from the water. An access ramp was built for the President from his railroad car to a small dock, where a Navy whaleboat always was ready for him. Each day the President went out in his boat, taking lunch with him. He caught many fine bass, and on the way in each day would select fish to be served for his dinner or

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Roosevelt went to Pearl Harbor in 1944 to confer with General MacArthur. A number of notables greeted him at the ship, but the general arrived later—and alone

Roosevelt was Eisenhower's guest at Tunis in 1943. Later, when the President was in Egypt, he invited Ike to visit him, but the general was not able to accept

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

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What did Roosevelt believe about the chances of living in pea

breakfast. The rest of his catch went to the dining-car steward, free—and I remember with mild resentment that the steward charged us the regular tariff for fish dinners. (I was then a commissioned officer and had to pay for my keep.)

Although the rumors of a Stalin meeting had been all wrong, they had this much basis in fact: President Roosevelt had wanted to meet the Russian marshal since the early days of the war. For a long time Stalin was reluctant, but when F.D.R. persisted, the marshal finally agreed to a three-power conference, to be held at Tehran, Iran —near enough to Russia so he could keep tight control of the Red armies. Neither Roosevelt nor British Prime Minister Churchill liked the site—it was hard to reach, bitter cold in the winter and lacked communications—but Marshal Stalin held his ground.

On the evening of November 11, 1943, the President slipped away from the White House and motored to the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia. There, in the dead of night, he secretly boarded the yacht Potomac and moved down-river to rendezvous with the battleship Iowa in Chesapeake Bay. A special brow was rigged from the Potomac to the Iowa, and the President was moved from one to the other in his wheel chair. My friend Captain McCrea, F.D.R.'s former naval aide, was in command of the great dreadnought, one of the most powerful afloat.

The Potomac was instructed to proceed to an obscure destination and remain out of touch with shore for at least a week, to create the impression the President was cruising aboard her.

The Iowa put in at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on November 12th to take on fuel oil. Fueling was completed at 10:20 P.M., and we were ready to go—but we waited. It was Friday, and the President had the old sailor's superstition about beginning a voyage on Friday; he directed Captain McCrea to remain at anchor until after midnight.

At Six Minutes Past Midnight

Finally, when Saturday was only six minutes old, the Iowa set course for the Mediterranean, accompanied by a three-destroyer antisubmarine screen. En route to Tehran we were to stop at Cairo, where the President would confer with Churchill and China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

It was on this voyage that I first saw the special cruise gear always installed on ships for F.D.R.'s use. There was an elevator from his deck to other decks, there were ramps over all deck obstructions so his wheel chair could pass, there was a bed about 12 inches longer than normal, and there were special bathroom fixtures. Instead of the usual showers, F.D.R. needed a tub with handrails so he could lift himself in and out. He also had a low mirror so he could shave (with his straight-edge razor) while seated in his wheel chair.

You'd think this special gear, which had to be installed at a Navy yard, would have resulted in security leaks, but it never did, so far as I know.

The President's mess was established in the Iowa, staffed, as always, by the wonderful Filipino cooks and stewards from his yacht. We drew on the ship's stores for most of the food, but had some extras—hominy grits for such Southerners as F.D.R.'s military aide, Major General Edwin M. (Pa) Watson of Alabama; and oysters, shrimps, avocados, casaba melons and certain spices and seasonings which we knew the President or some of his associates liked. We also took with us—as we did on every trip with F.D.R.—a supply of bottled Saratoga Springs water, the only kind he would drink at home or abroad.

Commander William McKinley Rigdon is unusually well qualified to write an inside story of the travels of F.D.R. and Harry Truman. Not only were his contacts with them intimate, but he wrote shorthand and thus he was able to keep a complete, accurate diary

I soon learned that F.D.R. was very fond of corned beef hash for breakfast —and that it always gave him a stomach-ache. Also I learned that he used an enormous, heavy cup for his breakfast coffee, perhaps to steady his hand, which often trembled.

On this, as on other voyages, we assembled in advance a small library of guidebooks, plenty of whodunits, and enough movies for a show every night. F.D.R. was a real movie fan; he never seemed to see a picture he didn't like.

Sunday, November 14th, was a day of excitement that just missed being a day of disaster. The Iowa put on some air-defense exercises, with live ammunition, as a demonstration for the President. Suddenly there came a sharp announcement over the public address system: *"This is not a drill! This is not a drill! This is not a drill!"* Immediately the huge ship went into radical maneuvers, leaping ahead from 25 to 31 knots.

The Iowa's battle lookouts had detected the wake of a torpedo coming toward us from the destroyer William D. Porter of our antisubmarine screen. A quick exchange of signals informed us that it had been fired accidentally. The torpedo passed astern the Iowa and exploded at the end of its run.

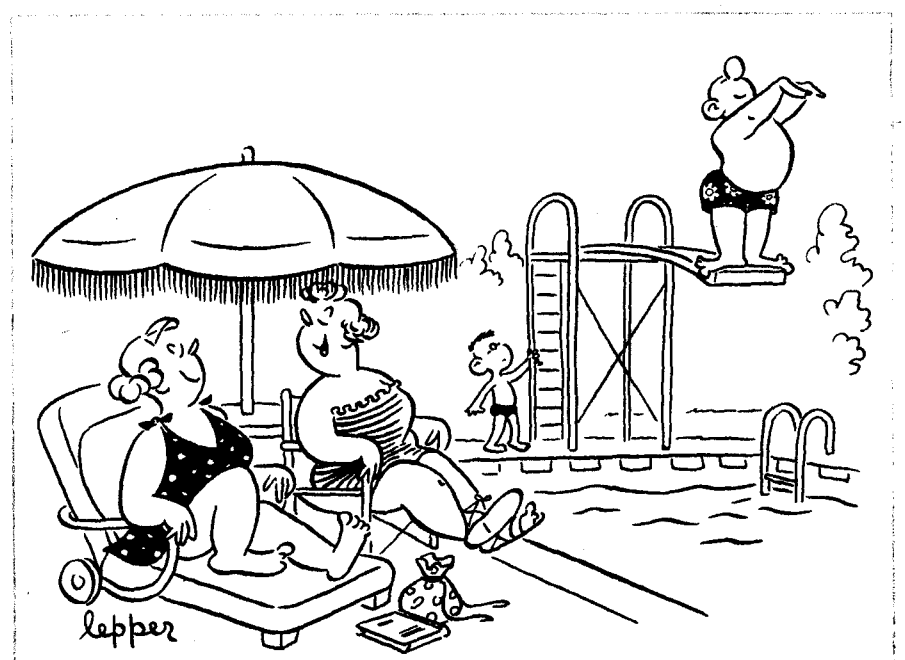
How the Torpedo Was Launched

There was an immediate investigation, which disclosed that salt spray from the rough seas had apparently bridged an open electrical switch on the torpedo tube, thus starting the ejection mechanism and sending the torpedo on its way. President Roosevelt after getting the facts decided no one was to be punished.

During the voyage, F.D.R. spent much time on the flag bridge, relaxing in the sun. He would sit there for hours, sometimes alone, sometimes talking with friends. He had served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy from 1913 to 1920, and on sea voyages, as at home, he loved to tell stories beginning "When I was in the Navy . . ." Other favorite topics were his reforestation work at Hyde Park, his early experiences in politics, and his exploits at sailing and fishing. On Sundays at sea he always attended divine services.

Absolute radio silence was observed. We could receive, but not send, messages. Once when there was an urgent message to be transmitted, the destroyer Ellyson was called alongside, and the encoded message passed to her by hand. She left our formation and proceeded a safe distance before sending the message, rejoining us later. The use of her radio transmitter made the Ellyson vulnerable to enemy detection, but her quitting the formation protected the main body of the task force.

On November 20th, the President left the Iowa at Oran, Algeria, where he was met by General Eisenhower, and by Franklin and Elliott Roosevelt, both



COLLIER'S **"This is his specialty—a half gainer. The other half is belly-flop . . ."** EDWIN LEPPER

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th Russia after the Yalta agreements?

in uniform. The President and the general flew together to Tunis, where F.D.R. was the general's guest for two days. The relationship between them seemed extremely cordial. They entertained each other at dinner and toured battlefields together, talking and laughing and relating personal experiences.

The flight from Tunis to Cairo was made at night to avoid interception by enemy planes based on German-held Crete. Two groups of Allied fighter planes were sent out from Cairo to escort us. There was official consternation in Cairo when both groups reported they were unable to find us, and real alarm when we failed to arrive on schedule. We finally got in two and a half hours late, with a simple explanation: President Roosevelt had directed his pilot, Major Otis Bryan, to fly 150 miles off course so he could see the Nile Valley, the Sphinx and the Pyramids!

"Instead of staying home night after night, you should be out playing cards with the boys!"

COLLIER'S — MORT TEMES

F.D.R. presided at the Cairo conference, as he did at all the wartime meetings with our allies. He was in a happy mood, eager for work and talk. He and Churchill saw much of each other. At all plenary sessions, Madame Chiang accompanied her husband. They both appeared cheerful and optimistic.

Our present Ambassador to Russia, Charles E. Bohlen, came down from his post in the American Embassy at Moscow and joined the party at Cairo, to serve as F.D.R.'s interpreter in the Tehran meetings with the Russians.

On Thanksgiving Day, F.D.R. was Churchill's host at turkey dinner; we had brought the turkeys from Washington. Roosevelt was attired in his dinner jacket, Churchill in his blue bomb-shelter suit. A GI orchestra provided music (including, by request of Prime Minister Churchill, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny and Old Man River; and by request of the President, The White Cliffs of Dover). There was much speechmaking.

Before we left for Tehran, General Eisenhower flew to Cairo for another meeting and was decorated by F.D.R. with the Legion of Merit. "I particularly appreciate this decoration," the general told Roosevelt, "because it's the one medal any soldier can earn."

The flight to Tehran was uneventful, but once there we ran into a problem: our group filled the American legation building to overflowing, so it was necessary to put up a tent in the yard for the Filipino cooks and stewards. Late that night I found all six Filipinos huddled in the kitchen, waiting for the meetings to break up so they could sleep on the dining-room floor. Ortig, the chief steward, told me that they wouldn't sleep outside because they feared the Russians.

The Russians were uneasy over our living arrangements. Stalin insisted that F.D.R. move into the Russian compound so he could be protected against the swarms of Nazi agents still in Tehran. F.D.R. was not much impressed until Averell Harriman, then our ambassador to Moscow, reminded him that if he refused Stalin's offer the Russians would hold Roosevelt responsible for any injury Stalin might suffer as he drove through the city to the American legation. That did it, and we moved in with the Russians. They may have been right; the danger of assassination no doubt was very real in a large city of mixed population that had been under German influence only a few months before.

The first time I saw Stalin, I was surprised to find him almost small—but stocky. He was wearing a camel's-hair topcoat, a dark-blue uniform with red stripes down the trouser legs and a single decoration on his blouse.

Soviet Russia's dictator showed immediate interest in Roosevelt. Several times while I was with F.D.R. in his private quarters, acting as his secretary, Marshal Stalin would come in for informal visits, accompanied by an interpreter. Stalin would smile, ask casual questions, comment on the weather and explain the equipment on the Russian desk F.D.R. used.

I got the idea Stalin felt something close to real affection for Roosevelt. At the British state dinner, given on Churchill's sixty-ninth birthday, Stalin made some significant remarks, which are recorded in my log.

"I want to tell you from the Russian point of view," he said, "what the President and the United States have done to win the war. The most important things in this war are machines. The United States has proved that it can turn out from 8,000 to 10,000 airplanes per month. Russia can turn out, at most, 3,000 airplanes a month. . . . The United States, therefore, is a country of machines. Without the use of those machines, through Lend-Lease, we would lose this war."

This dinner was a love feast. Stalin toasted Churchill as "my fighting friend," and Churchill responded by raising his cup to "Stalin the Great."

The President had given his state dinner earlier. From my viewpoint, its main feature was the ingenuity of the Filipino cooks and stewards. The kitchen at the Russian Embassy, into which they moved at four o'clock, had been stripped. Ortig came to me in great distress. How could they serve a

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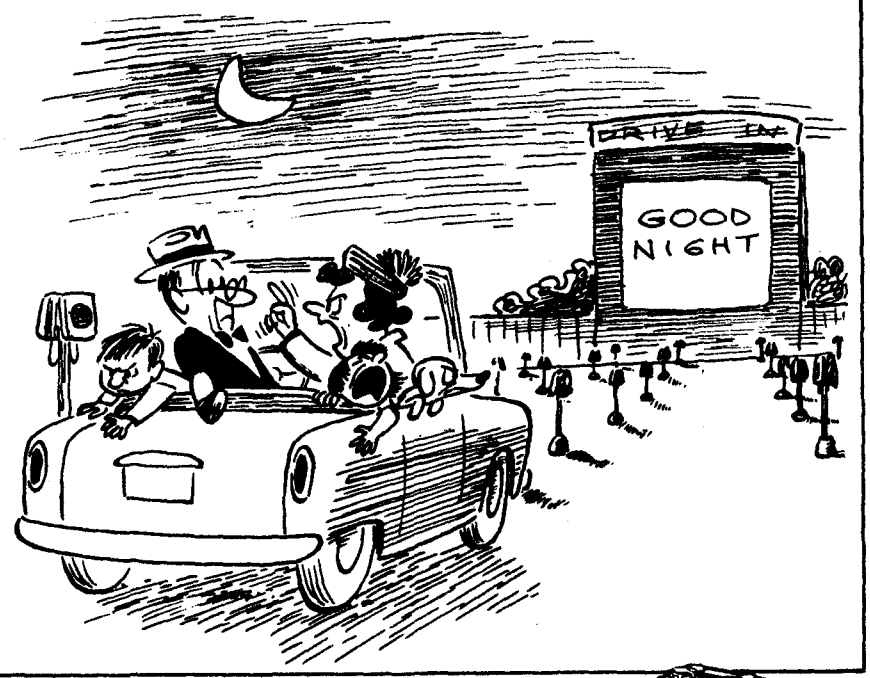

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Ibn-Saud was so pleased with the curried lamb our men served him that he asked F.D.

big dinner without food or a stove to cook it on? I called for help, and Major General Donald H. Connolly, commander of our Persian Gulf Service Command, sent a field range and as much choice food as an Army camp could supply on a moment's notice. The dinner was good and perfectly served.

The President could not get out for personal shopping at Tehran, but some Army officers arranged for a small bazaar to be set up in his quarters so he could buy some gifts. After he had made several selections, he looked around at me and said he needed $91.25. I advanced the money from my mess fund. I was his banker often after that; he rarely had money with him. He'd buy something, then ask me or some member of his staff for a loan. I would be repaid when we got home.

I tried to get the names of the civilians about the place for my log and because the American delegates wanted to give them some small gifts, but I couldn't. On the final day at Tehran, I learned what may have been one reason: many of the Russian household workers showed up in the uniforms of officers—all the way up to general.

After Tehran, we went back to North Africa; the Iowa awaited us in Dakar. On the last night of the return crossing of the Atlantic, another serious mishap was narrowly averted. The weather was stormy, the night black. We were navigating by radar when we discovered a large unidentified ship crossing our course dead ahead. We had to break security—signaling openly to the ship, a merchantman, and turning on our running lights—to avoid a collision.

Seven months after our Cairo-Tehran trip—which had taken us 17,442 miles—we were on the move again, this time for a cruise to Hawaii and Alaska.

Seeing the Southwest by Train

The Democratic convention at Chicago was just six days off when President Roosevelt left Washington on July 13, 1944, for San Diego. It was assumed, of course, that F.D.R. would be nominated for a fourth term; nevertheless, he told us in private he did not intend to sail until the convention had finished its business. Our train made a long stop at Chicago for conferences with Democratic political leaders. Then, to kill time, the train wandered around the Southwest—Kansas City, Topeka, Wichita, across Texas from Amarillo to El Paso, across New Mexico to Yuma, Arizona, and down to Calexico, California. We moved so slowly the storage batteries in cars ran down, and once there was a stop of four hours while they were being recharged.

On all his long rail trips, F.D.R. liked to have the train stop several hours each night so his party could sleep. The trainmen found that no problem on the way from Chicago to San Diego. But there was a security problem. The energetic Mrs. Roosevelt was along, and so was the equally energetic Fala. At many stops, they got out for a walk; invariably, both were recognized. Word passed along the route, and crowds began to grow in size at nearly every station.

The evening of July 21st, our party boarded the heavy cruiser Baltimore. It was a Friday, and once again we waited until after midnight to sail.

On this cruise, Fala became a political issue because of a false report that he was unintentionally left on one of the Aleutian islands and had to be rescued by a destroyer at great cost in fuel, man-hours and everything else F.D.R's political opponents could think of. We never learned the origin of this story. It was false in every respect. The only untoward event involving Fala was that he fell victim to souvenir-loving sailors who wanted a bit of his hair, and almost got sheared before we restricted him to the President's country (as F.D.R.'s area on shipboard was called).

The main purpose of the visit to Hawaii was for the President to meet with General Douglas MacArthur and Admiral Chester Nimitz. Admiral Nimitz was on hand with fifty or more other top military men and civilian dignitaries to meet the President on his arrival at Pearl Harbor.

General MacArthur—although we understood that he reached Pearl Harbor before we did—didn't call until afternoon, and then he came alone. The President later wrote a warm letter to "Dear Douglas," in which he said:

". . . It has been a most successful, though all too short, visit and the highlight of it was the three days that you and I saw each other in Honolulu . . . You and the others, both in the North and the Southwest, have been doing a really magnificent job against what were great difficulties, given us by climate and by certain human animals . . .

"And to see you again gave me a particular happiness. Personally I wished much at Honolulu you and I could swap places—and personally I have a hunch you would make more of a go as President than I would as General in the retaking of the Philippines!

". . . Someday there will be a flag raising in Manila—and without question I want you to do it. As the day comes nearer I wish you would let me know personally any thoughts you have. Maybe I will be vegetating at Hyde Park but in any event my heart will be with you. Give my warm regards to your wife and the youngster—someday I shall hope to see them."

The trip to the Aleutians was uneventful. The weather was foul, but F.D.R. seemed to have a good time.

Back in the States after a stormy trip down the coast, he delivered, at Bremerton, Washington, what I consider the poorest speech he ever made.

Because this speech prompted rumors that the President was through, that he was drunk and a lot more, I'd like to give you the facts. Roosevelt spoke from the deck of the destroyer Cummings, which was moored inside a flooded dry dock at the Puget Sound Navy Yard. This mooring was chosen to give the crowd more space. The President decided to speak standing, supported by his leg braces, the first time he had used them in many months. He never did like them; they were painful, and he was never too sure of himself while standing with their aid.

The speech was 35 minutes long; the forecastle deck of the Cummings, on which he was standing, was uneven; we were hemmed in by high walls of surrounding buildings, and there were numerous loud-speakers. Echoes and reverberations blurred F.D.R.'s words, and we learned later that the radio pickup was terrible. He became very tired before he finished; afterward he was so completely exhausted that we had to put him to bed. In addition to everything else, he did not follow the text he had dictated to me.

That's the story. He had not taken too much—if anything—to drink. I never saw him under the influence of alcohol—though he liked Martinis and was proud of his ability to mix them. He was not "through." Next day he was himself again.

In her book, F.D.R., My Boss, Miss Grace Tully said I was at fault for letting the speech run so long, and for making poor arrangements for its delivery. I don't think the criticism is deserved. I never edited what the President dictated, nor changed arrangements he wanted made. Miss Tully was a civilian secretary and friend, and doubtless could argue with F.D.R. But he was my commander in chief, whom I sought to obey in every detail.

On January 23, 1945, President Roosevelt, newly inaugurated for a fourth term, embarked from Newport News, Virginia, on his most controversial voyage, the last he ever made. Destination: Yalta.

Once again, Prime Minister Churchill protested against the site; if we'd spent ten years hunting, he complained, we couldn't have found a worse spot than Yalta. But Stalin, as usual, had shown no enthusiasm for a meeting anywhere, and had finally insisted on a Black Sea location. So Yalta it was.

Benefited by Anna's Presence

The President was accompanied on the voyage by his daughter Anna Boettiger, whose presence seemed always to comfort and gladden him, especially on this trip. I have heard his physicians say that Anna was better for him than any medicine.

At the island of Malta, the Presidential party left the heavy cruiser Quincy, and F.D.R. boarded his plane, the Sacred Cow, which had met us there.

Commander Howard G. Bruenn, a Navy medical officer who was a heart specialist, went along to Yalta. Dr. Bruenn had been called in as a consultant when the President developed bronchitis after his return from Tehran. F.D.R. lost much weight in the course of this illness; he never regained it fully, and his face—as I now recall—seemed drawn from then on. But at the time, I did not realize anything serious was happening, nor did I think the continuing attendance of Dr. Bruenn significant. To most of those near the President, he continued to be the same old vital F.D.R.

At Yalta, the Russian leaders were out in force. Molotov was there, and Vishinsky and Gromyko, who was then ambassador to the United States. But so far as I know, Georgi Malenkov, who was one day to succeed Stalin, was not among the Soviet party. In fact, my log doesn't show him at any of the international wartime conferences, although he might have been present in some minor capacity.

We were quartered in Livadia Palace, the 50-room former summer home of the czars. The first floor was occupied by Roosevelt, and he had for his personal use that rarest of Yalta luxuries, a private bath.

The rest of us—about 100 in all—shared the one remaining bathroom. At first we thought that we'd make out all right, because the grounds were extensive, with heavy growths of trees and shrubs. But we soon learned that behind every tree (or so it seemed) lurked a Russian guard under strict orders to allow no idling in the park, day or night. Every time one of us tried to slip out, he was chased back by an armed Russian who didn't understand English—or nature either, apparently. I remember distinctly the discomfiture of Vice-Admiral Wilson Brown, F.D.R.'s naval aide, the night he was ordered, almost pushed, back into the house at an unfortunate moment.

During our stay, the Russians sup-

COLLIER'S

"It seemed silly to go all the way home and come all the way back again, so I just waited"

BLANCHARD

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...give him the cook. The cook ran, but Saud did get the recipe

plied, cooked and served our food, an arrangement which had certain drawbacks. When we asked for eggs for breakfast, they were merely dipped in boiling water, and served almost raw.

Alger Hiss, as all the world knows, was at Yalta. I saw him often, but never paid any special attention to him. He showed no signs of furtive intent, but appeared busy with his paper work. I was as surprised as any one, later, when he was found guilty of lying about passing secrets to Communists.

A rare event occurred in our party at Yalta: General Watson, ordinarily the friendliest and most genial of men, was aroused to fury by Presidential adviser Harry Hopkins. General Watson and Admiral Brown shared an apartment at Livadia Palace, and were resting in it one afternoon when Hopkins sent them word to turn it over to Prime Minister Churchill so he could have his afternoon nap. They protested, but Hopkins insisted that they get out at once. I don't believe the general ever did really calm down after that incident. Several nights later, after the conference had adjourned, he became ill. He died aboard the Quincy on the way home. Roosevelt felt the loss of "Pa" Watson deeply. It always seemed to me that the President loved his military aide more than he did any other member of his offical family.

After the Yalta meetings we went by air to Great Bitter Lake, midway through the Suez Canal, where the Quincy was waiting at anchor.

Once aboard her, F.D.R. sent Stalin a telegram which indicated that he was pleased with the Yalta agreements and had little premonition that they would someday stir up a controversy—or that our relations with Russia would deteriorate as they have. He said:

"Upon leaving the hospitable shores of the Soviet Union, I wish again to tell you how deeply grateful I am for the many kindnesses which you showed me while I was your guest in the Crimea. I leave greatly heartened as a result of the meeting between you, the Prime Minister and myself. I am sure that the people of the world will regard the achievements of this meeting not only with approval, but as a genuine assurance that our three great nations can work as well in peace as they have in war."

The message was dictated to me, and F.D.R.'s manner indicated that he believed exactly what he told Stalin.

Two Kings and an Emperor

Next day King Farouk called, attended by many officers, and two hours later the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, was piped aboard. The slender, grave little emperor was an impressive man—but the really awe-inspiring visit was yet to come.

On Wednesday, February 14, 1945, we saw the United States destroyer Murphy standing toward us from the south. As she approached, there unfolded the most fantastic pageant I'll ever see—a spectacle out of the ancient past, with a real Arabian king as the central figure.

Seated on a great throne on the foredeck was Ibn-Saud, ruler of Saudi Arabia. A tall, heavy man, he was in long black robes, with red-and-white-checked head scarf and gold head ropes. The destroyer's decks were covered with gorgeous rugs. Attending the king were numerous members of his court, in long robes with handsome brocaded ornaments. Royal bodyguards were everywhere, armed with long rifles and scimitars, and wearing great, ornamented scabbards. In the background were servants, live sheep and a specially rigged animal-slaughter scaffold.

Besides the sheep, the royal party brought along its own native fruits, its own coffee and large jugs of water from two holy wells—the only water Ibn-Saud would drink. Charcoal-bucket grills were used by the Arab cooks to prepare their meals during the voyage.

Every day just before prayer time, the Murphy's crew told us later, a court official would ask the ship's navigator to give him a bearing on Mecca, so the royal party could face in that direction while offering prayers to Allah.

One Arab custom caused most of the crew real anguish. Arabs oppose the use of tobacco, and in deference to them there was a strict no-smoking order. The order also applied to us on the Quincy, when Ibn-Saud and his retinue came aboard. Those of us in the President's party obeyed the order, so far as I know. I'm sure the President did.

That first day, the President gave a state luncheon, and there was much preliminary speculation among the anxious chefs and stewards. "What the hell do A-rabs eat?" one asked another. After carefully surveying the evidence on the Murphy's deck, we decided to serve up rice with curried lamb, and the greatest variety of condiments we could find. First came grapefruit, then the lamb, rice, fried onion rings, and ten condiments: almonds, raisins, green peppers, tomatoes, olives, pickles, egg yolks, whites of eggs, coconut—all chopped except the coconut, which was shredded. Also we had chutney. But there were no wines or liquors, of course: Moslems don't use them.

I confess to a feeling of trepidation as the lunch hour came on. My fears were not eased when Ibn-Saud seemed reluctant to begin, and the others looked cautiously at our food. But soon His Majesty tasted, and after that, all was well. He took several servings, and so did others of his party.

Then he paid us a high, and embarrassing, compliment—he asked President Roosevelt to give him the cook. It is not easy in that part of the world to refuse the request of a guest, especially a royal guest. Word got to the galley of the king's desire and Ordona, the chef, lit out for the depths of the Quincy, shouting, "No! No! No!"

When the time came for an exchange of gifts, Ordona was not included. But other items were which Ibn-Saud seemed to value greatly. He was somewhat lame from wounds received in desert warfare, and rather old (about seventy, I'd say), and he apparently had difficulty getting around. When he expressed interest in the President's wheel chair, he was presented with a spare we had on board (a second was sent to him later). F.D.R. also gave the Arab king a C-47 airplane, a gold Fourth Term Inauguration Medallion, some other mementos—and the recipe for our curried lamb with rice.

Ibn-Saud, in turn, gave Roosevelt a gold knife, a box of perfume, two leather cases containing Arabian clothing for himself and his sons, and sets of elegant harem attire for Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Boettiger. Every member of the President's party and every officer of the Murphy received an Arabian costume and an inscribed gold watch. Every bluejacket on the Murphy was given ten Egyptian pounds (about $28), every chief petty officer 15 pounds.

The Murphy presented the king with a pair of binoculars, a submachine gun and two Colt automatic pistols with ammunition; and Admiral McIntire gave the king's physician some penicillin.

Mrs. Boettiger missed this wonderful day, because it is against Arab custom to have women around when men are meeting with men, but she returned to the Quincy immediately after the royal party, and F.D.R. decided to do a little personal shopping. Native curios were brought out for his inspection. He bought several—and borrowed $39.25 from me to pay for them.

Arab-Zionist Issue Discussed

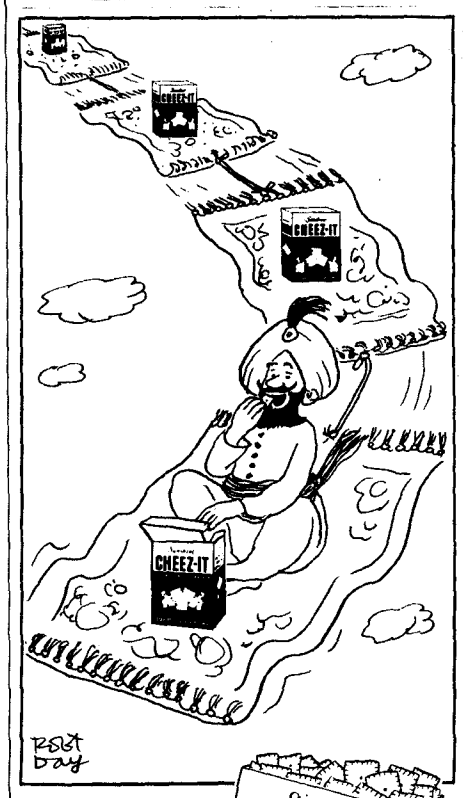
There was one discussion between Ibn-Saud and President Roosevelt which was the subject of much speculation and angry debate later, at the height of the Palestine controversy. Did the President promise the Saudi Arabian monarch that on the Palestine issue he would exert his influence for the Arabs and against the Zionists? The Arabs claimed as much at the time, and the Zionists hotly denied it. In 1945, a letter from F.D.R. to Ibn-Saud was made public, but I don't believe an extract of the actual understanding between the two chiefs of state has ever been published. Here, in paraphrase, is what was said, as taken from my log.

Ibn-Saud strongly opposed the coming of Jews to Arab country. He proposed that they be given living space in the countries that had oppressed them, and asserted that Arabs and Jews could never co-operate, either in Palestine or elsewhere. F.D.R. replied that he wished to assure the king that he would do nothing to assist the Jews against the Arabs and would make no move hostile to the Arab people. . . . When Ibn-Saud suggested sending an Arab mission to Britain and the U.S., Roosevelt said it was a good idea because he thought many people in America and England were misinformed regarding the Arab case in Palestine.

Late that afternoon, the Quincy hoisted anchor for Alexandria. Prime Minister Churchill was on hand there next day for lunch with the President. Then, after a stop at Algiers, we headed home. We passed through the Virginia capes at about noon on February 27th, transferred to the train at Newport News and proceeded on to Washington.

Less than two months later, Franklin Roosevelt was dead. I was not with him at Warm Springs when he died. I was with my wife, who was seriously ill at our home. I was sure, after that tragic April 12th, that I never could be happy at the White House again. But I was mistaken. There were still exciting days to come.

Next week, the author tells of President Truman's reaction on learning that the first atom bomb had been dropped, compares F.D.R. and Truman as bosses—and tells what happened to a Filipino steward named Ike after Eisenhower's inauguration



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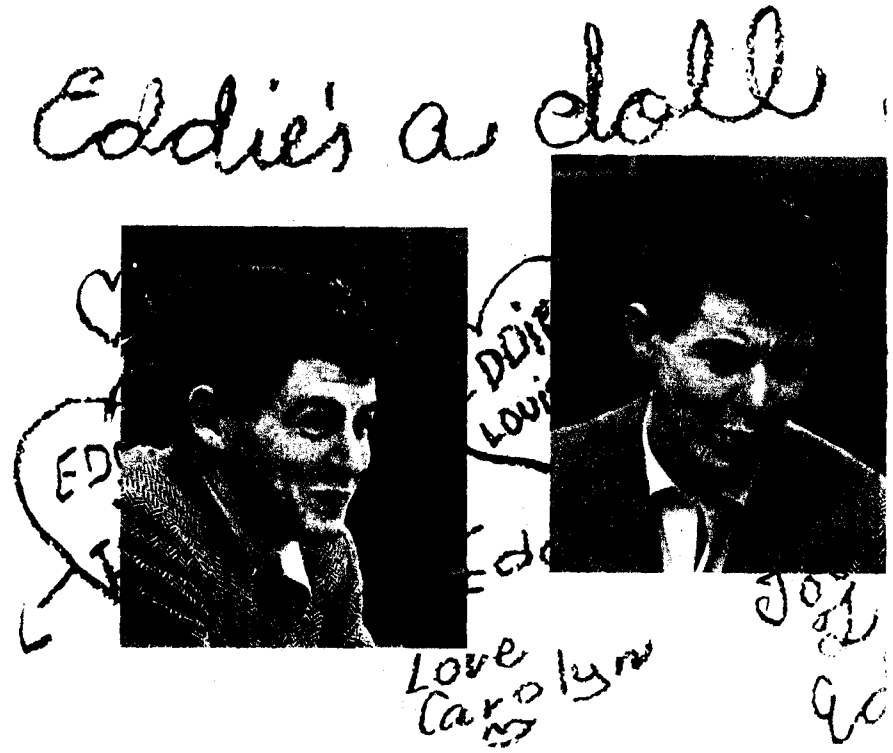

NOW IT'S

Rehearsing his TV show with host Don Ameche and gue singer Joni James, Eddie reads one of his 500 daily fan lette

Fisher, TV director Herbert Sussan (left) review producti headaches. At far right he shows forceful style fans lo

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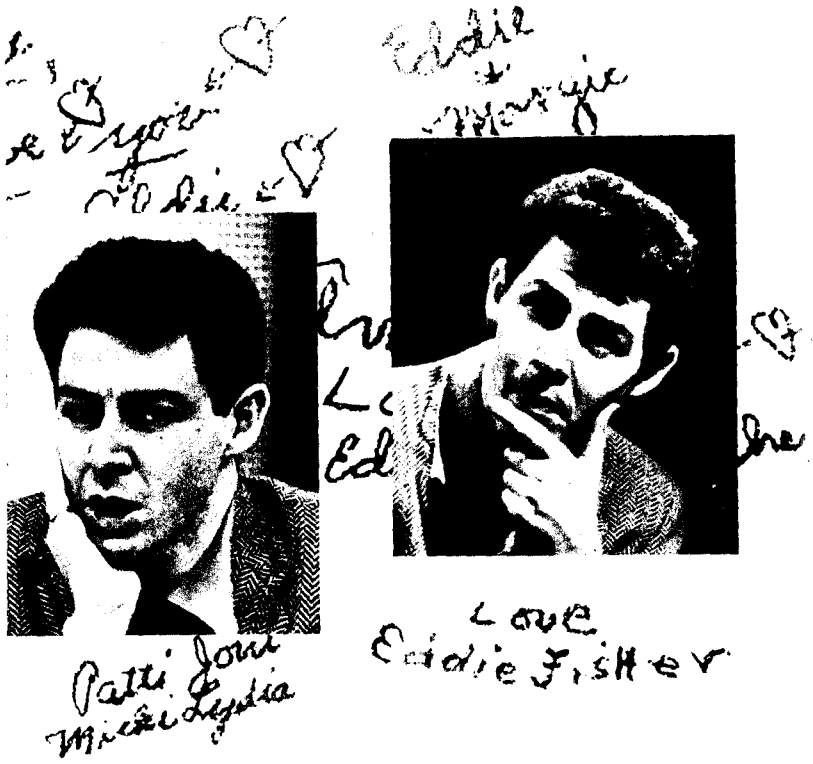

EDDIEEEE!

Each crop of teen-agers adopts a new singing idol. Today it is Eddie Fisher the kids are making rich, famous—and too busy to enjoy their adulation

THE wise men of the music business observe that each decade crowns its own swoon king. In the twenties it was Rudy Vallee. The thirties belonged to Bing Crosby. The forties, to Frank Sinatra. And now a boy named Eddie Fisher, bringing sweet pressure to bear upon the heart of the American adolescent, seems bound to capture the fifties.

Eddie's current way of life follows a now-familiar pattern. When he sings, the shrieks of his fans (*"Eddieeeee!"*) seem to rise from the depths of their bobby sox. He is mobbed on the street. His initials are lipsticked in heart-bound fashion on stage doors. He is deluged daily with 500 requests for his autographed pictures; and his New York office is stampeded by girls begging to lick the stamps which go on the photo-bearing envelopes. His records have a ready-made audience; he has sold more than 9,000,000 since 1949, when Eddie Cantor started the then twenty-year-old in big-time show business. His personal appearances consistently attract standing-room-only crowds (he recently broke all existing attendance records at New York's Paramount Theater, the mecca for popular vocalists). But the current climax to Eddie's success story is his new radio and TV show for Coca-Cola. His 15-minute program appears on NBC-TV two nights a week, then is taped to be heard on NBC and Mutual Broadcasting System radio. In all, he reaches a staggering 707 radio and television stations, more outlets than have ever been given to any other performer.

At twenty-four, reportedly making $400,000 a year and standing heir to all the frenzied adulation which the bobby-soxers can dish out, young bachelor Fisher has little time to enjoy his blessings. Since finishing a two-year stint in the Army last April, he's been busy tending to his show, making personal appearances, recording new songs and dickering with the five movie companies which are clamoring for him. Eddie is learning fame's exhausting pace. "A country-ful of kids swooning to go out with him," says a friend, "and what good is it? If I'd had as few dates as he's had time for in the last two years, I'd junk my job." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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ARE YOU AFRAII

Too many people are—and sometimes with reason. Here's ho

A MAN who bought a house without legal advice discovered afterward that he couldn't sell the property or even get a mortgage on it. A widow whose husband had neglected to make a will got only a fraction of his estate. A pedestrian hit by a bus signed a release for $500—then spent all of it, and his life savings as well, trying to regain his health.

Sound familiar? Yes, and with reason. One of the victims may have been your neighbor, an acquaintance, a relative—perhaps even you. Or maybe you read about the incidents in your newspaper. The truth is that most people think they can manage their own affairs without a lawyer's help—until they get into a jam. And then it's often too late.

Some people are loath to seek legal advice because they don't know any lawyer to go to. Others, according to the American Bar Association (ABA), are ignorant of their legal rights and therefore don't recognize a legal problem when they have one. But the main reason so many of us shy away from lawyers, the lawyers themselves admit, is a fear of being overcharged. People have heard too many stories (some of them unfortunately true) about people being gouged by unscrupulous attorneys. To remedy the situation, the ABA sponsors a nation-wide service to help the average citizen find an able lawyer—one he can be sure will not overcharge him.

It's called the Lawyer Referral Service and is now operating in more than 80 cities throughout the United States. The service is for the use and protection of the 40 per cent of our population with incomes ranging from $3,000 to $15,000 a year—too high to go to the philanthropic legal aid societies and too low to keep a lawyer on the payroll.

Although the Lawyer Referral Service opened its first office in Los Angeles 15 years ago, its greatest growth has been during the last two years under the energetic leadership of Theodore Voorhees, chairman of the ABA's Committee on Lawyer Referral Service. Twenty-one new offices were established in 1952 alone; altogether about 50,000 persons went to service officers for legal advice last year.

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)F LAWYERS ?

get legal aid with confidence

By PHOEBE RADCLIFFE

New York now has more offices than any other state with one in nearly every city. There's also an office in Boston, and others in most of the larger cities of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. In the West, Denver has an office and California soon will have branches in all its cities. In the South, Miami, Jacksonville and New Orleans have offices. The ABA's goal of a service office in every city in the country with a population of 100,000 or more is well within sight. In addition, several offices have been opened to give legal advice to members of the armed services, and others have been established for suburban areas.

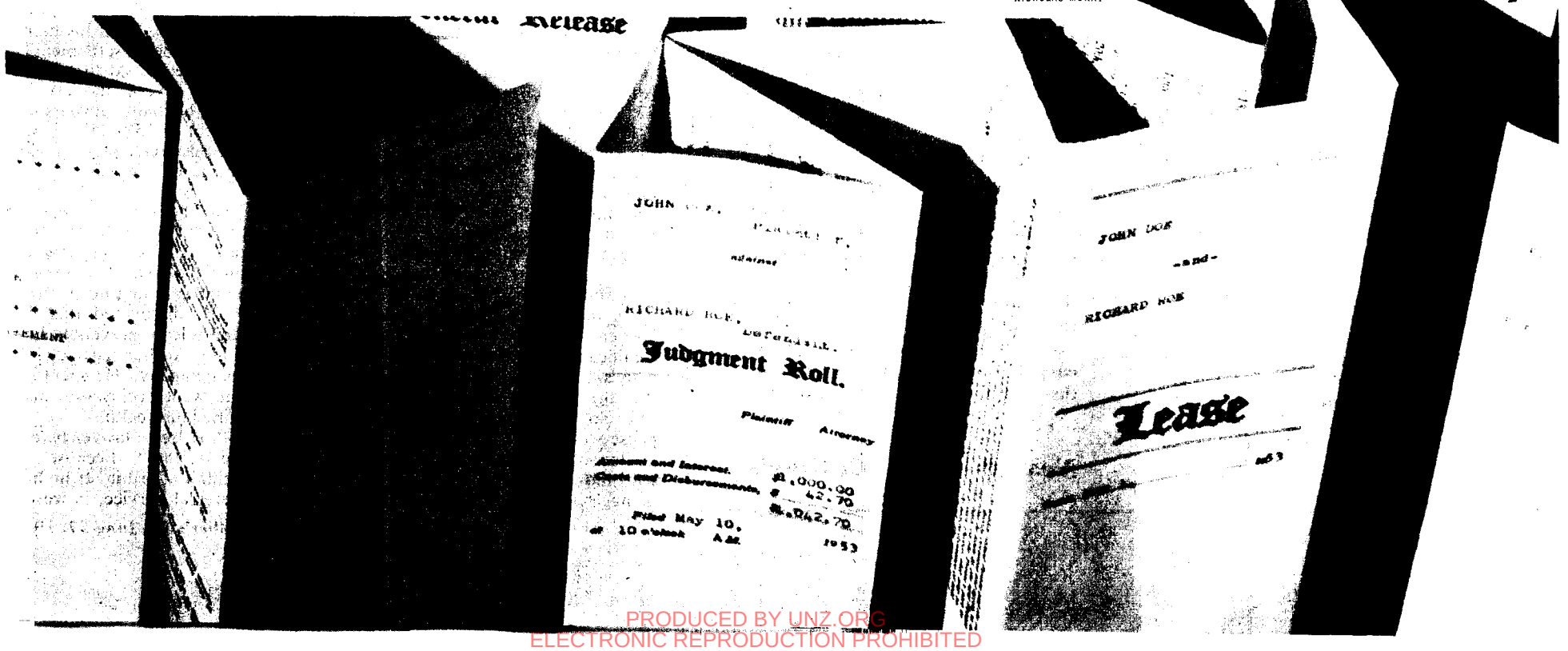
The offices are set up by local bar associations—state, city or county—in co-operation with the ABA. A group of public-spirited lawyers gets together and forms a Referral Service Committee, which rents the office, hires a director and interviews lawyers who are willing to serve on the panel. The number of lawyers varies with the needs of the community. In New York City's Borough of Manhattan alone, close to 500 are listed. Most of the expenses are paid by the local bar association as a public service.

The service offices work with efficiency and simplicity. Suppose you have a legal problem and don't know a lawyer to go to. (If you already have a lawyer in whom you have confidence, you don't need the service.) You look up the address of the Lawyer Referral Service—sometimes called the Legal Reference Service—in your local telephone book. If no office is listed, write to: Theodore Voorhees, Packard Building, 15th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania. He'll gladly tell you the address of the nearest branch.

You'll find the office conveniently situated in the center of the city. In Philadelphia, for example, it's in the City Hall Building. If the service shares the office with the local bar association—as many do—you'll enter a businesslike waiting room filled with lawbooks and filing cabinets.

Here a secretary takes your name, and soon a personable young man, usually in his late thirties, comes

NICKOLAS MURAY



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in and greets you. He is the director in charge of the office, a highly qualified attorney selected both for his tact and legal know-how. His salary is usually much less than he could make in private practice, so his job is more a labor of love than a financial bonanza.

The director takes you into his inner office and sits at one end of a table while you settle into a chair nearby. You tell him your problem, and after giving it careful consideration, he'll either advise you himself or will refer you to an able lawyer.

What the Director May Advise

He may tell you that it wouldn't be worth while for you to take your case to court, that you need representation in another state, or that yours is not a legal problem at all. Such advice costs you nothing—except in a few places where there's a nominal charge of fifty cents or a dollar. But if you had called on a lawyer whose shingle you happened to see on Main Street, you might have had to pay $10 or more for the same information.

Directors of many offices dispose of about half the cases on the spot. A typical visitor might be an irate woman who wants to sue the owner of a small shop. She had bought a coat and decided after she got home that she didn't like it. When she took the coat back to the shop and asked for a refund, the shopkeeper refused. Now she's determined to get her money back even if she has to take the case to court.

The director tells her that, according to the law, the shopkeeper is within his rights in refusing to accept the coat and return her money. All such purchases are legal contracts and there is no provision for the return of goods. Big department stores which permit customers to return merchandise do so not as an obligation, but to create good will, the director explains.

Directors must also cope with the inevitable quota of people who want to sue a transportation company for imaginary injuries, and they discourage diplomatically the handful of crackpots who just want to sue somebody to relieve their feelings.

However, if your case turns out to be complicated and the director thinks you need the services of a lawyer, he'll suggest that you consult one of the attorneys who has agreed to serve on his panel.

Suppose you decide to see the recommended lawyer. The director at once telephones him and makes an appointment for you at your mutual convenience. Your first half-hour interview with the attorney will cost you exactly $5, the standard initial fee under the referral service.

When the attorney has heard your story, he'll tell you what he thinks the future charges will be. It's difficult, of course, for a lawyer to determine in advance how much time a given case will require, but if any dispute should arise later as to fees, he has agreed to submit it to his local bar association's committee for arbitration.

Typical of the cases referred to panel lawyers was that of Mark S., a young engineer, who visited a service office in a big Eastern city recently.

"I've just received this letter claiming $800 damages from a man whose car ran into mine," Mark told the director. "That guy rammed my car at a street intersection and darn' near demolished it. I have the names of two witnesses who saw him run through a stop sign without even slowing down. I filed the required accident report only a few days ago and now that guy has the nerve to have a lawyer write me and claim damages!"

The director asked Mark if his car were insured. "No," Mark admitted. "I meant to take out insurance but I've just bought a house and didn't have a spare dime."

Since Mark's car was not insured, the director warned him that he was in danger of losing his driver's license. It would be suspended unless Mark put up cash or bond to cover the amount of damage. Mark thus was faced with the threat of losing his driving license unless he dug up several hundred dollars, and the possibility of eventually having to pay the claim—as well as the cost of repairing his own car.

When the director suggested that Mark consult a lawyer, he gladly agreed. Mark's lawyer investigated and found out that the other car carried liability insurance. The facts indicated that its driver was to blame for the crash. The lawyer advised Mark to make a claim for damage to his own car. A few weeks later the insurance company settled with Mark, and the other driver gave him a release acknowledging responsibility for the accident. Mark was compensated for the damage to his own car and he did not have to pay for the repair to the other car. He also kept his license.

While the Referral Service handled Mark's case successfully *after* he got into difficulty, its most important function is in the field of preventive law.

As one prominent ABA member put it, "People should be made aware of the vast difference between the cost of actual litigation and of professional guidance designed to head off or prevent litigation. Consultation with a lawyer is cheap by comparison."

Hearken to what happened recently to Jim Downes, a young advertising executive, who bought a house in the suburbs without consulting a lawyer. Jim paid for the house in cash with $12,000 he inherited from his father's estate and had the title searched by a title company—but decided to handle all other matters himself.

The title company issued a certificate which listed certain exceptions—tax liens against the property representing three years' unpaid back taxes, a total of about $1,500. Jim discussed the liens with the owner of the house and he promised to pay them off from the proceeds of the sale. But a few months later Jim received a letter from the purchaser of the tax liens saying he was filing notice to foreclose them. The previous owner had broken his promise to pay them off and they still stood against Jim's house.

Jim now discovered that unless he paid off the tax liens himself, the house might be sold over his head and, to make matters worse, he was also liable for penalties of 12 per cent on the back taxes, plus interest due the purchaser of the liens at the rate of 1 per cent a month from the date of sale, plus the charges for advertising the original tax sale. Altogether he owed just over $2,000.

His only alternative was to sue the original owner. Such a course would have been even more expensive because the man had moved to another state and Jim had neglected to put their agreement in writing. So he paid the $2,000.

If Jim had consulted a lawyer when he bought the house, the lawyer would have realized the significance of the title company's exceptions and insisted that the liens be satisfied at the title closing. And all Jim's expense would have been saved.

One of the most common—and most heartbreaking—cases of neglect in taking essential legal precautions is the failure of the head of a family to have a lawyer draw up his will.

Not long ago, Frank S., a thirty-seven-year-old real-estate broker, was killed in a railroad accident. Although Frank had a wife, and his four children were under eight years of age, he had not made a will. He had always meant to but couldn't seem to find the time. Anyway, he used to say, his family would get along all right if he did die. Didn't he own a house worth $30,000, and have $2,000 worth of life insurance and $1,000 in a savings account?

But after Frank's death, his wife found that she received only one third of his estate because there was no will. Under the law of her state, the other two thirds had to be held for the children until they reached the age of twenty-one.

Funeral expenses, current bills and old debts soon ate up the insurance, and Frank's wife sold the house. But after she had paid off the $10,000 mortgage, she was appalled to discover that she had only about $6,000 left with which to bring up her children.

To add to her distress, the court appointed a guardian for the children, and every time she needed money for doctors' or dentists' bills—or even for food and rent—she had to go to the trouble and expense of hiring a lawyer to get a court order before the guardian would allow her any of the sum held in trust. The law states that the principal in such cases must be kept intact. Moreover, the guardian was entitled to a certain percentage of the estate for his services. All this misery and privation because Frank didn't spend an hour to have a lawyer draw up his will!

Many people who have been seriously injured in accidents also lose large sums of money through lack of legal counsel. They come to the service for help *after* they have signed away their legal rights. By then, service lawyers rarely can do anything for them.

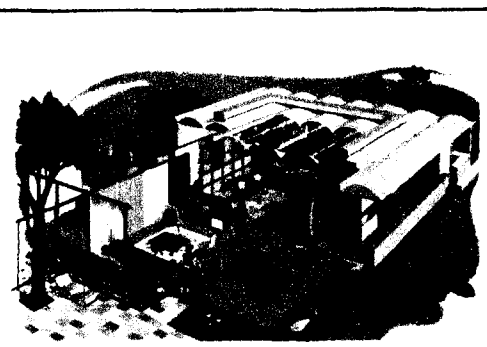
An Accountant's Bus Accident

P. H., a middle-aged accountant, was crossing a city street one stormy night when a bus skidded around the corner and knocked him down. He was taken to a nearby hospital, where a doctor told him that although he was badly bruised and shaken, no bones were broken.

The next day an adjuster from the bus company visited P. H. at his home and offered him a liberal settlement if he would sign a release. At first P. H. refused, but after several more visits from the adjuster, he finally gave in, accepted a settlement of $500 and signed the release. He felt pretty pleased with the transaction; he had expected to get only $200.

After P. H. had been back at work a couple of weeks, he began to have excruciating headaches. X rays revealed a skull fracture that would require a delicate operation and long hospitalization. And P. H. discovered that his signature on the release prevented him from making any further legal claims against the bus company. He spent his life savings and went deeply into debt before he regained his health.

Why didn't P. H. see a lawyer before he signed the release? Because he thought he couldn't afford it. If he had gone to the Referral Service, however,



Home, Sweet FACTORY

By RUTH MOORE and LUCIA CARTER

The house of tomorrow will be built like a modern factory—you will be able to move the walls as you desire. If you're giving a party, you can make the living room larger. If you have guests for the night, you can create a bedroom for them. Most interior walls will be steel panels or paper honeycomb faced with metal. And, since the home will be weather-conditioned, you can plant grass inside—and mow the living room instead of carpet-sweeping it. Be sure to read this fascinating, informed forecast

Next Week in Collier's

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...nsultation is cheap compared to lawsuits"

e would have found out that lawyers ften take bona fide personal-injury ases on a contingency fee basis—on ie understanding that the fee will be certain percentage, usually one third, f the amount recovered. The lawyer ill receive no fee if he fails to get a ettlement.

An experienced service attorney ould not have permitted P. H. to sign ie release until his good health was ssured.

The Lawyer Referral Service has roken down the cases which come to s attention into 20 classifications and as found, for example, that most of ie cases in Texas concern real-estate ansactions, while 30 per cent of the ases in New York City have to do with omestic-relations problems.

Many Home Owners Are Gypped

But among the most pitiful visitors f all to the service offices are people of iodest means and little experience who ive been gypped by unreliable conruction companies. The racket has eached serious proportions in several arts of the country.

In Pennsylvania recently, a high-ressure salesman persuaded Mr. R. W., retired schoolteacher, that he ought have his old-fashioned porch enosed. The salesman promised to inlate the ceiling, walls and floors of the orch and install storm windows and a oor for a total of $1,000. R. W. finally gned the paper put before him—"to et rid of the fellow," he said afterward.

A couple of days later workmen inalled what looked to R. W. like very imsy window frames and a door and lew some insulation under the roof—ien disappeared. At the first downour, rain leaked in around the winows and door, the wind whistled irough the cracks, and cold air seeped through walls and floor.

When R. W. protested indignantly to ie construction company, he was told e had received all the work and maerials called for in his contract. R. W. udied the contract—something he hould have done before he signed it—nd found that only a few of the salesan's golden promises were listed in ie "work to be done" space. In addiion, a clause stated that the contract uperseded any oral agreement. The lause is often employed by reputable ompanies to prevent misunderstandng, but in R. W.'s case it was used to ictimize him.

Since the work was unsatisfactory, . W. decided not to pay for it. But he lawyer whom he engaged through ie Referral Service showed him anther clause—a confession of judgment —that permitted any attorney to get a udgment against him for default on is payments without the necessity of court hearing.

R. W. had no legal recourse except o sue the construction company for raud—a difficult claim to prove. He ecided to pay for the nearly worthess work.

In the last few years, Lawyer Reerral Service Committees all over the ountry also have become concerned ver the widespread sale of television ets on the installment plan by unscruulous dealers.

For example, Miss C., a graduate urse, bought a TV set last winter for 300 and signed an agreement to pay for it in twelve monthly installments of $26.50. A few weeks after the set was installed it stopped working. Miss C. notified the dealer and he promised to send someone to repair it. But time passed and no one came. She called at the store several times and was reassured with honeyed words. But still nothing happened. Finally, after the third month, she stopped making her installment payments.

Then she received a letter from a finance company telling her that, since she had defaulted on her payments, the full balance of the cost of the set was now due. If she failed to pay it, the finance company would be forced to repossess the set. Miss C. telephoned the finance company that she had stopped making the payments because the set was defective and the dealer hadn't made good on his guarantee.

"We don't know anything about TV sets and are not responsible for the dealer's guarantee," a finance company official replied. "We're in the business of lending money and you owe us the balance due on your set."

When Miss C. came home from work a few days later, the set was gone; the finance company had repossessed it. Subsequently, she got a letter from the finance company advising her that she owed them not only the balance due on the set but also the charges for repossessing it and for selling it at auction, which amounted to $50. But the finance company would credit her with the $50 the set had brought at the sale. Miss C. now had no TV set but still owed the finance company $238.50.

The Lady Consults a Lawyer

At this point Miss C. went to the Referral Service and got hold of a good lawyer. He reminded her that with her installment contract she had signed a negotiable note. The TV dealer had sold or assigned the note to the finance company and had been paid in full for the set—so why should he worry about his guarantee?

Moreover, a clause in the contract stated in effect that Miss C. could not make a claim against the finance company for any grievance she might have against the dealer. She had no recourse but to pay the finance company and sue the dealer afterward. Fortunately, Miss C.'s lawyer was able to persuade the TV dealer—afraid of the publicity of a lawsuit—to supply Miss C. with a secondhand set although she had to pay the finance company for a new one.

By making competent lawyers easily available at reasonable cost, the Lawyer Referral Service has helped innumerable people like Miss C., Jim Downes and the rest out of legal difficulties and educated them on the value of preventive law. But too many others, unwary and gullible, still stumble into legal pitfalls every day through no fault of their own save neglect or ignorance.

The Referral Service hopes that more Americans will take advantage of its facilities, preferably before they get into trouble. As a member of the New York City Referral Service Committee explains: "Members of our lawyers' panel regard the service as an opportunity to demonstrate that the bar is dedicated to public service, that lawyers are not dollar-chasing tricksters but friends and wise counselors to their clients." ▲▲▲

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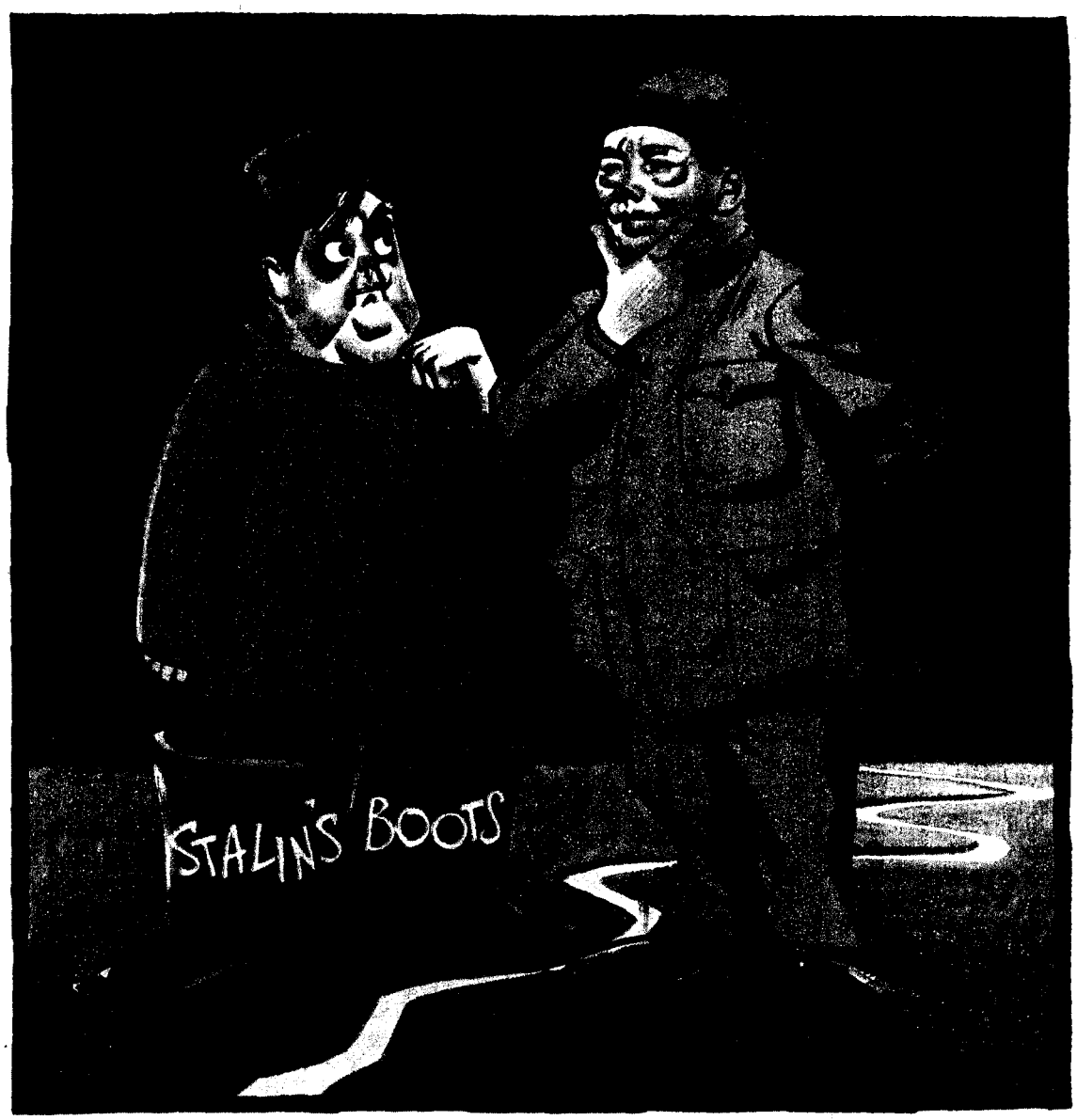

HARRY DEVLIN

Mao Be So, Mao Be Not

THE DAILY PRESS didn't seem to show much interest in the speculative study of Chinese-Soviet relations which came out of the most recent council meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But we found the speculation considerably interesting, so we are somewhat belatedly calling attention to it.

The NATO experts who prepared the study emphasized some potential frictions which could cause trouble in the Communist paradise. The potential frictions are nothing new. They existed when Stalin was alive. It can hardly be an accident, however, that no one seemed to pay any great attention to them until Malenkov became dictator. So it seems possible to us that the question of trouble between Soviet Russia and China resolves itself into the question of whether Malenkov is big enough to fill Stalin's boots.

The NATO study makes this rather cautious prediction of future relations between the Communist giants: "Rivalries may arise over the direction of certain revolutionary movements abroad, particularly the activities of the Japanese and Korean Communist parties, a leadership of which might be claimed by either Russia or China. . . . Chinese Communism may have ambitions of national expansion on its own account, particularly in the countries of the Far East, which may not always coincide with the plans of the Soviet Union."

The study also points out other possible sore spots which are more specific and immediate. China's first Five-Year Plan was announced late last year. Its success depends on Soviet equipment and technical supervision. Russia is supplying weapons for China's operations in Korea, and Russia must be depended on to provide the equipment for the planned-on modernization of all the Chinese armed forces. In return for this aid, the Kremlin might well ask the price of paramount influence in the Far East.

There are good reasons, physical and historical, why the interests and ambitions of the two countries should clash, and why China's boss man, Mao Tse-tung, might have thoughts of becoming an Oriental Tito. China is the world's most populous country with nearly half a billion citizens. It needs the Chinese equivalent of Hitler's *Lebensraum,* with better communications and transportation than are found in most of China. Russia has that room. With less than half of China's population, it has more than two and a half times China's area. Much of that area lies invitingly close to its Communist neighbor, along a 5,000-mile border.

China needs to modernize and industrialize as well as to expand. But there is nothing in the country's history to indicate that it will pay the price of subservience in order to achieve those goals. The Chinese are traditionally independent and nationalistic. They have suffered military conquest by foreigners in the past, but they have always absorbed the conquerors.

These are the problems and possibilities that confront Malenkov, as they confronted Stalin. But Malenkov is obviously quite a different person from his predecessor. Stalin was a consummate villain, but he could put on a show of reasonableness and amiability when it suited his purpose. (Witness Mr. Truman's "I like old Joe.") He liquidated his rivals by imprisonment or murder, while at the same time he built up an enormous prestige in the Communist world by allowing and encouraging his sycophant underlings to picture him as a sort of Marxian deity.

As for the present dictator, Martin Ebon describes him in his recent book, Malenkov: Stalin's Successor, as a "terrorist-technocrat" who "prefers to command, rather than to converse." "Stalin, at all times, maintained certain pleasant fictions," Mr. Ebon points out. "There was, for instance, the fiction of legality: the Soviet Constitution, election to the Supreme Soviet, debate in pseudo-parliamentary meetings. Malenkov, within a few days of taking power, began to ignore these legal notices . . . Stalin understood, at any rate, that the bitter pill of totalitarianism goes down more easily when it has a democratic sugar-coating."

We do not suggest that these differences of personality and technique will cause a war between the Soviet Union and China. But if Malenkov is the thoroughly unpleasant tyrant that he seems to be, the chance cannot be ruled out that he might goad Mao to the point where the latter would choose independence rather than continued subjection, and thus alter the whole picture of world diplomacy.

This does not mean that the United States and its allies can afford to be complacent or relax their unified program of defense. But we trust that the leaders of our government are weighing present events against the background that the NATO study provides. They might come up with some valuable clues to Russian policy.

Good News, Yes, Good News

SECRETARY of the Treasury Humphrey recently found it necessary to lead off a speech with the statement that "there is no reason to fear peace." We are glad to note, from some statistics that we lately came across, that this reassurance had already been anticipated.

The National Tool & Die Manufacturers Association has announced that the ratio of its orders switched from 80 per cent defense and 20 per cent civilian in March to 40 per cent defense and 60 per cent civilian a month later. Since the tool-and-die industry is obviously a pretty accurate barometer of industrial activity, the figures indicate that private industry is either tooling up to make new civilian products or else increasing its capacity to turn out goods which are already in production. This means that the consumer stands to benefit from newer, better and cheaper items which can be made without endangering the program of national security. In other words, the American economy is in a position where its industry can keep the country both strong and healthy.

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